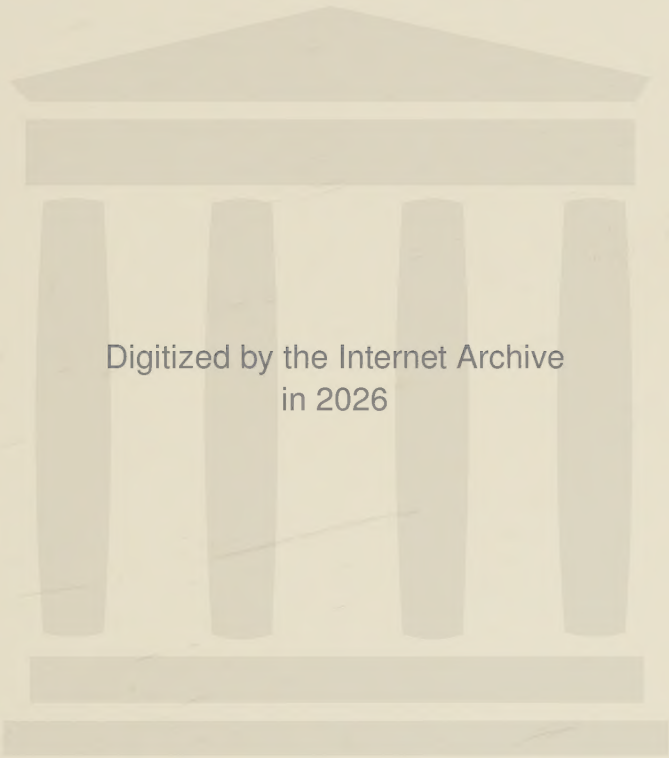
3 05[illegible] 02144 8922

WITHDRAWN
UST
Libraries
O'Shaughnessy-Frey Library
University of St. Thomas
St. Paul, MN 55105-1096


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/ripathlibraryofu0016john

Ad laudes.

Deus in adiu
torium meũ
intende. Do
mine ad ad

THE RIDPATH LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

EDITOR · IN · CHIEF

CLASSIC
EDITION DE LUXE

TWENTY FIVE VOLUMES

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
NEW YORK

The Ridpath Library of Universal Literature

A Biographical and Bibliographical Summary of the World's Most Eminent Authors, including the Choicest Selections and Masterpieces from their Writings, Comprising the Best Features of Many Celebrated Compilations, Notably

The Guernsey Collection The De Puy Collection
The Ridpath Collection

CAREFULLY EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A CORPS OF THE MOST CAPABLE SCHOLARS

EDITOR IN CHIEF

John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

Author of "Ridpath's History of the United States," "Encyclopedia of Universal History," "Great Races of Mankind," etc., etc,

WITH REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS BY

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY CLEMENS

Author of "The Life of Roosevelt," "The Life of Mark Twain," "The Life of Kipling." Of the Editorial Staff of the "Encyclopedia Americana," etc.

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

NEW YORK
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
1910

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
û as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ţh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

COPYRIGHT, 1906
BY
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY

All rights reserved

LIST OF AUTHORS VOL. XVI

PAGE

LYTTELTON (lit' el tŏn), GEORGE 7
LYTTON (lit' ŏn), LORD BULWER 11
LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT 23

M

MAARTENS (mär' tens), MAARTEN 31
MABIE (mā' bi), HAMILTON WRIGHT 33
MACAULAY (mą kâ' li), THOMAS BABINGTON 36
MACCLELLAND (mą klel'ąnd), MARGARET GREENWAY 57
MACDONALD (mąk don' ąld), GEORGE 59
MACE (mās), FRANCIS PARKER LAUGHTON 65
MACÉ (mä sā), JEAN 68
MACGRATH (mą grath'), HAROLD 70
MACH (mäch), ERNST 75
MACHIAVELLI (mak i ą vel' li), NICCOLA 79
MACKAY (mą kī' or mą kā'), CHARLES 85
MACKENZIE (mą ken' zi), GEORGE 88
MACKENZIE, HENRY 91
MACKENZIE, ROBERT SHELTON 95
MACKINTOSH (mak' in tosh), JAMES 100
MACLAREN (mą klar' en), IAN, *see* WATSON, JOHN .....
MACLEOD (mąk loid'), FIONA 102
MACMANUS (mąk mā' nus), SEUMAS 109
MACPHERSON (mąk fer' son), JAMES 112
MACQUOID (mąk kwoid'), KATHERINE THOMAS 114
MADISON (mad' i sŏn), JAMES 119
MAETERLINCK (met' êr lingk), MAURICE 122
MAGINN (mą gin'), WILLIAM 127
MAHAFFY (mą haf' i), JOHN PENTLAND 130
MAHAN (mą han'), ALFRED THAYER 132
MAHONEY (mą hō' ni), FRANCIS SYLVESTER 134
MAIMONIDES (mī mon' i dēz) 135
MAINE (mān), HENRY JAMES SUMNER 139
MAISTRE (māstr), XAVIER DE 141
MALCOLM (mal' kŏm), HOWARD 144

PAGE

MALEBRANCHE (mäl broñsh), NICOLAS 147
MALET (mal' et), LUCAS, *see* HARRISON, MARY SAINT LEGER .....
MALLARMÉ (mä lär mā), STÉPHANE 151
MALLOCK (mal'ŏk), WILLIAM HURRELL 153
MALORY (mal' ō ri), THOMAS 156
MALTHUS (mal' thus), THOMAS ROBERT 158
MANDEVILLE (man' de vil), JOHN 162
MANGAN (mang'gạn), JAMES CLARENCE 165
MANNING (man' ing), HENRY EDWARD 170
MANRIQUE (män rē' kā), JORGE 172
MANZONI (män zō' nē), ALESSANDRO FRANCESO 178
MARCHMONT (märch' mŏnt), ARTHUR WILLIAM 182
MARGARET D'ANGOULÉME (mär gä ret doñ gö lām) 187
MARION HARLAND (mar' i ŏn här' lạnd), *see* TERHUNE, MARY VIRGINIA .....
MARKHAM (märk' ạm), EDWIN 190
MARK TWAIN (märk twān), *see* CLEMENS, SAMUEL LANGHORNE .....
MARLOWE (mär' lō), CHRISTOPHER 194
MAROT (mä rō), CLÉMENT 198
MARRYAT (mar' i at), FLORENCE 202
MARRYAT, FREDERICK 204
MARSH (märsh), GEORGE PERKINS 207
MARSHALL (mär' shạl), JOHN 209
MARSTON (märs' tŏn), JOHN 211
MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE 213
MARTEL DE JANVILLE (mär tel dê joñ vēl), GABRIELLE DE. 216
MARTIAL (mär' shial) 220
MARTIN (mär tañ), BON-LOUIS HENRI 223
MARTINEAU (mär' ti nō), HARRIET 227
MARTINEAU, JAMES 232
MARTINEZ (mär tē' neth), DE LA ROSA FRANCISCO 235
MARVEL (mär' vel), IK, *see* MITCHELL, DONALD GRANT ..
MARX (märks), KARL 237
MASSEY (mas' i), GERALD 240
MASSILLON (mä sē yôñ), JEAN BAPTISTE 242
MASSINGER (mas' in jêr), PHILIP 245
MASSON (mas' ŏn), DAVID 253
MATHER (math' êr), COTTON 258

PAGE

MATTHEWS (math' ūz), JAMES BRANDER..... 262
MATTHISSON (mät' tis son), FRIEDRICH VON..... 266
MAUPASSANT (mō pä soñ), HENRI RÉNE GUY DE..... 270
MAURICE (mâ' ris), JOHN DENNISON..... 277
MAURY (mâ' ri), MATTHEW FONTAINE..... 279
MAX ADELER (maks ad' lêr), *see* CLARK, CHARLES HEBER
MAX O'RELL (maks' ō rel'), *see* BLOUET, PAUL.....
MAXWELL GRAY (maks' wel grā), *see* TUTTIETT, MARY GRAY .....
MAY (mā), SOPHIE, *see* CLARKE, REBECCA SOPHIE.....
MAYO (mā' ō), WILLIAM STARBUCK..... 283
MCCARTHY (mą kär' thi), JUSTIN..... 285
MCCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY..... 292
MCCLELLAN (mą klel' ąn), GEORGE BRINTON..... 293
MCCLINTOCK (mą klin' tōk), JOHN..... 296
MCCOSH (mą kosh'), JAMES..... 298
MCCUTCHEON (mą kuch' ŏn), GEORGE BARR..... 300
MCGEE (mą gē'), THOMAS D'ARCY..... 303
MCINTOSH (mak' in tosh), MARIA JANE..... 305
MCKINLEY (mą kin' li), WILLIAM..... 309
MCLELLAN (mąk lel' ąn), ISAAC..... 312
MCMASTER (mąk mas' têr), GUY HUMPHREY..... 315
MCMASTER, JOHN BACH..... 317
MEADE (mēd), ELIZABETH THOMASINA..... 319
MEAGHER (mē' gêr), THOMAS FRANCIS..... 322
MEGERLE (meg' êr li), ULRICH..... 324
MELANCHTHON (me langk' thŏn), PHILIPP..... 327
MELEAGER (mel e ā' jêr) 331
MELVILLE (mel' vil), HERMAN..... 332
MENDELSSOHN (men' dels sōn), MOSES..... 336
MENDES (moñ dā), CATULLE..... 338
MENKEN (menk' en), ADAH ISAACS..... 342
MEREDITH (mer' e dith), GEORGE..... 346
MEREDITH, OWEN, *see* LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT.....
MÉRIMÉE (mā rē mā), PROSPER..... 353
MERIVALE (mer' i vāl), CHARLES..... 358
MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ (merl dō bēn yā), JEAN HENRI..... 360
MERRICK (mer' ik), JAMES..... 366
MERRIMAN (mer' i mąn), HENRY SETON, *see* SCOTT, HUGH STOWELL .....

of literature and judgment devoting part of his time to versification. They have nothing to be despised, and little to be admired."

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

He may with justice be ranked among the greatest generals any age has produced. There was united in him activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never-failing presence of mind. Having been from his very childhood continually in war, and at the head of armies, he joined to all the capacity that genius could give, all the knowledge and skill that experience could teach, and was a perfect master of the military art as it was practised in the times in which he lived.

A lust of power which no regard to justice could limit, the most unrelenting cruelty, and the most insatiable avarice possessed his soul. It is true, indeed that among many acts of extreme inhumanity some shining instances of great clemency may be produced; but where he had no advantage or pride in forgiving, his nature discovered itself to be utterly void of all sense of compassion; and some barbarities which he committed exceeded the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors prescribe to themselves.

As to his wisdom in government, of which some writers have spoken very highly, he was, indeed, so far wise that through a long, unquiet reign he knew how to support oppression by terror, and employed the properest means for carrying on a very iniquitous and violent rule. But that which alone deserves the name of wisdom in the character of a king — the maintaining of authority by the exercise of those virtues which make the happiness of his people — was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have possessed. Nor did he excel in those soothing and popular arts which sometimes change the complexion of a tyranny, and give it a fallacious appearance of freedom. His government was harsh and despotic, violating even the principles of that Constitution which he himself had established. Yet so far he per-

formed the duty of a sovereign that he took care to maintain a good police in his realm; curbing licentiousness with a strong hand, which in the tumultuous state of his government was a great and difficult work.

But it was a poor compensation that the highways were safe, when the courts of justice were dens of thieves, and when almost every man in power or in office used his power to oppress and pillage the people. The king himself did not only tolerate but encourage, support, and even share these extortions. Though the greatness of the ancient landed estates of the crown, and the feudal profits to which he was legally entitled, rendered him one of the richest monarchs in Europe, he was not content with all that opulence, but by authorizing the sheriffs who collected his revenues in the several counties to practise the most grievous vexations and abuses for the raising of them higher by a perpetual auction of the crown lands, so that none of his tenants could be sure of possession if any other would come and offer more; by various iniquities in the Court of Exchequer, which was entirely Norman; by forfeitures wrongfully taken; and, lastly, by arbitrary and illegal taxations, he drew into his treasury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom.

It must, however, be owned that if his avarice was insatiably and unjustly rapacious, it was not meanly parsimonious, nor of that sordid kind which brings on a prince dishonor and contempt. He supported the dignity of his crown with a decent magnificence; and, though he never was lavish, he sometimes was liberal, especially to his soldiers and the Church. But looking on money as a necessary means of maintaining and increasing power, he devised to accumulate as much as he could — rather, perhaps, from an ambitious than a covetous nature. At least, his avarice was subservient to his ambition, and he laid up wealth in his coffers, as he did arms in his magazines, to be drawn out, when any proper occasion required it, for the enlargement of his dominions.

Upon the whole, he had many great qualities, but few virtues, and if those actions that most particularly

distinguished the man or the king are impartially considered, we shall find that in his character there is much to admire, but more to abhor.— *History of the Life of King Henry II.*

Lyttelton's Prologue to Thomson's tragedy of *Coriolanus* is perhaps the best production of this class in our language.

PROLOGUE TO THOMPSON'S "CORIOLANUS."

I come not here your candor to implore
For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead. . . .
O candid truth! O Faith without a stain!
O manners gently firm and nobly plain!
O sympathizing love of others' bliss!
Where will you find another breast like his!
Such was the Man: The Poet well you know,
Oft has he touched your heart with tender woe;
Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws:
For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre,
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
Oh, may to-night your favorable doom
Another laurel add to grace his tomb;
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet if those whom most on earth he loved,
From whom his pious care is now removed,
With whom his liberal hand and bounteous heart
Shared all his little fortune could impart;
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive,
That, even now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

LYTTON, Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, Baron, an English novelist, dramatist and poet; born at Haydon Hall, London, May 25, 1803; died at Torquay, January 18, 1873. He was prepared by his mother for Cambridge, where he won the Chancellor's medal by a poem on *Sculpture* (1825), and was graduated from Trinity Hall in 1826. At fifteen he had published *Ismael, an Oriental Tale, with Other Poems* (1820). *Weeds and Wild Flowers* was privately printed in 1826; *O'Neill, or the Rebel,* appeared in 1827. He afterward ignored these productions, with *The Siamese Twins* (1831), a metrical satire. After a visit to France he published his first romance, *Falkland* (1827), anonymously. *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman* (1828), was his first success, and the remarkable series which followed were sometimes called "the Pelham novels." *The Disowned* (1828); *Devereux* (1829); *Paul Clifford* (1830); *Eugene Aram* (1832), and *Godolphin* (1833) were of the same school. *England and the English* appeared in 1833. New lines were followed in *The Pilgrims of the Rhine* (1834); *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834), and *Rienzi* (1835). In *Athens, Its Rise and Fall* (1836), he turned from the historical romance to the historical essay. He was returned to Parliament from St. Ives in 1831, and represented Lincoln in 1832–41, supporting the Whigs; he was baroneted in 1838. His contributions to the *New Monthly Magazine,* which he edited (1833–38), were gathered as *The Student* (1835). *Ernest Maltravers* (1837), and its sequel, *Alice, or the Mysteries* (1838), dealt with his

favorite psychological and social problems. His first play, *The Duchess of La Vallière* (1836), failed, but *The Lady of Lyons* (1838); *Richelieu, Leila of Calderon* (1838), and *Money* (1840) were eminently successful. Prose fiction was resumed in *Night and Morning* (1840); *Zanoni* (1842), and *The Last of the Barons* (1843). In 1843 he succeeded to his mother's estates and assumed her name of Lytton. His poems appeared in 1842, his translations from Schiller in 1844, *The New Timon,* a satire, in 1845, and *King Arthur* in 1848. *Lucretia, or the Children of the Night* (1847), and *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings* (1848), were his last novels in the old vein. *The Caxtons* (1849), a new departure to the eminently moral and domestic tale, showed his great versatility, and was followed by *My Novel, or Varieties of English Life* (1853); *What Will He Do With It?* (1858), and *A Strange Story* (1862). In 1852 he re-entered Parliament as member for Hertfordshire and a Conservative. He was Colonial Secretary under Lord Derby (1858–59), and was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton in 1866. His later poems were *St. Stephen's* (1860); *The Lost Tales of Miletus* (1866), and a translation of Horace's *Odes* (1869). *The Coming Race* (1872) and *The Parisians* (1872) appeared anonymously, and were strong enough to make a reputation. At his death *Kenelm Chillingly* had been finished, and *Pausanias the Spartan* was left incomplete, to be edited by his son.

SONG.

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,

As stars look on the sea.
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep —
Sweet spirit, meet me then!
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam:
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream!
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

TALENT AND GENIUS.

Talent convinces — genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth.
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind.
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toil.
Genius, the sudden Iris of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects the wondrous dyes,
And to the earth, in tears and glory given,
Clasps in its airy arch the pomp of Heaven.

Talent gives all that vulgar critics need —
From its plain horn-book learn the dull to read.

Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull.
From eyes profane a veil the Iris screens,
And fools on fools still ask, "What Hamlet means?

BRIDALS IN THE SPIRIT LAND.

Many wonders on the ocean
By the moonlight may be seen.
Under moonlight on the Euxine
Rose the blessed silver Isle.

As Leonymus of Croton,
At the Pythian god's behest,
Steered along the troubled waters
To the tranquil Spirit-land.

In the earthquake of the battle,
When the Locrians reeled before
Croton's shock of marching iron,
Strode a phantom to their van.

'Twas the shade of Locrian Ajax,
Guarding still the native soil;
And Leonymus, confronting,
Wounded, fell before the spear.

Leech and herb the wound could heal not,
Said the Pythian god, "Depart;
Voyage o'er the troubled Euxine
To the tranquil Spirit-land:

"There abides the Locrian Ajax;
He who gave the wound can heal.
Godlike souls are in their mercy
Stronger yet than in their wrath."

White it rose on lullèd waters,
Rose the blessed silver Isle;
Purple vines in lengthened vistas,
Knit the hill-top to the beach;

And the beach had sparry caverns,
And a floor of golden sands;
And wherever soared the cypress,
Underneath it bloomed the rose.

Glimmered there amid the vine-leaves,
Through cavern, over beach,
Lifelike shadows of a beauty
Which the living know no more;

Towery statues of great heroes,
They who fought at Thebes and Troy,
And, with looks that poets dream of,
Beamed the women heroes loved.

Stately out before their comrades,
As the vessel touched the shore,
Came the stateliest two by Hymen
Ever hallowed into one.

As he strode, the forest trembled
To the awe that crowned his brow;
As she stepped, the ocean dimpled
To the ray that left her smile.

"Fearless warrior, welcome hither!"
Said a voice in which there slept
Thunder-sounds to scatter armies
As a north wind scatters leaves.

"Wounded sufferer, welcome hither!"
Said a voice of music, low
As the coo of doves that nestle
Under summer boughs at noon.

"Who are ye, O shades of glory?"
He, the Hero-Ghost, replied,
"She is Helen, I Achilles,
In the Spirit-land espoused."

"Low I kneel to thee, Pelides;
But, O marvel, she thy bride,

She whose guilt unpeopled Hellas,
She whose marriage-lights fired Troy!"

Frowned the large front of Achilles,
Casting shadows o'er the place,
As the sunlight fades from Tempé,
When on Ossa hangs a storm.

"Know, thou dullard," said Pelides,
"That on the funeral pyre
Earthly sins are purged from glory,
And the Soul is as the Name.

"If to her in life a Paris,
If to me in life a slave,
Helen's mate is here Achilles —
Mine the Sister of the Stars.

"Naught of her survives but beauty,
Naught of me survives but fame;
Fame and Beauty wed together
In the isle of happy souls."

O'er the foam of warring billows
Silver-chimed the choral song,
"Fame and beauty wed together
In the isle of happy souls.

"Wounded sufferer, welcome hither,
Thou hast reached us, thou art cured;
Healed is every wound of mortal
In the isle of happy souls."

O'er the gloom of moaning waters
Soft and softer chimed the song,
"Healed is every wound of mortal
In the isle of happy souls."

— *The Lost Tales of Miletus.*

DEA FORTUNA.

There is a beautiful and singular passage in Dante, wherein the stern Florentine defends Fortune from the popular accusations against her. According to him, she is an angelic power appointed by the Supreme Being to direct and order the course of human splendors; she obeys the will of God; she is blessed, and hearing not those who blaspheme her, calm and aloft among the other angelic powers, revolves her spiral course, and rejoices in her beatitude.

This is a conception very different from the popular notion which Aristophanes, in his true instinct of things popular, expresses by the sullen lips of his Plutus. That deity accounts for his blindness by saying that "when a boy he had indiscreetly promised to visit only the good," and Jupiter was so envious of the good that he blinded the money-god. Whereon Chremylus asks him whether, if he recovered his sight, he would frequent the company of the good? "Certainly," quoth Plutus, "for I have not seen them ever so long." "Nor I neither," rejoins Chremylus, pithily, "for all I can see out of both eyes!"

But that misanthropical answer of Chremylus is neither here nor there, and only diverts us from the real question; and that is, Whether Fortune be a heavenly, Christian angel, or a blind, blundering old heathen deity? For my part, I hold with Dante — for which I could give many good reasons. One thing, however, is quite clear; that, whether Fortune be more like Plutus or an angel, it is no use abusing her — one may as well throw stones at a star. And I think if one looked narrowly at her operations, one might perceive that she gives every man a chance, at least once in his life; if he take and make the best of it, she will renew her visits; if not — *itur ad astra.* And therewith I am reminded of an incident quaintly narrated by Mariana in his *History of Spain,* how the army of the Spanish King got out of a sad battle among the mountains at the pass of Losa, by the help of a shepherd who showed them the way. "But," saith

Mariana, "some do say the shepherd was an angel; for after he had shown the way, he was never seen more." That is, the angelic nature of the guide was proved by being only once seen, and disappearing after having got the army out of the battle, leaving it to fight or run away, as it had most mind to.— *The Caxtons.*

A BIT OF MISSIONARY WORK.

In his room, solitary and brooding, sat the defeated hero of a hundred fights. It was now twilight; but the shutters had been partially closed all day, in order to exclude the sun, which had never before been unwelcome to Tom Bowles, and they still remained so, making the twilight doubly twilight, till the harvest-moon, rising early, shot its way through the crevice and forced a silvery track amidst the shadows of the floor.

The man's head drooped on his breast, his strong hands rested listlessly on his knees; his attitude was that of utter despondency and prostration. But in the expression of his face there were the signs of some dangerous and restless thought which belied, not the gloom, but the stillness of the posture. His brow, which was habitually open and frank in its defying, aggressive boldness, was now contracted into deep furrows, and lowered darkly over his downcast, half-closed eyes. His lips were so tightly compressed that the face lost its roundness, and the massive bone of the jaw stood out hard and salient. Now and then, indeed, the lips opened, giving vent to a deep, impatient sigh, but they reclosed as quickly as they had parted. It was one of those crises in life which find all the elements that make up a man's former self in lawless anarchy; in which the Evil One seems to enter and direct the storm; in which a rude, untutored mind, never before harboring a thought of crime, sees the crime start up from an abyss, feels it to be an enemy, yet yields to it as a fate. So that, when at last, some wretch, sentenced to the gibbet, shudderingly looks back to the moment that trembled between two worlds — the world of the man guiltless, the world of the man guilty — he says to the holy, highly educated,

rational, passionless priest who confesses him and calls him brother, "The devil put it into my heart."

At that moment the door opened; at its threshold stood the man's mother — whom he had never allowed to influence his conduct, though he loved her well in his rough way — and the hated fellow-man whom he longed to see dead at his feet. The door reclosed, the mother was gone, without a word, for her tears choked her; the fellow-man was alone with him. Tom Bowles looked up, recognized his visitor, cleared his brow, and rubbed his mighty hands.

Kenelm drew a chair close to his antagonist, and silently laid a hand on his. Tom Bowles took up the hand in both his own, turned it curiously toward the moonlight, gazed at it, poised it, then, with a sound between groan and laugh, tossed it away as a thing hostile but trivial, rose and locked the door, came back to his seat and said, bluffly:

"What do you want with me now?"

"I want to ask you a favor."

"Favor!"

"The greatest which man can ask from man — friendship. You see, my dear Tom," continued Kenelm, making himself quite at home — throwing his arm over the back of Tom's chair, and stretching his legs comfortably, as one does by one's own fireside — "you see, my dear Tom, that men like us — young, single, not, on the whole, bad-looking as men go — can find sweethearts in plenty. If one does not like us, another will; sweethearts are sown everywhere, like nettles and thistles. But the rarest thing in life is a friend. Now tell me frankly, in the course of your wanderings did you ever come into a village where you could not have got a sweetheart if you had asked for one; and if, having got a sweetheart, you had lost her, do you think you would have any difficulty in finding another? But have you such a thing in the world, beyond the pale of your own family, as a true friend — a man friend? And supposing you had such a friend — a friend who would stand by you through thick and thin — who would tell you your faults to your face, and praise you for your good

The child laughed. "Fear nothing," said he; "only sit still."

Instead of obeying this command, I made a bound, and was about to take fairly to my heels, when Taë touched me lightly on the shoulder, and, fixing his eyes steadily on mine, I was rooted to the spot. All power of volition left me. Submissive to the infant's gesture, I followed him to the crag he had indicated, and seated myself there in silence. Most readers have seen something of the effects of electro-biology, whether genuine or spurious. No professor of that doubtful craft had ever been able to influence a thought or a movement of mine, but I was a mere machine at the will of this terrible child. Meanwhile he expanded his wings, soared aloft, and alighted amid a copse at the brow of a hill at some distance.

I was alone; and turning my eyes, with an indescribable sensation of horror, toward the lake, I kept them fixed on its water, spell-bound. It might be ten or fifteen minutes — to me it seemed ages — before the still surface, gleaming under the lamplight, began to be agitated toward the centre. At the same time the shoals of fish near the margin evinced their sense of the enemy's approach by splash and leap and bubbling circle. I could detect their hurried flight hither and thither, some even casting themselves ashore. A long dark, undulous furrow came moving along the waters, nearer and nearer, till the vast head of the reptile emerged — its jaws bristling with fangs, and its dull eyes fixing themselves hungrily on the spot where I sat motionless. And now its forefeet were on the strand — now its enormous head, scaled on either side as in armor, in the centre showing its corrugated skin of a dull, venomous yellow; and now its whole length was on the land, a hundred feet or more from the jaw to the tail. Another stride of those ghastly feet would have brought it to the spot where I sat. There was but a moment between me and this grim form of death, when what seemed a flash of lightning shot through the air, smote, and, for a space in time briefer than that in which a man can draw his breath, enveloped the monster; and then, as the flash

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

vanished, there lay before me a blackened, charred, smouldering mass, a something gigantic, but of which even the outlines of form were burned away, and rapidly crumbling into dust and ashes. I remained still seated, still speechless, ice-cold with a new sensation of dread: what had been horror was now awe.

I felt the child's hand on my head — fear left me — the spell was broken — I rose up. "You see with what ease the Vril-ya destroy their enemies," said Taë; and then, moving toward the bank, he contemplated the smouldering relics of the monster, and said quietly, "I have destroyed larger creatures, but none with so much pleasure. Yes, it *is* a Krek; what suffering it must have inflicted while it lived!" Then he took up the poor fishes that had flung themselves ashore, and restored them mercifully to their native element.— *The Coming Race.*

LYTTON, Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, Earl ("Owen Meredith"), an English poet, son of the novelist; born at London, November 8, 1831; died at Paris, November 24, 1891. He was educated at Harrow and at Bonn. In 1849 he became attaché at Washington under his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer. Remaining in the diplomatic service, he rose finally to the rank of Ambassador to Lisbon in 1874, after service at Florence, Paris, The Hague, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, Athens, Madrid. He also ruled India, with great distinction, as Viceroy (1876–1880). He had succeeded to his father's title of Baron Lytton in 1873, and in 1880 was made Earl of Lytton and Viscount Knebworth. In 1887 he was appointed Ambassador to France.

His earlier volumes were published under the name of "Owen Meredith:" *Clytemnestra and Other Poems* (1855); *The Wanderer, a Collection of Poems in Many Lands* (1859); *Lucile* (1860). *Tannhäuser, or the Battle of the Bards*, appeared anonymously in 1861, and was the joint work of himself and a friend. *Serbski Pesme* (1861) was a translation of Servian songs. His later poems include *Chronicles and Characters* (1868); *Orval, or The Fool of Time* (1869); *Fables in Song* (1874), and *Glenaveril* (1885). He published in prose an Egyptian Romance, *The Ring of Amasis* (1863); *Julian Fane, a Memoir* (1871); his father's *Speeches and Political Writings* (1874); *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton* (1883); *After Paradise, or Legends of Exile* (1887); *Marah*, poems, and *King Poppy*, posthumously (1892).

THE PORTRAIT.

Midnight past! Not a sound of aught
  Through the silent house but the wind at his prayers
I sat by the dying fire, and thought
  Of the dear, dead woman upstairs.

. . . . . .

Nobody with me my watch to keep,
  But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
  In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
  All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young priest with the Raphael-face
  Who confessed her when she died.

. . . . . .

On her cold, dead bosom my portrait lies,
  Which next to her heart she used to wear,
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
  When my own face was not there.

. . . . . .

And I said, "The thing is precious to me:
  They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay:
It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
  If I do not take it away."

. . . . . .

As I stretched my hand, I held my breath;
  I turned as I drew the curtains apart:
I dared not look on the face of death:
  I knew where to find her heart.

I thought, at first, as my touch fell there,
  It had warmed that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
  And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man, that was moving slow
  O'er the heart of the dead — from the other side;
And at once the sweat broke over my brow;
  "Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the taper's light,
  The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood o'er the corpse, and all as white,
  And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" . . . The man
  Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here," he began ——
  "There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
  The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
  And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me:
"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie!"
He answered: "Let us see."

We found the portrait there, in its place:
We opened it by the taper's shine;
The gems were all unchanged; the face
Was — neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least!
The face of the portrait there," I cried,
"Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young priest,
Who confessed her when she died."

EASTER.

Methought — (it was the midnight of my soul,
Dead midnight) that I stood on Calvary;
I found the cross, but not the Christ. The whole
Of heaven was dark: and I went bitterly
Weeping, because I found Him not. Methought —
(It was the twilight of the dawn and mist)
I stood before the sepulchre of Christ:
The sepulchre was vacant, void of aught

Saving the sere-clothes of the grave, which were
Upfolden straight and empty: bitterly
Weeping I stood, because not even there
I found Him. Then a voice spake unto me,
"Whom seekest thou? Why is thy heart dismayed?
Jesus of Nazareth, He is not here:
Behold the Lord is risen. Be of cheer:
Approach, behold the place where He was laid."

And while he spake, the sunrise smote the world.
"Go forth, and tell thy brethren," spake the voice;
"The Lord has risen." Suddenly unfurled,
The whole unclouded Orient did rejoice
In glory. Wherefore should I mourn that here
My heart feels vacant of what most it needs?

Christ is arisen! — the sere-clothes and the weeds
That wrapped Him lying in this sepulchre

Of earth He hath abandoned; being gone
Back into Heaven, where we, too, must turn
Our gaze to find Him. Pour, O risen Sun
Of Righteousness, the light for which I yearn,
Upon the darkness of this mortal hour,
This tract of night in which I walk forlorn.
Behold, the night is now far spent. The morn
Breaks, breaking from afar through a night shower.

FRUSTRATION.

How blest should we be, have I often conceived,
Had we really achieved what we nearly achieved!
We but catch at the skirts of the thing we would be,
And fall back on the lap of a false destiny.
So it will be, so has been, since this world began!
And the happiest, noblest, and best part of man
Is the part which he never hath fully played out;
For the first and last word in life's volume is — Doubt.
The face the most fair to our vision allowed
Is the face we encounter and lose in the crowd.
The thought that most thrills our existence is one
Which, before we can frame it in language, is gone.
O Horace! the rustic still rests by the river,
But the river flows on and flows past him forever,
Who can sit down, and say, "What I will be, I will?"
Who stand up, and affirm, "What I was, I am still?"
I would have remained, or become, I am not?"
We are ever behind, or beyond, or beside
Our intrinsic existence; forever at hide
And seek with our souls. Not in Hades alone
Doth Sisyphus roll, ever frustrate the stone;
Do the Danaïds ply, ever vainly, the sieve,
Tasks as futile does earth to its denizens give.
Yet there's none so unhappy but what he hath been,
Just about to be happy at some time, I ween;
And none so beguiled and defrauded by chance,
But what, once in his life, some minute circumstance

Would have fully sufficed to secure him the bliss
Which, missing it then, he forever must miss.
And to most of us, ere we go down to the grave,
Life, relenting, accords the good gift we would have;
But, as though by some kind imperfection in fate,
The good gift, when it comes, comes a moment too late.
The Future's great veil our breath fitfully flaps,
And behind it broods ever the mighty Perhaps.

Lucile, Canto V.

NATURE.

O Nature, how fair is thy face,
And how light is thy heart, and how friendly thy grace!
Thou false mistress of man! thou dost sport with him lightly
In his hours of ease and enjoyment; and brightly
Dost thou smile to his smile; to his joys thou inclinest,
But his sorrows thou knowest them not, nor divinest.
While he woos, thou art wanton; thou lettest him love thee;
But thou are not his friend, for his grief cannot move thee.
And at last, when he sickens and dies, what dost thou?
All gay are thy garments, as careless thy brow,
And thou laughest and toyest with any new-comer,
Not a tear more for winter, a smile less for summer!
Hast thou never an anguish to heave the heart under
That fair breast of thine, O thou feminine wonder!
For all those — the young and the fair, and the strong,
Who have loved thee, and lived with thee gayly and long,
And who now on thy bosom lie dead? and their deeds
And their days are forgotten! O hast thou no weeds
And not one year of mourning — one out of the many
That deck thy new bridals forever — nor any
Regrets for thy lost loves, concealed from the new,
O thou widow of earth's generations? Go to!
If the sea and the night-wind know aught of these things,
They do not reveal it. We are not thy Kings.

Lucile, Canto V.

A HEROINE.

The mission of genius on earth: to uplift,
Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift
The world, in despite of the world's dull endeavor
To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it forever.
The mission of genius: to watch, and to wait,
To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.
The mission of woman on earth: to give birth
To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
The mission of woman: permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse,
The blessing which mitigates all; born to nurse
And to soothe and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile.

A power hid in pathos; a fire veiled in cloud,
Yet still burning outward; a branch which, though bowed
By the bird in its passage, springs upward again;
Through all symbols I search for her sweetness — in vain.
Judge her love by her life. For our life is but love
In act. Pure was hers; and the dear God above,
Who knows what His creatures have need of for life,
And whose love includes all loves, through much patient
strife
Led her soul into peace. Love, though love may be given
In vain, is yet lovely. Her own native heaven
She saw dawn clear and clearer, as life's troubled dream
Wore away; and love sighed into rest, like a stream
That breaks its heart over wild rocks toward the shore
Of the great sea which hushes it up evermore
With its little, wild wailing. No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,

The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne
And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make
weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit
Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit.

—*Lucile, Canto VI.*

M

MAARTENS, Maarten, the adopted name of J. M. W. Van der Poorten-Schwartz, an Anglo-Dutch novelist; born at Amsterdam, August 15, 1858. He was educated at the University of Utrecht, in which city he makes his home. He is fond of travel, and thoroughly conversant with German, French, English, and Italian. His first book was *The Sin of Joost Avelingh* (1890); followed by *An Old Maid's Love* (1891); *God's Fool* (1892); and *The Greater Glory* (1894). This last, although written and revised in 1891–92, did not appear in *Temple Bar* until 1893–94. Early in the same year it was published in three volumes, and afterward in one. It was introduced in America by *The Outlook,* and has been added in two volumes to the Tauchnitz Library. His other books are *A Question of Taste* (1891); *My Lady Nobody* (1895), and *My Poor Relations* (1904). The works are originally written in English; many of them have, however, been translated into his native Dutch.

SUZANNA.

It was on a golden summer evening — a long June sunset, soft and silent — that Mephisto crept into the quiet

old heart of Suzanna Varelkamp. She was sitting in the low veranda of her cottage, with her gray knitting in her hands. She always had that gray knitting in her hands. If it rested on her knees for one brief moment, her friends could tell you that some singularly difficult question — probably of abstruse theology, or else about the linen-basket or the preserves — was troubling Suzanna's mind. Suzanna was a woman of industrious repose. She loved her God and her store cupboard. She did not, as a rule, love her neighbor overmuch; little unpleasantnesses in connection with the overhanging apples, or Suzanna's darling cat, were apt to intervene and stifle the seeds of dutifully nurtured benevolence. The gentle laburnum at her side was slowly gliding over in the sinking sunlight, fragile and drooping, and a little lackadaisical, very unlike the natty old woman bolt upright in her basket-chair. Just across the road, a knot of poplars quivered to the still air; and in the pale, far heaven companies of swallows circled with rapid, aimless swoops. Nature was slowly, tranquilly, dreamingly, deliciously settling itself to sleep; silent already but for a blackbird shrilling excitedly through the jasmine bushes by the porch.

Another bird woke up at that moment and ·ied out from Suzanna's bed-room through all the quie 'e house — that it was half-past seven. Mejuffrouw arelkamp began to wonder why Betje did not bring ou. the "tea-water."

Somebody was coming up the quiet road, a Dutch road, straight and tidy, avenue-like, between its double border of majestic beeches; somebody whose walk sounded unrhythmic through the stillness; two people, evidently, and not walking in step, these two; one with a light, light-hearted swing, the other with a melancholy thump, and a little skip to make it good again. But their whistling, the sweet, low whistling of an old Reformed psalm tune, was in better unison than their walking. The whistlers came into sight before they had finished many lines. They stopped suddenly upon perceiving the old lady under the veranda, and both took off their hats. Betje had brought out the tea-things meanwhile, triumph-

antly, under cover of the minister's presence: the shining copper peat-stove and the costly little Japanese teacups, not much larger than a thimble, on their lacquered tray. "Take away the tea-stove, Betje," said Suzanna, "the peat smells." She said so, every now and then — once a week, perhaps — being firmly convinced of the truth of her assertion; and Betje, who never believed her, and who never smelled anything under carbolic acid, whisked away the bright pail and kettle from beside her mistress's chair and brought them back again unaltered. "Come in Jakob," said Suzanna. "Not you, Arnout. You can go down to the village and fetch me a skein of my dark-gray wool. You know which! You know which!" The young man had grown up with the dark-gray wool, and the light-gray wool, and the blue wool for a border. Ten stivers, twelve stivers, fourteen stivers. He touched his hat slightly — he was always courteous to his aunt — and strolled away down the green highway into the shadows and the soft, warm sunset, taking up as he went the old psalm-tune that had been on his lips before. It was into this calm, green paradise of an old maid's heart — a paradise of straight gravel-paths, and clipped box-trees, and neat dahlia beds — that soft Mephisto crept.— *From An Old Maid's Love.*

MABIE, Hamilton Wright, an American editor, critic and essayist; born at Cold Spring, N. Y., December 13, 1845. He was graduated from Williams College in 1867, from the Columbia Law School in 1869, and practiced law in New York in 1869–79. In 1879 he became connected with the *Christian Union* (now *The Outlook*), and in 1884 formally entered its editorial staff. He became known as a contributor of essays to periodicals, and as an occasional speaker and lecturer on educational

and literary subjects. Among his public addresses was that at the dedication of the Zolnay bust of Pole in the University of Virginia. He also became president of the New York Kindergarten Association. His works are: *Norse Stories Retold from the Eldas* (1882); *Nature in New England* (1890); *My Study Fire* (1890–1899); *Under the Trees and Elsewhere* (1891); *Short Studies in Literature* (1891); *Essays in Literary Interpretation* (1892); *Nature and Culture* (1897); *Books and Culture* (1897); *Work and Culture* (1898); *In the Forest of Arden* (1898); *The Life of the Spirit* (1899); *Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist and Man* (1900); *Works and Days* (1902); *Parables of Life* (1902); *In Arcady* (1903); *Backgrounds of Literature* (1904); *The Great Word* (1905).

THE NEED OF POETRY.

A good many people who are given to decrying poetry as a vague and elusive weaving of dream· ıbout the hard work of life do not perceive that v ıt poetry life would be impossible, and that they thc ·lves are laying hold on it in practical ways while they are rejecting it in ideal or artistic forms. The great majority of men do not live to work; they work for some person whom they love, some cause or idea or principle in which they are interested. Now when a man cares for some person or thing or cause more than he cares for mere activity, or for the money which activity brings him, he is getting very near to poetry. For poetry, in its best estate, is the play of imagination on the bare facts of life, the expression of those feelings and passions which inspire men to work, to deny themselves, and, if need be, to die. The love of man for woman, of the mother for the child, of friend for friend; the passion for truth, purity, nature, beauty, country; the care for the unfortunate, the search for the ideal — these emotions, feelings, devotions in which alone men really live are the poetry of life and

the stuff of which the poetry of art is made. All men need the aid of poetry as a refuge against work and care and routine, as a witness to the reality of their highest hopes.

CULTURE IS QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY.

Genuine culture is a very real, human and simple quality — as far removed as possible from intellectual pretentiousness and display, from a vast accumulation of facts in the memory, from familiarity with names and dates. It is never expressed in terms of quantity; it is always expressed in terms of quality. It is never a piling up of knowledge, a hoarding of information; it is always a fine quality of feeling, a sensitive and sure taste, a ripeness of mind, a passion for the best things. Really cultivated people are rarely bookish, though they often know a good deal about books. Such people do not overwhelm us with a mass of knowledge; they charm us by the mature, all-around quality of their judgments, by the clearness of their perception of the relative values of things, by their ability to get through the details and into the heart of the matter, by the hospitality and geniality of their minds. They are, as a rule, very simple, unpretentious men and women, who do not pose as superior persons, who make no vain display of intimacy with great things or great people, who carry a restful and wholesome atmosphere about with them, and convey the impression of keeping the best company in the world. It is with genuinely cultivated as with thoroughly well-bred people: they are conspicuously free from over-emphasis of any kind; they neither live, dress nor act too well; they strike the happy mean and the note of simplicity and sincerity in everything.

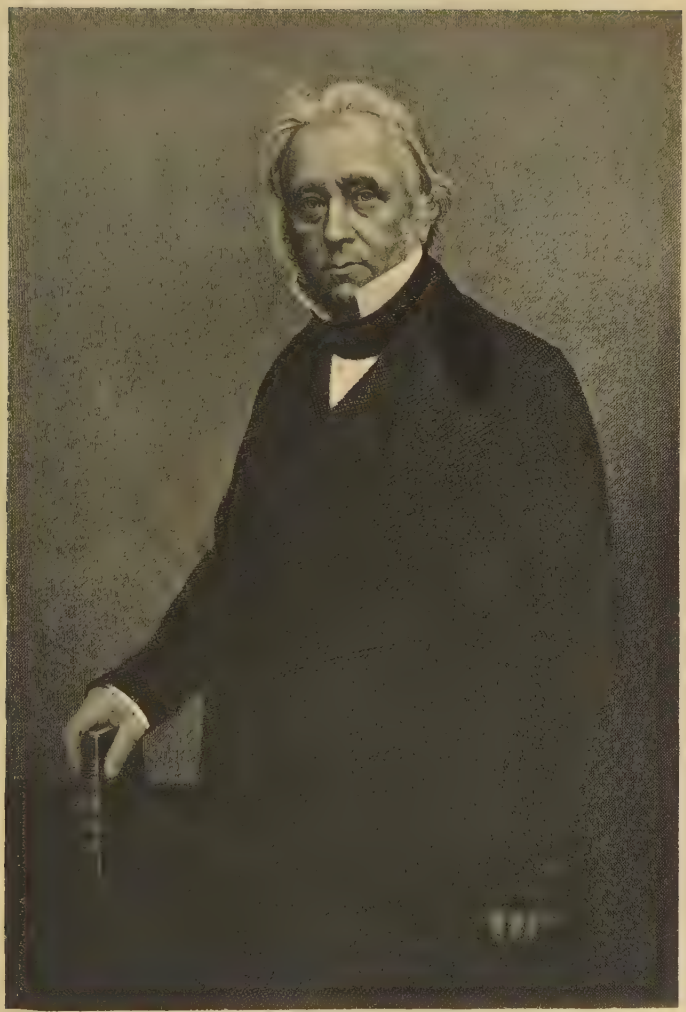
THE "LITERARY" FETISH.

The word "literary" stands for some of the most wholesome influences and some of the very finest achievements in life, but it is sometimes made a fetish by people who mistake means for ends and who exalt the catch-

words of the craft at the expense of that which it produces. The desire to be "literary" has become a fad in some circles, with the result of making the word synonymous with cant, pretention and pose. There are localities in which the man or woman of "literary" tastes and ambitions is avoided by all sensible people. Sometimes these "literary" persons are charlatans bent on producing a false impression to secure a selfish end; generally they are honest people who have learned the catch-words of literature without any real feeling for its spirit, and who are trying to impose on themselves and others by posing as experts when they are only tyros.

There is nothing discreditable about ignorance so long as it does not pretend to be knowledge; and all honest endeavor to get hold of the best things has an element of nobility in it which only the intellectual snob will hold in derision; but where ignorance wears the authority of knowledge, and endeavor puts off the modesty of striving and puts on the mien of achievement, men scoff, and they have a right to scoff, for nothing is worthy of respect unless it is honest and sincere. The trouble with a great deal of so-called "literary" taste and ambition is lack of modesty, of sincerity. It is the real thing which counts in religion, in character and in art, and the real thing is never pretentious or insincere. It is much better to be modestly ignorant than to be pretentiously learned; to be sincerely and frankly ignorant of books than to pretend to a knowledge which you do not possess.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

MACAULAY, Thomas Babington, an English statesman and historian; born at Rothley, Leicestershire, October 25, 1800; died at Kensington, London, December 28, 1859. He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of



eighteen, and won high honors, taking his Bachelor's degree in 1822, and his Master's degree in 1825. He was called to the bar in 1826, though he never more than nominally entered upon legal practice. As early as 1823 he began to contribute, in prose and verse, to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine,* a brilliant periodical, of which only a few numbers were issued. Among his contributions in verse were the ballads of *Moncontour* and *Ivry,* and notable among his prose pieces the imaginary *Conversation Between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton, Touching the Great Civil War,* which he himself regarded as not inferior to anything which he ever afterward wrote. Macaulay's connection with the Edinburgh *Review* began in 1825. This connection with the Edinburgh *Review* lasted, with occasional interruptions, about twenty years. There are in all about forty of his articles in the Edinburgh *Review,* several of which, however, are not included in the collection of his *Miscellanies,* made by himself. Between 1853 and 1859 Macaulay furnished to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* biographico-critical articles upon Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt.

In 1839 he was returned to Parliament for Edinburgh, and was appointed Secretary of War in the Melbourne Cabinet. The Ministry went out in 1841. Upon the return of the Whigs to power, in 1845, Macaulay was made Paymaster-General. He remained a Member of Parliament for Edinburgh until 1847. A strong feeling of hostility had in the meanwhile grown up against him, caused mainly by his support of the grant made to the Maynooth Roman Catholic College. The various elements of opposition combined against him, and at the general election in

August, 1847, he was signally defeated. This defeat was a matter of deep mortification to him; but on the next morning he wrote — or probably commenced to write — a poem which ranks high among his poems. This poem, which tells its own story, was not, we believe, written with any design of publication, and was not published until many years after the death of Macaulay:

THE BIRTH-BLESSING.

The day of tumult, strife, defeat was o'er;
  Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen
I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more
  A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light;
  Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle where, in linen white,
  Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

Pale flickered on the hearth the dying flame,
  And all was silent in that ancient hall,
Save when by fits on the low night-wind came
  The murmer of the distant waterfall.

And lo! the Fairy Queens who rule our birth
  Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom:
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
  From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast,
  Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain;
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,
  With mincing gait, and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head,
  And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown;
The Queen of Pleasure on his pillow shed
  Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still Fay in long procession followed Fay;
And still the little couch remained unblest:
But when those wayward sprites had passed away
Came One, the last, the mightiest and the best.

Oh, glorious Lady, with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side did'st watch that night,
Warbling a sweet, strange music — who wast thou?

"Yes, darling; let them go;" so ran the strain:
"Yes; let them go — Gain, Fashion, Pleasure, Power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

"Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether world, the fleeting hour resign:
Mine is the world of Thought, the world of Dream;
Mine all the Past, and all the Future mine.

"Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
Age that to penance turns the joys of youth,
Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow —
The sense of Beauty and the thirst of Truth

"Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
I, from thy natal hour, pronounce thee free;
And if for some I keep a nobler place,
I keep for none a happier than for thee.

"There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem
Of all my bounties largely to partake,
Of me as of some rival's handmaid deem,
And count me but for Gain's Power's, Fashion's sake.

"To such — though deep their lore, though wide their fame —
Shall my great mysteries be all unknown:
But thou — through good and evil, praise and blame —
Wilt thou not love me for myself alone?

"Yes; thou wilt love me with exceeding love
And I will tenfold all that love repay;
Still smiling, though the timid may reprove;
Still faithful, though the trusted may betray.

"For aye mine emblem was, and aye shall be,
The ever-'during plant whose bough I wear,
Brightest and greenest then, when every tree
That blossoms in the light of Time is bare.

"In the dark hours of shame I deigned to stand
Before the frowning peers at Bacon's tide;
On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,
Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde.

"I brought the wise and good of ancient days
To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone;
I lighted Milton's darkness with the blaze
Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

"And so, my child, it is my pleasure
That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh,
When, in domestic bliss and studious leisure,
The weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly

"Not then alone when myriads closely prest
Around thy ear the shout of triumph raise;
Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast
Swells at the sweeter sound of woman's praise.

"No; when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
When weary soul and aching body pine,
Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow,
In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine;

"Thine, when on mountain waves the snow-birds scream,
Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze,
Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam
Lights the drear May day of Antarctic seas;

"Thine, when around the litter's track all day
White sand-hills shall reflect the blinding glare;
Thine, when, through forests breathing death thy way
All night shall wind by many a tiger's lair.

"Thine most, when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
For Truth, Peace, Freedom, Mercy, dares defy
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and Envy's hiss, and Folly's bray,
Remember me; and with an unforced smile
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

"Yes: they will pass away; nor deem it strange:
They come and go, as comes and goes the sea;
And let them come and go: thou, through all change,
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me."

From early childhood Macaulay wrote not merely verse, but genuine poetry. But poetry was merely an episode in his literary career. He indeed made one effort upon a considerable scale, and with such marked success that he never cared to repeat it. In 1842, while his party was in Opposition, and he held no laborious political office, he published the *Lays of Ancient Rome,* in which he undoubtedly presented a fair reproduction of the tone and spirit of the ancient Latian heroic ballads, chanted before the poetry of Rome had come to be an imitation of that of Greece. "The Battle of Lake Regillus," the longest of these *Lays,* consists of forty stanzas, of which we quote only the legend of the appearance of the great deified Twin Brethren who turned the issue of that fierce fight in favor of the Romans.

THE GREAT TWIN BRETHREN AT THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

31.

And Aulus the Dictator strokes Auster's raven mane;
With heed he looked unto the girths, with heed unto the rein;
"Now bear me well, Black Auster, into yon thick array;
And thou and I will have revenge for thy good lord to-day!"

32.

So spake he; and was buckling tighter Black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair that rode at his right hand.
So like they were, no mortal might one from other know.
White as snow their armor was, their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil did such rare armor gleam;
And never did such gallant steeds drink of an earthly stream.

33.

And all who saw them trembled, and pale grew every cheek;
And Aulus the Dictator scarce gathered voice to speak.
"Say by what name men call you? What city is your home?
And wherefore ride ye in such guise before the ranks of Rome?"

34.

"By many names men call us; in many lands we dwell;
Well Samothracia knows us; Cyrene knows us well.
Our house in gay Tarentum is hung each morn with flowers;

High o'er the masts of Syracuse our marble portal towers;
But by the proud Eurotas is our dear native home: —
And for the right we come to fight before the ranks of Rome."

35.

So answered these strange horsemen, and each couched low his spear;
And forthwith all the ranks of Rome were bold and of good cheer.
And on the Thirty Armies came wonder and affright;
And Ardea wavered on the left, and Cora on the right —
"Rome to the charge!" cried Aulus; "the foe begins to yield;
Charge for the hearth of Vesta! charge for the Golden Shield!
Let no man stop to plunder, but slay, and slay, and slay!
The gods, who live for ever, are on our side to-day!"

36.

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish from earth to heaven arose;
The kites know well the long, stern swell that bids the Romans close.
Then the good sword of Aulus was lifted up to slay;
Then, like a crag of Apennine, rushed Auster through the fray.
But under those strange horsemen still thicker lay the slain;
And after those strange horses Black Auster toiled in vain.
Behind them Rome's long battle came rolling on the foe —
Ensigns dancing wild above, blades all in line below.
So comes the Po in flood-time upon the Celtic plain;
So comes the squall, blacker than night, upon the Adrian main.
Now, by our Sire Quirinius, it was a goodly sight

To see the thirty standards sweep down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria, when the black squall doth blow;
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time spin down the whirling Po.
False Sextus to the mountains turned fast his horse's head;
And fast fled Ferentinum, and fast Circeium fled.
The horseman of Nomentum spurred hard out of the fray;
The footman of Veletræ threw spear and shield away.
And under foot were trampled, amidst the mud and gore,
The banners of proud Tusculum, that never stooped before.
And down went Flavius Faustus, who led his stately ranks
From where the apple-blossoms wave on Anio's echoing banks;
And Tullus of Arpinum, chief of the Volscian aids;
And Metius, with the long, fair curls, the lover of Anxur's maids;
And the white head of Vulso, the great Arician seer;
And Nepos of Laurentium, the hunter of the deer.
And in the back false Sextus felt the good Roman steel;
And wriggling in the dust he died, like a worm beneath the wheel:
And flyers and pursuers were mingled in a mass:
And far away the battle went roaring through the pass.

37.

Sempronius Atratinus sate in the eastern gate;
Beside him were three Fathers, each in his chair of state:
Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons that day were in field;
And Manlius, the eldest of the Twelve who kept the Golden Shield;
And Sergius, the High Pontiff, for wisdom far renowned —
In all Etruria's colleges was no such Pontiff found. —
And all around the portal, and high above the wall,
Stood a great throng of people — but sad and silent all:

Young lads, and stooping elders that might not bear the mail;
Matrons with lips that quivered, and maids with faces pale.
Since the first gleam of daylight, Sempronius had not ceased
To listen for the rustling of horse-hoofs from the east.
The mist of eve was rising, the sun was hastening down,
When he was aware of a princely pair fast pricking toward the town.
So like they were, man never saw twins so like before;
Red with gore their armor was, their steeds were red with gore.

38.

"Hail to the great Asylum! hail to the hill-tops seven!
Hail to the fire that burns for aye, and to the shield that fell from heaven!
This day, by Lake Regillus, under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum, was fought a glorious fight.
To-morrow your Dictator shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities to deck the shrines of Rome!"

39.

Then burst from that great concourse a shout that shook the towers;
And some ran north and some ran south, crying, "The day is ours!"
But on rode those strange horsemen, with slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum, while laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows, fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta, they vaulted down amain.

And washed their horses in the well that springs from Vesta's fame.
And straight again they mounted, and rode to Vesta's door;
Then, like a blast, away they passed, and no man saw them more.

40.

And all the people trembled, and pale grew every cheek;
And Sergius the High Pontiff alone found voice to speak:
"The gods who live forever have fought for Rome to-day!
These be the Great Twin Brethren to whom the Dorians pray.
Back comes the chief in triumph, who in the hour of fight
Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren in harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven, through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren sit shining on the sails.
Wherefore they washed their horses in Vesta's holy well,
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door, I know — but may not tell —
Here, hard by Vesta's temple, build we a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren who fought so well for Rome.
And when the months returning bring back this day of fight,
The proud Ides of Quintilis, marked evermore with white,
Unto the Great Twin Brethren let all the people throng,
With chaplets and with offerings, with music and with song;
And let the doors and windows be hung with garlands all;

And let the Knights be summoned to Mars without the wall;
Thence let them ride in purple, with joyous trumpet-sound,
Each mounted on his war-horse, and each with olive crowned;
And pass in solemn order before the sacred dome,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren who fought so well for Rome."

— *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

[Fought March 14, 1590, when Henry IV., the Huguenot King of Navarre, gained a decisive victory over his Catholic opponents of the League, headed by the Duke of Mayenne.]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou Rochelle — our own Rochelle — proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters:
As thou wert constant in our ill, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine — the curses of our land:
And dark Mayenne was in their midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line a deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"—
"And if my standard-bearer fall — as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray —
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamb to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne!
'Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies — upon them with the lance!"—
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours: Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter — the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry — "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go!"—
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the Religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white:
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en —
The cornet white with crosses black — the flag of false Lorraine:
Up with it high, unfurl it wide, that all the world may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His Church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne,
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Phillip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls,
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night: —
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the council of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

We believe that Macaulay's high place in the literature of our language will be determined not by his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, not even by his *History of England*, so much as by his *Essays*, to which, more than to anything else, is to be ascribed the new lease of life which the Edinburgh *Review* had for a score of years. The first of these contributions which can be positively identified was that on "Milton" (April, 1825), the last that on "The Earl of Chatham" (October, 1844). We give extracts from a few of these *Essays*, in the order of their publication.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

He had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained indeed in his party many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half

fanatic, half buffoon, whose talents, discerned as yet by only one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which at such a crisis were necessary to save the State — the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney.

Others might possess all the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; Hampden alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge, it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolution furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone. — *Edinburgh Review, December, 1831.*

SPAIN AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The Spanish empire was still, in outward appearance, great and magnificent. The European dominions subject to the last feeble prince of the House of Austria were far more extensive than those of Louis XIV. The American dependencies of the Castilian crown still extended far to the south of Capricorn. But within this immense body there was an incurable decay, an utter want of tone, an utter prostration of strength. An ingenious and diligent population, eminently skilled in arts and manufactures, had been driven into exile by stupid and re-

morseless bigots. The glory of the Spanish pencil had departed with Velasquez and Murillo. The splendid age of Spanish literature had departed with Solis and Calderon.

During the seventeenth century many states had formed great military establishments. But the Spanish army, so formidable under the command of Alva and Farnese, had dwindled away to a few thousand men, ill-paid and ill-disciplined. England, Holland, and France had great navies. But the Spanish navy was scarcely equal to the tenth part of that mighty force which, in the time of Philip II., had been the terror of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The arsenals were deserted. The magazines were unprovided. The frontier fortresses were ungarrisoned. The police was utterly inefficient for the protection of the people. Murders were committed in the face of day with perfect impunity. Bravoes and discarded serving-men with swords at their sides swaggered every day through the most public streets and squares of the capital, disturbing the public peace, and setting at defiance the ministers of justice.

The finances were in dreadful disorder. The people paid much, the Government received little. The American viceroys and the farmers of the revenue became rich, while the merchants broke, while the peasantry starved, while the body-servants of the sovereign remained unpaid, while the soldiers of the royal guard repaired daily to the doors of the convents, and battled there with the crowd of beggars for a porringer of broth and a morsel of bread. Every remedy which was tried aggravated the disease. The currency was altered; and this frantic measure produced its never-failing effects. It destroyed all credit, and increased the misery which it was intended to relieve. The American gold — to use the words of Ortiz — was to the necessities of the State but as a drop of water to the lips of a man raging with thirst.

Heaps of unopened dispatches accumulated in the offices, while the Ministers were concerting with bed-chamber women and Jesuits the means of tripping up each other. Every foreign power could plunder and insult with impunity the heir of Charles V. Into such a state had

the mighty kingdom of Spain fallen, while one of its smallest dependencies, a country not so large as the province of Estremadura or Andalusia, situated under an inclement sky, and preserved only by artificial means from the inroads of the ocean, had become a power of the first class, and treated on terms of equality with the Courts of London and Versailles. — *Edinburgh Review, January, 1833.*

After losing his seat in Parliament, in 1847, Macaulay devoted himself to the preparation of his *History of England from the Accession of James II.*, a work which he had long had in contemplation, and upon which he had been for some time employed. Volumes I. and II., bringing the history down to the accession of William and Mary in 1688, appeared late in 1848. Volumes III. and IV., coming down to the death of Queen Mary in 1695, appeared in 1855. This was all of the *History* which was printed during the life of Macaulay. He had, however, completed about half of another volume, comprising two more years, and had made rough notes for the period down to the death of William III., in 1702. These, when fully written out, would probably have formed Volume V. This volume, thus incomplete, was published in 1861 by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. In the opening chapter of the *History* Macaulay sets forth what would have been its wide scope had he lived to complete it.

MACAULAY'S PLAN OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of the James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall

trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their Parliaments, and bound together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of empire among European powers; how her opulence and martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels which to the statesmen of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared to which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortez and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.

Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, and great national crimes and follies far more humiliating than any disaster. It will be seen that even what we justly account our chief blessings were not without alloy. It will be seen that the system which effectually secured our liberties against the encroachments of kingly power gave birth to a new class of abuses from which absolute monarchies are exempt. It will be seen that, in consequence partly of unwise interference, and partly of unwise neglect, the increase of wealth and the extension of trade produced, together with immense good, some evils from which poor and rude societies are free. It will be seen how, in two important de-

pendencies of the crown, wrong was followed by just retribution; how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the parent state; how Ireland, cursed by the domination of race over race, and of religion over religion, remained indeed a member of the empire, but a withered and distorted member, adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who feared or envied the greatness of England.

Yet, unless I greatly deceive myself, the general effect of this checkered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds, and hope in the breasts of all patriots. For the history of our country during the last hundred and sixty years is eminently the history of physical, of moral, and of intellectual improvement. Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay: but no man who is correctly informed of the past will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the Parliament. It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the Government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects, and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.

A magnificent scheme, truly; but one which Macaulay must soon have been convinced could not be carried out by him even should his working years be extended for fourscore. The five volumes

of his *History* do not cover more than fifteen years, and there are fully one hundred and fifty years, from the accession of James the Second to the period down to which he purposed to bring his narrative; so that at least fifty volumes would have been required for the work. As it was, during the years in which his physical condition was fairly good, he could produce only about half a volume a year. It would therefore have required a century in all, working at his best, to complete the task which he had set for himself.

Macaulay's active public life closed with his Edinburgh defeat in 1847. Five years later the Edinburgh electors indeed returned him to Parliament and he occupied his seat for a few times, but took no active part in the proceedings of that body. He was raised to the peerage in 1857; but he took no part even in the debates which grew out of the Sepoy mutiny. His health had by this time come to be very feeble. He died suddenly, from an affection of the heart, and was interred in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Besides numerous separate editions of his *Essays*, the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, the *History of England*, and a collection of his *Speeches*, a complete edition of his *Works*, in eight volumes, was edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan (1866), and his *Life and Letters* by her son, George Otto Trevelyan (1875).

MacCLELLAND, Margaret Greenway, an American novelist and poet, born at Norwood, Virginia, in 1841; died there, August 2, 1895. She was educated in her native town, and lived there all her life. She was known to many as *par excellence* "The Virginia Novelist." Her scenes and characters, however, are drawn in North Carolina chiefly. She was one of the southern writers who had been "impelled to fiction by the disasters of the Civil War and the great social changes which it brought about." Among her earlier compositions were *Mammy Mystic,* and *Old Ike's Memories,* a book of verses which appeared in 1884. In *Oblivion,* which was published in 1886, she showed her perfect command of the dialect of the mountaineers, and of the pathos and humor of their peculiar life. This was followed by *The Princess* (1886; *Jean Monteith* (1887), and *Madame Silva,* (1888). Her later works were *Manitou Island; Burkett's Lock; St. John's Wooing* and *The Old Post Road.*

IN THE RAGING FLOOD.

The river rose, inch by inch, foot by foot, and the people waited breathless.

A sound from up by the bridge — a crashing and tearing and rending, high above the steady, monotonous roar of the water. The iron-work was giving away, was snapping like glass before the assault of the terrible battering-ram the flood was hurling against it. A house driven end-foremost against the pile of logs and *débris* already collected; a house with human beings — men, women, little children — on the roof, crouching, clinging in mortal terror to the very shingles, the wild wail of whose agony and fear rose high above the fury of the

flood, as the house struck. The bridge parted, the hummock, freed at last, broke and floated down-stream in fragments; the house remained for a moment stationary, hung against the masonry of the middle pier. God! for power to save them! for strength to hold back the death-torrent! The house bent with the force of the current, recovered itself, bent again. Dick thrust himself in front of John, and held him forcibly back behind his broad shoulder; he *should not* see it. The flooring of the bridge gave way, the house swung round with a sudden lurch as it was caught by the unobstructed might of the torrent; one end, caught against the pier, held it; still it careened to one side more and more, the water was too strong, and it capsized slowly. A wail broke from the helpless spectators. Women cast their aprons over their faces and sobbed aloud, and men wrung their hands together and groaned.

Is there no end to tragedy? Something else comes floating down the death-stream, past the ruined bridge, in the wake of the house which had proved a sepulchre — a boat; one of the kind peculiar to the rivers of the South, flat-bottomed, almost square at stem and stern, but raked so as to ride the water like a duck. In it stood a boy, waving his hands to them entreatingly, calling aloud in a voice inaudible to them, lost in the roar of the flood. As it neared they saw something white lying in the bottom of the boat huddled in a heap at the boy's feet.

"It's Charlie!" muttered John, hoarsely, and began to tear off his coat, forgetful of his fifty years and his eighteen-stone weight.

Dick caught him by the arm. "Hold on, John," he cried, "you can't do it, man; you'll be drowned afore you've gone fifty yards. Hand along that rope, Thrasher; and stand by, fellows, to haul in when I give the sign. I'm goin'."

And in less than a moment he was stripped to the trousers, had a rope fastened securely under his shoulders, and a knife between his teeth, to cut it if it should foul, and was up to his neck in the turbid flood. — *Oblivion.*

GEORGE MACDONALD.

MACDONALD, George, a Scottish poet and novelist; born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1824; died at London, September 18, 1905. He was educated at the University of Aberdeen, studied theology at the College of London, and became an Independent minister. He soon resigned his ministry and began a literary life in London, and visited the United States on a lecturing tour. Afterward he removed to Italy. His first work, a dramatic poem, *Within and Without,* appeared in 1856. It was followed by *A Hidden Life and Other Poems* (1857), and *Phantastes, a Faerie Romance* (1858). Among his subsequent works are *David Elginbrod* (1862); *The Portent, a Story of Second Sight* (1864); *Alec Forbes of Howglen* (1865); *The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood* (1866); *Guild Court* (1867); *The Disciple and Other Poems* and *Robert Falconer* (1868); *Unspoken Sermons* (1869); *The Miracles* (1870); *The Vicar's Daughter* (1872); *Malcolm* (1874); *St. George and St. Michael* (1875); *Thomas Wingfield, Curate* (1876); *The Marquis of Lossie* (1877); *Paul Faber, Surgeon* (1879); *Mary Marston* (1881); *The Gifts of the Child Christ, and Other Poems* (1882); *Donald Grant* (1883); *What's Mine's Mine* (1886); *Home Again* (1887); *The Elect Lady* (1888); *There and Back* (1891); *A Rough Shaking* (1891); *Poems* (1893); *The Light Princess and Other Fairy Tales* (1893); *Heather and Snow* (1893), and *Lilith* (1895).

BETTER THINGS.

Better to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of gentle heart than beauty's favors proud;
Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness than to bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by mother's hand than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in good than say, "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to be a little wise than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet than thrill a listening state;
Better to suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great

Better to walk the real unseen than watch the hour's event;
Better the "Well done!" at the last than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

LOVE.

Love is the part, and love is the whole;
Love is the robe, and love is the pall;

Lord of the heart, and the brain, and the soul;
  Love is the lord and the slave of all.
I thank thee, Love, that thou lov'st me;
I thank thee more that I love thee.

Love is the rain, and love is the air;
  Love is the earth that holdeth fast;
Love is the root that is buried there;
  Love is the open flower at last.
I thank thee, Love, all round about
That the eyes of my love are looking out.

Love is the sun, and love is the sea;
  Love is the tide that comes and goes —
Flowing and flowing it comes to me;
  Ebbing and ebbing to thee it flows.
Oh, my sun and my wind and tide,
My sea and my shore and all beside!

Light, oh, light that art by showing!
  Wind, oh, wind that liv'st by motion!
Thought, oh, thought that art by knowing!
  Will, that art born in self devotion!
Love is you, and ye are through it.
Ye are love if ye never knew it.

Faithful Creator, heart longed for Father,
  Home of our heart infolded Brother!
Home to these all thy glories gather,
  All are thy love, and there is no other!
O Love at rest, we loves that roam —
Home unto thee, we are coming home!

O THOU OF LITTLE FAITH!

Sad-hearted, be at peace; the snowdrop lies
  Buried in sepulchre of ghastly snow;
But Spring is floating up the southern skies,
  And, darkling, the pale snowdrop waits below.

Let me persuade: in dull December's day
  We scarce believe there is a month of June;

But up the stairs of April and of May
The hot sun climbeth to the Summer's moon.

Yet hear me: I love God, and half I rest.
Oh, better! God loves thee, so all rest thou.
He is our Summer, our dim-visioned Best! —
And in His heart thy prayer is resting now.

BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, my dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

IN THE BELL-TOWER.

Robert wandered about till he was so weary that his head ached with weariness. At length he came upon the open space before the cathedral, whence the poplar-spire rose aloft into a blue sky flecked with white clouds. It was near sunset, and he could not see the sun, but the upper half of the spire shone glorious in its radiance. From the top his eyes sank to the base. In the base was a little door half-open. Might not that be the lowly, narrow entrance through the shadow up to the sun-filled air? He drew near with a kind of tremor, for never before had he gazed upon visible grandeur growing out of the human soul, in the majesty of everlastingness — a tree of the Lord's planting. Where had been but an empty space of air and light and darkness, had risen, and had stood for ages, a mighty wonder, awful to the eye, solid to the hand. He peeped through the opening of the door; there was the foot of a stair — marvellous as the ladder of Jacob's dream — turning away toward the unknown. He pushed the door and entered. A man appeared, and barred his advance. Robert put his hand in his pocket and drew out some silver. The man took one piece, looked at it, turned it over, put it in his pocket, and led the way up the stair. Robert followed, and followed, and followed.

He came out of stone walls upon an airy platform whence the spirt ascended heavenward. His conductor led upward still, and he followed, winding within a spiral network of stone, through which all the world looked in. Another platform, and yet another spire springing from its basement. Still up they went, and at length stood on a circle of stone surrounding like a coronet the last base of the spire, which lifted its apex untrodden. Then Robert turned and looked below. He grasped the stones before him. The loneliness was awful.

There was nothing between him and the roofs of the houses, four hundred feet below, but the spot where he

stood. The whole city, with its red roofs, lay under him. He stood uplifted on the genius of the builder, and the town beneath him was a toy. The all but featureless flat spread forty miles on every side, and the roofs of the largest building below were as dove-cots. But the space between was alive with awe — so vast, so real!

He turned and descended, winding through the net-work of stone which was all between him and space. The object of the architect must have been to melt away the material from before the eyes of the spirit. He hung in the air in a cloud of stone. As he came in his descent within the ornaments of one of the basements, he found himself looking through two thicknesses of stone lace on the nearing city. Down there was the beast of prey and his victim; but for the moment he was above the region of sorrow. His weariness and his headache had vanished utterly. With his mind tossed on its own speechless delight, he was slowly descending still, when he saw on his left hand a door ajar. He would look what mystery lay within. A push opened it. He discovered only a little chamber lined with wood. In the centre stood something — a bench-like piece of furniture, plain and worn. He advanced a step; peered over the top of it; saw keys white and black; saw pedals below; it was an organ! Two strides brought him in front of it. A wooden stool, polished and hollowed with centuries of use was before it. But where was the bellows? That might be down hundreds of steps below, for he was half-way only to the ground. He seated himself musingly, and struck, as he thought, a dumb chord. Responded up in the air far overhead, a mighty, booming clang. Startled, almost frightened even as if Mary St. John had said she loved him, Robert sprang from the stool, and, without knowing why, moved only by the chastity of delight, flung the door to the post. It banged and clicked. Almost mad with the joy of the Titanic instrument, he seated himself again at the keys, and plunged into a tempest of clanging harmony. One hundred bells hang in that temple of wonder — an instrument for a city, nay, for a kingdom. Often had Robert dreamed that he was the galvanic centre of a thunder-cloud of harmony, flashing off from every

finger the willed lightning tone, such was the unexpected scale of this instrument — so far aloft in the sunny air rang the responsive notes — that his dream appeared almost realized.

Ere he had finished playing, his passion had begun to fold its wings, and he grew dimly aware of a beating at the door of the solitary chamber in which he sat. He knew nothing of the enormity of which he was guilty — presenting unsought the city of Antwerp with a glorious fantasia. He did not know that only on grand, solemn, world-wide occasions, such as a king's birthday, or a ball at the Hotel de Ville, was such music on the card. When he flung the door to, it had closed with a spring-lock, and for the last quarter of an hour three gendarmes, commanded by the sacristan of the tower, had been thundering thereat. He waited only to finish the last notes of the wild Orcadian chant, and opened the door. He was seized by the collar, dragged down the stair into the street, and through a crowd of wondering faces — poor, unconscious dreamer! it will not do to think on the house-top even, and you had been dreaming very loud indeed in the church-spire — away to the bureau of police. — *Robert Falconer.*

MACE, Frances Parker Laughton, an American poet; born at Orono, Me., January 15, 1836; died at Los Gatos, Cal., July 20, 1899. In 1855 she married Benjamin H. Mace, and in 1885 removed to San José, Cal. Besides contributing poems to periodicals, she published *Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets* (1883), and *Under Pine and Palm* (1887). Her poem *Only Waiting* appeared in the Waterville *Mail* in 1854, when she was eighteen, and was long claimed by others. She proved authorship of it in 1878.

Her poems are highly prized for their admirable and graceful style.

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I fear their footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

"ALL'S WELL."

Hail! fellow-pilgrim, wherefore haste?
The night is falling, dark with storm;
My evening bread is sweet to taste,
The glow upon my hearth is warm.
Long is thy path and wild and lone. —
His eyes looked deep into my own —
All's well."

Thy robe is rent by brier and thorn,
Thine eyes have known the pain of tears,
And on thy patient brow are worn
Deep furrows that are not of years.
"My staff is broken, but my palm
Still keeps the morning's fragrant balm.
All's well."

Thou art forsaken and alone;
Thou lookest back with wistful gaze.
Some dream of beauty, still unblown,
Has mocked thee all these weary days.
"Heaven took the flower of life, to give
A bloom which shall forever live.
All's well!"

And thou are wounded! From thy side
The life-drops fall. O pilgrim, stay!
Wait for the ebbing of the tide,
And for the breaking of the day.
"Comrades invisible to thee
Beckon and call and signal me
All's well!"

"Follow me not, nor seek to hold
My spirit from its true repose;
The shelter of that flowery fold
Will heal all wounds of friends or foes.
"I go from dark to light, from strife
To perfect peace, from death to life!
All's well!"

Yet answer once before we part,
Thy voice uplifts and makes me free —
Whence is this gladness of the heart,
This undertone of victory?
"I dimly see; I am but dust,
But through all darkness I can trust!
All's well!"

MACÉ, JEAN, a French educator and essayist; born at Paris, August 22, 1815; died there December 13, 1894. He was educated at the Collège Stanislas, and when twenty years of age was appointed a teacher of history there. He retained his position for ten years. In 1848 he became an editor of *La République*. He left Paris after the *coup d'état*, and taught natural science and literature in a girls' school in Alsace. In 1861 he published the *History of a Mouthful of Bread*. In 1864 he was one of the founders and directors of the *Magazine of Education and Recreation*, and in 1866 he organized a teachers' league for the promotion of popular education. Among his works are *The Servants of the Stomach* (1866); *The Genie and the Little City* (1868); *The Ideas of Jean François* (1872–73); a book of *Fairy Tales; La Grammaire de Mlle. Lili* (1878), and *La France avant les Francs* (1881).

A FISH'S MOUTH.

Some fishes, like the skate, have no tongue at all. Others, instead of a tongue, have a hard, dry filament, very nearly immovable, and which one would think was put there like a stake, to show the place where the tongue is to be found in the mort perfect organizations.

There are even fishes, like the perch and the pike, whose tongue is furnished with teeth, or rather fangs; an evident sign that it has forfeited the confidential position occupied by your own good little porter. You must know also that the perch and the pike, like many other of their fellows, have teeth all over their mouth.

This invasion of the palate by teeth, which begins in the lizard and the serpent, assumes alarming proportions here. It is not merely the roof of the palate which is spiked with teeth: above, below, at the sides, everywhere to the very limits of the œsophagus, the little fangs triumphantly stick out their slender points. It is impossible, therefore, to state their number. Nature has scattered them broadcast without counting, just as she has done with the hairs of the beard round the human mouth; and the comparison is not so impertinent as you may think. They sometimes form an actual internal beard, even thicker than our outer one, and which sprouts from the skin into the bargain. There is one fish whose teeth are so delicate and so close together that, in passing your finger over them, you would think you were touching velvet. This does not refer to the shark, mind. His teeth are sharp-cutting, notched blades, hard as steel, arranged in threatening rows round the entrance of his mouth, and cut a man in two as easily as your incisors do a piece of apple.

Others, such as the skate, have their mouths paved — that is the proper term — with perfectly flat teeth. The first time your mamma is sending to buy fish beg her to let you have a skate's head to look at. You will be interested to see the small, square ivory plates laid close adjoining each other, like the tiles of a church floor. It is, in fact, a regular hall-pavement, over which the visitors glide untouched, and are then swallowed down in the lump; thus entering straight into the house without having been stopped by the inscription nature has placed over your door and mine — "Speak to the Porter."

But all this is nothing compared to the lamprey's entrance-hall, which differs from ours in quite another way. The lamprey, as I have already told you, ranks almost the lowest among fishes, and consequently among

vertebrate animals, of which fishes form the rear-guard. Indeed, it is almost stretching a point to consider her worthy to bear the proud title of a vertebrate at all; for the vertebral column, so clearly marked in other fishes, where it forms the large central bone, is only faintly indicated in certain species of lampreys, by a soft thread (or filament), which is rather a membrane than a bony chaplet, and at the top of this mockery of vertebral column is the creature's mouth. If you ever had leeches on, you will remember the sharp sting you felt when the little beasts bit you. Well, the lamprey feeds herself just in the same way as the leech does. Her mouth forms a completely circular ring, which sticks to the prey, and through which runs backward and forward a small tongue armed with lancets. This darts out to pierce the skin, and draws in the blood as it retreats. Round your lips well; dip them so into a glass of water, and draw back your tongue, and you will at once feel the water rise into your mouth. It is by a similar sort of proceeding that leeches relieve people of the blood they want to get rid of; and in the same way the lamprey draws out the blood of the animal upon which she fastens. — *History of a Mouthful of Bread.*

MacGRATH, HAROLD, an American journalist and novelist; born at Syracuse, N. Y., September 4, 1871. He was educated in the Syracuse Public Schools and in 1890 entered journalism. His first novel *Arms and the Woman* appeared in 1899. His later works are *The Puppet Crown* (1901); *The Grey Cloak* (1903); *The Man on the Box* (1904); *The Princess Elopes* and *Enchantment* (1905).

THE WOMAN AND THE GIRL.

As a story-teller I am supposed to be everywhere, to follow the footsteps of each and all of my characters, and with a fidelity and a perspicacity nothing short of the marvelous. So I take the liberty of imagining the pith of the conversation between the woman and the girl.

The Woman: How long, dear, have we known each other?

The Girl: Since I left school, I believe. Where *did* you get that stunning morning gown?

The Woman (smiling in spite of the serious purpose she has in view): Never mind the gown, my child; I have something of greater importance to talk about.

The Girl: Is there anything more important to talk about among women?

The Woman: Yes. There is age.

The Girl: But, mercy, we do not talk about that!

The Woman: I am going to establish a precedent, then. I am forty, or at least, I am on the verge of it.

The Girl (warningly): Take care! If we should ever become enemies! If I should ever become treacherous!

The Woman: The world very well knows that I am older than I look. That is why it takes such interest in my age.

The Girl: The question is, how *do* you preserve it?

The Woman: Well, then, I am forty, while you stand on the threshold of the adorable golden twenties. (Walks over to picture taken eighteen years before and contemplates it.) Ah, to be twenty again; to start anew, possessing my present learning and wisdom, and knowledge of the world; to avoid the pits into which I so carelessly stumbled! But no!

The Girl: Mercy! what have you to wish for? Are not princes and ambassadors your friends; have you not health and wealth and beauty? You wish for something, you who are so handsome and brilliant!

The Woman: Blinds, my dear Betty, only blinds; for that is all beauty and wealth and wit are. Who sees behind sees scars of many wounds. You are without a

mother, I am without a child. (Sits down beside the girl and takes her hand in hers.) Will you let me be a mother to you for just this morning? How can any man help loving you! (impulsively).

The Girl: How foolish you are, Grace!

The Woman: Ah, to blush like that!

The Girl: You are very embarrassing this morning. I believe you are even sentimental. Well, my handsome mother for just this morning, what is it you have to say to me? (jestingly).

The Woman: I do not know just how to begin. Listen. If ever trouble should befall you, if ever misfortune should entangle you, will you promise to come to me?

The Girl: Misfortune? What is on your mind, Grace?

The Woman: Promise!

The Girl: I promise. (Laughs.)

The Woman: I am rich. Promise that if poverty should ever come to you, you will come to me.

The Girl (puzzled): I do not understand you at all!

The Woman: Promise!

The Girl: I promise; but . . .

The Woman: Thank you, Betty.

The Girl (growing serious): What is all this about, Grace? You look so earnest.

The Woman: Some day you will understand. Will you answer me one question, as a daughter would answer her mother?

The Girl (gravely): Yes.

The Woman: Would you marry a title for the title's sake?

The Girl (indignantly): I?

The Woman: Yes; would you?

The Girl: I shall marry the man I love, and if not him, nobody. I mean, of course, *when* I love.

The Woman: Blushing again? My dear, is Karloff anything to you?

The Girl: Karloff? Mercy, no. He is handsome and fascinating and rich, but I could not love him. It would be easier to love . . . to love my groom outside.

(They both smile.)

The Woman (grave once more): That is all I wished to know, dear. Karloff is not worthy of you.

The Girl (sitting very erect): I do not understand. Is he not honorable?

The Woman (hesitating): I have known him for seven years; I have always found him honorable.

The Girl: Why, then, should he not be worthy of me?

The Woman (lightly): Is any man?

The Girl: You are parrying my question. If I am to be your daughter, there must be no fencing.

The Woman (rising and going over to the portrait again): There are some things that a mother may not tell even to her daughter.

The Girl (determinedly): Grace, you have said too much or too little. I do not love Karloff, I never could love him; but I like him, and liking him, I feel called upon to defend him.

The Woman (surprised into showing her dismay): You defend him? You?

The Girl: And why not? That is what I wish to know: why not?

The Woman: My dear, you do not love him. That is all I wished to know. Karloff is a brilliant, handsome man, a gentleman; his sense of honor, such as it is, would do credit to many another man; but behind all this there is a power which makes him helpless, makes him a puppet, and robs him of certain worthy impulses. I have read somewhere that corporations have no souls; neither have governments. Ask me nothing more, Betty, for I shall answer no more questions.

The Girl: I do not think you are treating me fairly.

The Woman: At this moment I would willingly share with you half of all I possess in the world.

The Girl: But all this mystery!

The Woman: As I have said, some day you will understand. Treat Karloff as you have always treated him, politely and pleasantly. And I beg of you never to repeat our conversation.

The Girl (to whom illumination suddenly comes; rises quickly and goes over to the woman; takes her by the

shoulders, and the two stare into each other's eyes, the one searchingly, the other fearfully): Grace!

The Woman: I am a poor foolish woman, Betty, for all my worldliness and wisdom; but I love you (softly), and that is why I appear weak before you. The blind envy those who see, the deaf those who hear; what one does not want another can not have. Karloff loves you, but you do not love him.

(The girl kisses the woman gravely on the cheek, and without a word, makes her departure.)

The Woman (as she hears the carriage roll away); Poor girl! Poor, happy, unconscious, motherless child! If only I had the power to stay the blow! . . . Who can it be, then, that she loves?

The Girl (in her carriage): Poor thing! She adores Karloff, and I never suspected it! I shall begin to hate him.

How well women read each other!—*The Man on the Box* (Copyright 1904, by The Bobbs-Merrill Company).

FATE'S DECREE.

Fame placed upon his head her bays,
  Pressed to his lips the flagon's brim,
The subtle cup of worldly praise
  So long and coldly held from him.

Then Fortune came — thrice welcome guest!—
  Flung at his feet her treasure keys,
And bade him open chest on chest
  And take whate'er his eye might please.

Then Fate spoke grimly from her throne:
  "Now, he hath his desire;
Carve me a head of him in stone
  While I snuff out his fire."

—*The Reader Magazine.*

ERNST MACH.

MACH, Ernst, a German scientist, psychologist and mathematician; born near Vienna, February 18, 1838. He was educated at Bonn, Heidelberg and Vienna, and in 1880 became Professor of the History and Theory of Inductive Science at the University of Vienna. His published works include *The Science of Mechanics* (1883); *Popular Scientific Lectures* (1890); and *The Analysis of the Sensations* (1899). These works have been translated into English by Thomas J. McCormack.

Professor A. G. Greenhill writing in *Nature* of London, says of the work of Professor Mach: Professor Mach is a striking instance of the combination of great mathematical knowledge with experimental skill, as exemplified not only by the elegant illustrations of mechanical principles which abound in this treatise, but also from his brilliant experiments on the photography of bullets. . . . A careful study of Professor Mach's work, and a treatment with more experimental illustration, on the lines laid down in the interesting diagrams of his *Science of Mechanics,* will do much to revivify theoretical mechanical science, as developed from the elements by rigorous logical treatment. *The Science of Mechanics* is as much a work on philosophy as science. It takes up the subject of the development of mechanics as a specimen of scientific development in general and shows both the psychology and the logic of the onward movement of human thought. The mechanism of the growth of our ideas, the nature of the structure of science and of truth in general are here exhibited in the plainest light.

MUSIC SENSATIONS.

To a person accustomed to looking at things from the point of view of the theory of evolution, the high development of modern music as well as the spontaneous and sudden appearance of great musical talent seem, at first glance, a most singular and problematic phenomenon. What could this remarkable development of the power of hearing have had to do with the preservation of the species? Does it not far exceed the measure of the necessary or the useful? What can possibly be the significance of a fine discriminative sense of pitch? Of what use to us is a perceptive sense of intervals, or of the acoustic colorings of orchestral music?

As a matter of fact, the same question may be proposed with reference to every art, no matter from what province of sense its material is derived. The question is pertinent, also, with regard to the intelligence of a Newton, an Euler, or their like, which apparently far transcends the necessary measure. But the question is most obvious with reference to music, which satisfies no practical need and for the most part depicts nothing. Music, however, is closely allied to the decorative arts. In order to be able to see, a person must have the power of distinguishing the *directions* of lines. Having a *fine* power of distinction, such a person may acquire, as a sort of collateral product of his education, a feeling for *agreeable* combinations of lines. The case is the same with the sense of *color-harmony* following upon the development of the power of distinguishing colors, and so, too, it undoubtedly is with respect to music.

We must bear in mind that talent and genius, however gigantic their achievements may appear to us, constitute but a slight departure from normal endowment. Talent may be resolved into the possession of psychical power slightly above the average in a certain province. And as for genius, it is talent supplemented by a capacity of adaptation extending beyond the youthful period, and by the retention of freedom to overstep routine barriers. The naiveté of the child delights us, and produces al-

most always the impression of genius. But this impression as a rule quickly disappears, and we perceive that the very same utterances which, as adults, we are wont to ascribe to freedom, have their source, in the child, in a lack of fixed character.— *Analysis of the Sensations* (Copyright 1897, by the OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY).

ACCIDENT IN INVENTION.

Every man has pondered on some subject. Every one of us can multiply the examples cited, by less illustrious ones from his own experience. I shall cite but one. On rounding a railway curve once, I accidentally remarked a striking apparent inclination of the houses and trees. I inferred that the direction of the total resultant *physical* acceleration of the body reacts *physiologically* as the vertical. Afterwards, in attempting to inquire more carefully into this phenomenon, and this only, in a large whirling machine, the collateral phenomena conducted me to the sensations of angular acceleration, vertigo, Flouren's experiments on the section of the semi-circular canals, etc., from which gradually resultant views relating to sensations of direction which are also held by Breuer and Brown, which were at first contested on all hands, but are now regarded on many sides as correct and which have been recently enriched by the interesting inquiries of Breuer concerning the *macula acustica,* and Kreidel's experiments with magnetically orientable crustacea.

The more powerful the psychical connexion of the memory pictures is,— and it varies with the individual and the mood,— the more apt is the same accidental observation to be productive of results. Galileo knows that the air has weight; he also knows of the "resistance to a vacuum," expressed both in weight and in the height of a column of water. But the two ideas dwelt asunder in his mind. It remained for Torricelli to vary the specific gravity of the liquid measuring the pressure, and not till then was the air included in the list of pressure-exerting fluids. The reversal of the lines of the spectrum was seen repeatedly before

Kirchhoff, and had been mechanically explained. But it was left for his penetrating vision to discern the evidence of the connexion of this phenomenon with questions of heat, and to him alone through persistent labor was revealed the sweeping significance of the fact for the mobile equilibrium of heat. Supposing, then, that such a rich organic connexion of the elements of memory exists, and is the prime distinguishing mark of the inquirer, next in importance certainly is that *intense interest* in a definite object, in a definite idea, which fashions advantageous combinations of thought from elements before disconnected, and obtrudes that idea into every observation made, and into every thought formed, making it enter into relationship with all things. Thus Bradley, deeply engrossed with the subject of aberration, is led to its solution by an exceedingly unobtrusive experience in crossing the Thames. It is permissible, therefore, to ask whether accident leads the discoverer, or the discoverer accident, to a successful outcome in scientific quests.

No man should dream of solving a great problem unless he is so thoroughly saturated with his subject that everything else sinks into comparative insignificance. During a hurried meeting with Mayer in Heidelberg once, Jolly remarked, with a rather dubious implication, that if Mayer's theory were correct water could be warmed by shaking. Mayer went away without a word of reply. Several weeks later, and now unrecognized by Jolly, he rushed into the latter's presence exclaiming: "Es ischt aso!" (It is so, it is so!) It was only after considerable explanation that Jolly found out what Mayer wanted to say. The incident needs no comment.

A person deadened to sensory impressions and given up solely to the pursuit of his own thoughts, may also light on an idea that will divert his mental activity into totally new channels. In such cases it is a psychical accident, an intellectual experience, as distinguished from a physical accident, to which the person owes his discovery —a discovery which is here made "deductively" by means of mental copies of the world, instead of experi-

mentally. *Purely* experimental inquiry, moreover, does not exist, for as Gauss says, virtually we always experiment with our thoughts. And it is precisely that constant, corrective interchange or intimate union of experiment and deduction, as it was cultivated by Galileo in his *Dialogues* and by Newton in his *Optics,* that is the foundation of the benign fruitfulness of modern scientific inquiry.—*Scientific Lectures* (Copyright 1898, by the OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY).

MACHIAVELLI, NICCOLO, an Italian statesman and historian; born at Florence, May 3, 1469; died there, June 22, 1527. His family was of noble origin, and in 1498 he entered the service of the Florentine State, and was soon made Secretary to "The Ten of Liberty and Peace," a body of officials to whom the chief government of Florence was committed. He held this position for fourteen years, whence he is usually designated as "Secretary of the Florentine Republic." He was charged with the political correspondence of the republic, and was intrusted with numerous diplomatic missions. In 1512 the Medici obtained the sway in Florence, and soon manifested great hostility to Machiavelli, who was for a time banished from Florence. In 1513 he was accused of a conspiracy against Cardinal de' Medici; was thrown into prison, and put to the torture. But the Cardinal, who soon after was made Pope, under the title of Leo X., became convinced of the innocence of Machiavelli, and employed him in several important public positions. Clement VII., who in 1523 succeeded Leo X. in the papacy, employed Machiavelli in several negotiations.

The writings of Machiavelli have been published several times. The fullest Italian edition is that issued at Florence in 1813, in eight volumes. The most important of these are the *Istorie Florentine* (Florentine Histories) and *Il Principe* (The Prince). The *Florentine Histories,* or, rather, "Annals," abound in minute and graphic details, often throwing much light upon the history of the other Italian republics of the Middle Ages.

THE BUONDELMONTI AND THE UBERTI IN FLORENCE.

The Buondelmonti and the Uberti had for a long time been the most powerful families in Florence, and they were succeeded by the Amadei and the Donati. In the family of the Donati there was [about 1215] a very rich widow, who had a daughter of remarkable beauty. She had designed to marry her daughter to Messer Buondelmonte, a young cavalier who was the head of his house; but either through negligence or because she thought there was time enough, she had communicated her intention to no one; and before she was aware of it young Buondelmonte had contracted an engagement with one of the house of Amadei. She was deeply enraged, but she hoped with her daughter's beauty to be able to destroy these nuptials before they took place.

Seeing Buondelmonte approaching her house one day, she descended to the door with her daughter, and thus saluted him as he passed: "I am really very happy that you are going to be married, although I had reserved my daughter for you;" and opening the door she presented her.

The cavalier was struck with her extraordinary beauty; and her family and fortune not being inferior to that of the young lady to whom he was engaged, he became so enamored that, without reflecting upon his engagement, or the baseness of breaking it, or the evil consequences that might follow, he replied: "Since you have

reserved her for me, I should be very ungrateful to reject such an offer when it is not too late;" and the nuptials were celebrated immediately.

When the matter became public, it so enraged the Amadei and Uberti families, the near relatives of the Donati, that after consulting together with their friends, they resolved that the insult could not be honorably submitted to, or sufficiently atoned for, but by the death of young Buondelmonte; and although some deprecated the consequences it might give rise to, yet Mosca Lamberti overruled their scruples. "Those," said he, "who consider everything never conclude upon anything"; and he added the old proverb, *Cosa fatta capo ha* — "When a thing is once done, there is an end of it."

The murder was committed to Mosca, to Stiatta Uberti, to Lambertuccio Amadei, and to Oderigo Fi fanti. Accordingly on the morning of Easter Day they shut themselves up in the houses of the Amadei, between the Ponte Vecchio and Santo Stefano; and Buondelmonte, thinking the insult would be as easily forgotten as the match had been broken off, rode by on a white horse to cross the bridge. The assassins fell upon him at the foot of the bridge, and killed him under the statue of Mars.

This murder divided the whole city, one part siding with the Buondelmonti, the rest with the Uberti; and as both the families were powerful in alliances, castles, and adherents, they fought for many years, without either becoming victorious. Their animosities were, however, composed at intervals, although they could not be utterly extinguished by a lasting reconciliation. These disturbances continued to affect Florence till the reign of Frederick II. This monarch, who was also King of Naples, endeavored to fortify himself against the Church, and establish his dominion more firmly over Tuscany, by winning the Uberti to his side; and they were enabled by his assistance (about 1245) to effect the exile of the Buondelmonti from Florence.— *Florentine Histories, Book II., translation of* C. EDWARDS LESTER.

The Prince is the work with which the name of Machiavelli is indissolubly connected. This treatise

was written about 1514, but does not appear to have been printed until 1532 — five years after the author's death. Its earlier chapters are devoted to the character which should be possessed by a prince who by conquest, election, or hereditary right, had come to be the ruler of a state. In all these chapters there is little to which exception can be taken. But near the close of the work he enters upon the discussion of the question, "Whether Princes should be faithful to their engagements?" He decides that they should not be so, unless it be for their interest so to do. It is from this chapter — which we give entire — that the term "machiavellian" has come to be a word of reproach to indicate a crafty, lying, and unscrupulous mode of policy.

SHOULD PRINCES BE FAITHFUL TO THEIR ENGAGEMENTS?

It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements; but among those of the present day who have performed great exploits few of them have piqued themselves of this fidelity, or have been scrupulous in deceiving those who relied on their good faith. It should therefore be known that there are two methods of warfare; one of which is by laws, the other by force. The first is peculiar to men, the other is common to us with beasts. But when laws are not powerful enough, it is very necessary to recur to force. A prince ought to understand how to fight with both these kinds of arms.

This doctrine is admirably displayed to us by the ancient poets in the allegorical history of the education of Achilles, and many other princes of antiquity, by the Centaur Chiron who, under the double form of man and beast, taught those who were destined to govern that it was their duty to use by turns the arms adapted to each of these species, seeing that one without the other cannot be of any durable advantage.

Now those animals whose forms the prince should know how to assume are the fox and the lion. The first can but feebly defend himself against the wolf, and the other readily falls into snares that are laid for him. From the first a prince will learn to be dexterous, and avoid the snares; and from the other to be strong, and keep the wolves in awe. Those who despise the part of the fox understand but little of their trade. In other words, a prudent prince cannot nor ought to keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

I should be cautious of inculcating such a principle if all men were good: but as they are all wicked, and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his more scrupulously — and it is always easy to justify this want of faith. I could give numerous proofs of it, and show how many engagements and treaties have been broken by the infidelity of princes; the most fortunate of whom has always been he who best understood how to assume the character of the fox. The object is to act his part well and to know how in due time to feign and dissemble. And men are so simple and so weak that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes.

One example, taken from the history of our own times, will be sufficient: Pope Alexander VI. played during his whole life a game of deception; and notwithstanding his faithless conduct was extremely well known, he was in all his artifices successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing. Never did a prince so often break his word, or pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he knew perfectly well this part of the art of government.

There is, therefore, no necessity for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated; but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even go so far as to say that it is sometimes dangerous to make use of them, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. It is the duty of a prince most earnestly to endeavor to gain the reputation of kind-

ness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess all these good qualities, but still to retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain it that a prince — and more especially a new prince — cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude while he feels no inconvenience in doing so, as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances shall require it. He should, above all, study to utter nothing which does not breathe kindness, justice, good faith, and piety.

The last quality is, however, that which it is the most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more by their eyes than by their other senses. Every man can see, but it is allotted to but few to know how to rectify the errors which they commit by the eyes. We easily discern what a man appears to be, but not what he really is; and the smaller number dare not gainsay the multitude; who besides have with them the strength and the splendor of government.

Now when it is necessary to form a judgment of the minds of men — and more especially of those of princes — as we cannot have recourse to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. The point is to maintain his authority. Let the means be what they may, they will always appear honorable, and everyone will praise them; for the vulgar are always caught by appearances, and judge only by the event. Now, the "vulgar" comprehend almost everyone, and the few are of no consequence except when the multitude know not on whom to rely.

A prince who is now on the throne, but whom I do not choose to name [he refers to Ferdinand V., King of Aragon and Castile, who acquired the kingdoms of Naples and Navarre], always preaches peace and good faith; but if he had observed either the one or the other, he would

more than once have lost his reputation and his dominions.— *The Prince, Chap. XVIII.; translation of* BYERLEY.

MACKAY, CHARLES, a Scottish journalist and poet; born at Perth, March 27, 1814; died at London, December 24, 1889. About 1834 he became connected with the London *Morning Chronicle,* and was subsequently editor of the Glasgow *Argus.* He published *The Salamandrine,* a poem, in 1842; *Legends of the Isles* (1845); *Voices from the Crowd* (1846), including a popular song entitled *The Good Time Coming; Egeria, or the Spirit of Nature* (1850); *The Lump of Gold* (1855). In 1857 he visited the United States on a lecturing tour, and wrote *Life and Liberty in the United States.* From 1862 to 1866 he was the New York correspondent of the London *Times.* He wrote largely for periodicals, and published numerous volumes of verse and prose, among which are *Voices from the Mountains* (1846); *Town Lyrics* (1847); *Under Green Leaves* (1857); *A Man's Heart* (1860); *Studies from the Antique* (1864); *Under the Blue Sky* (1871); *Lost Beauties of the English Language* (1874); *The Founders of the American Republic* (1885); *A Dictionary of Lowland Scotch* (1888).

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.

Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming:
Nations shall not quarrel then
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.

Every child shall be a help,
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil,
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And everyone shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate
In the good time coming.
They shall use and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger.
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

—*Voices from the Crowd.*

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,

Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn for one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than *this*, my suffering brother —
More than the tongue
Ever said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other!

MACKENZIE, Sir George, a Scottish jurist; born at Dundee in 1636; died at London in 1691. He was educated at St. Andrews and Aberdeen, and studied civil law at Bourges, in France. He published *Religio Laici*, a treatise on religion and morality (1663); *Moral Gallantry* (1667); *Institutions of the Laws of Scotland* (1684); as well

as several novels and moral essays. From 1674 to 1685 he was employed as King's Advocate, and during this period had much to do with persecuting the Covenanters, who designated him "the bloodthirsty advocate."

Speaking of his works, Sir James Mackintosh says: "In several of his *Moral Essays* both the subject and the manner betray an imitation of Cowley, who was at that moment beginning the reformation of English style." Disraeli says: "The eloquence of his style was well suited to the dignity of his subject."

ON FRUGALITY IN EXPENDITURE.

I have seen a man, otherwise judicious enough, much surprised when it was represented that his building, though it seemed to him and many others to carry no disproportion to his estate, yet would in forty-four years — which is but a short time — equal his estate, allowing the interest of his money to equal the capital sum in the space of eleven years and a-half — which it did by law; for £100, forborne for forty-eight years, at six per cent, compound interest, amounts to £1,734 4*s.* 2*d.* And how many forbear one hundred pounds! and this sum in ten years — which is but a very short time — will amount to £2,774 12*s.* by simple multiplication, without compound interest.

We should be proportionable in our expense, for that which widens a man's fancy in any one thing makes it extravagant in all things, as they who use their stomachs to too much of any one meat will make it craving as to all others. Whereas, on the other hand, that which enamors men of frugality is that it accustoms us to reasoning and proportion, observing exactly the least perceptible proportions, and the smallest consequences.

This makes me call to mind the story of the Holland merchant who, having married his daughter to a rich, luxurious citizen, to the great dissatisfaction of his wife, she came the next day to the bride and bridegroom and

offered them the egg of a turkey hen, and desired her daughter to use herself, in exactly looking to the produce of that egg, to consider the great things which frugality can do in other matters. But, her husband and she having laughed at the lesson, the mother improved so far the egg that within twenty years — the luxury of that couple growing so fast that they needed the meanest assistance — the product of that egg afforded a comfortable aid; for with the considerable sum that was gathered by it, they stocked themselves anew, and, by help of the formerly slighted lesson of not despising the meanest things, raised themselves again to a very considerable estate.

And if any man will but consider what he yearly superfluously spends, and how much that would multiply in process of time, he will easily perceive that what he spends in the consequence is vastly greater than appears to him in the first calculation. As, for instance, if a man who may spend £500 per annum does spend £600, this small error of £100 a year will amount in forty-four years, at six per cent, to the sum of £1,373 6*s.* and odd pence, and though a man thinks it scarce worth his pains to manage so as to preserve £100, he must be very luxurious who thinks it not worth his pains to gain the sum of £1,373. And it is a great defect in our reason that those ills which follow as necessary consequences are despised as mean, because the consequences themselves are remote. And as that is the best eye, so that is likewise the best reason, which sees clearly at a great distance.

Another great error that luxury tempts us to, by not reasoning exactly, is that it makes us calculate our estates without deducting what is payable out of them to the poor, to the King, and to creditors, before we proportion our expense. Whereas we should spend only what is truly our own; and the law, to prevent luxury, tells us that *id tantum nostrum est quod, deductis debitis, apud nos remanet* — that is only ours which remains with us after our debts are deducted. Nor will a proportional part of our estates answer the equivalent of our debts. For, if I owe £100 a year, no part of my estate

that pays me £100 a year will pay it; for many accidents may hinder me to get my own rent, but no accident will procure an abatement of my debt.

And this leads me to consider that frugality numbers always the accidents that may intervene amongst other creditors. And a wise Hollander observes that a man should divide his estate into three parts: Upon one-third he should live; another third he should lay up for his children: and the last he should lay by for accidents. There are few men who do not in their experience find that — their whole life being balanced together — they have lost a third part always of their revenue by accidents. And most families are destroyed by having the children's provision left as a debt upon them. So that a man should at least endeavor to live upon the one half, and leave the other half for his children.

MACKENZIE, Henry, a Scottish essayist and novelist; born at Edinburgh, August 25, 1745; died there, January 14, 1831. He studied law at Edinburgh and London, and was made Attorney for the Crown at Edinburgh, where he became prominent in literary circles. His first novel, *The Man of Feeling,* was published anonymously in 1771; the authorship was claimed by a Mr. Eccles, who made a copy of it, into which he introduced many emendations; and Mackenzie thereupon acknowledged his own authorship. His second novel, *The Man of the World,* appeared in 1773, and was followed in 1777 by *Julia de Roubigné.* He edited *The Mirror* and *The Lounger,* for which he wrote many papers, among which is *The Story of La Roche.* He wrote political essays in favor of the Government, for which

he was in 1804 rewarded with the lucrative position of Comptroller of Taxes for Scotland.

THE MAN OF FEELING AND THE BEGGAR.

Harley had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was, next morning when he came down to set out, he found her in the parlor, with a tear on her cheek, and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach; she gave her blessing with the draught. Her instructions she had delivered the night before: they consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations that it needed the whole armor of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and, gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect — his fields, his woods, and his hills. They were lost in the distant clouds. He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw at some distance a beggar approaching him. He had a short, knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it stuck a ram's horn. His knees — though he was no pilgrim — had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good-humor. He walked a good, round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature! That beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe."

The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley. The dog

began to beg, too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, "If you want your fortune told ——"

Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar. It was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining one. Sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession. I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much. God knows I had the humor of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world. We must live as we can; and lying is, as you call it, my profession. But I was in some sort forced to the trade; for I dealt once in telling the truth. I was a laborer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live; yet I never laid by, indeed. For I was reckoned a piece of a wag; and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley."

"So," said Harley, "you seem to know me."

"Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of; how should I tell fortunes else?"

"True. But to go on with your story. You were a laborer, you say, and a wag. Your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humor you preserve to be of use to you in your new."

"What signifies sadness, sir?— a man grows lean on't. But I was brought to idleness by degrees: first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail-fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought — qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay

took fire, and was burnt to the ground. I was carried out in that condition; and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however; but I spat blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke. I seldom remained above six weeks in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any. Thus I was forced to beg my bread — and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley.

"I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a half-penny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people do not care to give alms without some security for their money. A wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draft upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed on account there. So I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found to be much the better way. Folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it has not a sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintances; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbors. And, indeed, people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose; they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for everyone is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerably good memory, and some share of cunning, with the habit of walking a-nights over heaths and church-yards; with this, and showing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment — and, by the way, he can steal, too, upon occasion — I made shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all that a man can

arrive at in this world. But I must bid you a good-day, sir, for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be Peers of the Realm or Captains in the Army — a question which I promised to answer them by that time."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue made him consider on whom he was about to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form — a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity — smiled upon him; his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground than the watchful cur — a trick he had been taught — snapped it up; and contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.— *The Man of Feeling.*

MACKENZIE, Robert Shelton, an Irish-American journalist, novelist and biographer; born at Cork, June 22, 1809; died at Philadelphia, November 30, 1880. He studied medicine, but did not enter upon medical practice. He became a journalist in London, and was for a time editor of the Liverpool *Journal.* From 1834 to 1851 he was the English correspondent of the New York *Evening Star.* In 1852 he removed to America, residing in New York until 1857, when he became literary editor of the Philadelphia *Press,* a position which he held until his death. Before removing to America he had published several books, among which were *Lays of Palestine* (1828); *Titian,* a Venetian art-novel (1843), and *Life of Curran* (1855). After arriving in America he edited several collections

among which are the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (1854) and *Maginn's Miscellaneous Works* (1857). He also wrote *The Life of Charles Dickens* (1870) and *Sir Walter Scott: the Story of His Life* (1871). Mackenzie was an industrious writer and a life-long student.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL BEFORE "WAVERLEY."

Walter Scott saw, before he began to write, that the novels and romances of the present century — and particularly at its commencement — were unsuited to the changed condition of society in his own time. The dramatists of the Elizabethan age produced stories, historical or comic, which, two centuries later, would probably have appeared in prose as historical romances or novels of society. In an age when readers were few, the tales acted on the stage were the principal popular sources of intellectual enjoyment. For a long time after the death of Shakespeare the drama may be said to have fallen into abeyance.

Thirty or forty years of civil strife, during which imaginative literature was at a discount, followed the death of Shakespeare; and though there was a revival of the drama between the Restoration in 1660 and the Revolution in 1688, little effective in that line was presented until Dryden bade the dry bones live. Bunyan's immortal *Pilgrim's Progress* in his time was the favorite reading of the people; and the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, Rabelais's comic and satirical adventures of *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, and Cervantes's wonderful *Don Quixote* became well known in England through translations. So, at a later period were the Abbé Prévost's *Manon l'Escaut*, Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*, Le Sage's *Gil Blas* and *Le Diable Boiteux*, Voltaire's *Candide* and *Zadig*, St. Pierre's *Paul and Virginia*, Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*, and a few other foreign works.

When the eighteenth century opened, the gross novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn, which had delighted the gay and careless readers of the closing years of the Stuart dynasty,

fell into disrepute. The age of Queen Anne, which has been called the "Augustan," exhibited comparative decency — at least, in its prose fiction; and under the new dynasty, though not quite so scrupulous — for the first two Guelphic sovereigns were themselves unmistakably immoral in their domestic and social relations — public taste became improved. De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe,* which does not contain a single impure incident or expression, speedily obtained a popularity which it still enjoys. Swift's *Gulliver,* a political fiction, which is a satire on human nature, also had, and has, a multitude of readers, who — opening it merely to be entertained by the wonderful adventures it contains, narrated with a most artistic *vraisemblance* — scarcely notice its too prevailing coarseness.

Richardson and Fielding, however, may rank as the inventors of the English novel, though not of the higher class — the historical. There runs an under-current of indelicacy, not very decided, but adapted to the taste of the time, through Richardson's sentimentality; and yet the author of *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe* affected to be a purist in morals. Next to him is Fielding, who had begun as a satirical parodist, and ended by establishing a new school of story-tellers, who rejoiced in what Scott called "warmth of descriptions." Fielding, with all his faults, possessed genius, and was followed by Smollett, who photographed the manners and exhibited the vices of many grades of society. Sterne, decidedly a man of genius, was not restrained from gross indelicacy by a sense of what was due to his office as a clergyman.

Oliver Goldsmith — whose *Vicar of Wakefield,* much as all readers admire it, has serious defects in construction and sentiment — might have produced a real novel of English society, but "died too soon," when Scott was only three years old. Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto,* written in 1763, was its author's solitary work of fiction, and owed as much at least to his rank as to novelty of design or execution. Clara Reeve's Gothic romance, *The Old English Baron* — alone remembered out of her many works — was an almost avowed imitation of Wal-

pole's romantic story, and a decided improvement upon it.

When Scott wrote the first chapters of *Waverley,* in 1805, the principal living novelist was Mrs. Radcliffe, whose very sensational romances outdid all contemporary productions. With her began high payments for such works. She received five hundred pounds for *The Mysteries of Udolpho,* and eight hundred pounds for *The Italians,* its successor. To-day these stories, crowded with crime, and apparently supernatural effects — all of which are elaborately explained away at the close — would scarcely engage the attention of a novel-reader for half an hour. Henry Mackenzie's stories, popular in their day, were didactic and sentimental, and had got out of fashion. Cumberland, the dramatist, preserved in "the crystal amberization" of Sheridan's *Critic* as "Sir Fretful Plagiary," had finally lapsed into writing novels which possessed the coarseness of Fielding, without his wit; yet his play, *The West Indian,* which presents the truest character of an Irish gentleman ever put upon the stage, was surpassed in its day only by Sheridan's *School for Scandal,* in which even the liveried servants and the soubrettes converse in epigram.

Madame D'Arblay, whose novel of *Evelina* had created a greater sensation among the literati of her time than probably had ever before been caused by any similar production, was reposing on her laurels, but failed to please a later generation of readers. For the copyright of *Evelina* she received twenty pounds in 1778, while for *Camilla* she was paid three thousand guineas in 1795, making fame by the first, and losing it by the latter work. Mrs. Charlotte Smith succeeded, commencing with a translation of *Manon L'Escaut,* the heroine of which is a beautiful wanton, and settling down into prose fictions, occasionally indecorous, and usually dull.

Perhaps Miss Sophia Lee should be credited with the authorship of the first English historical novel. In 1783-86 appeared *The Recess,* in six volumes. Mary, Queen of Scots, is its heroine; but unlike Scott, who carefully adhered to facts when he introduced historical characters, Miss Lee boldly married Mary Stuart to the

Earl of Leicester, and introduced two daughters as the fruits of this union.

Mrs. Inchbald, whose *Simple Story* won the sympathy of a large circle of readers; Regina Maria Roche, whose *Children of the Abbey* still finds a considerable sale in America, though it is almost forgotten in England; Mrs. Opie, whose *Father and Daughter* had the tears of the public in its day, and was successful on the stage; William Godwin, with his realistic *Caleb Williams,* and his romantic *St. Leon;* Dr. Moore, whose *Zeluco* suggested to Byron the character of "Childe Harold;" Sidney Owenson (afterward Lady Morgan), whose *Wild Irish Girl* and *Ida of Athens* scarcely indicated the promise which subsequently was realized in *O'Donnell* and *Florence Macarthy;* and, above all, Maria Edgeworth — these belonged to Scott's own time, and their works might be read with safety and advantage. This is not a long catalogue of novelists; but it will be observed that even then most of the story-tellers were of the gentler sex.

I have not included Jane Austen, because *Sense and Sensibility,* the first of her novels, was not produced until 1811, six years after *Waverley* had been planned and partly written. I have not forgotten Anna Maria Porter, who appeared in print before Sir Walter Scott, nor her sister Jane, because neither of them had any influence upon his taste. It has been stated by Mr. Allibone — an authority whose general correctness I have pleasure in acknowledging — that Sir Walter Scott admitted that Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs* suggested his "Waverley Novels." But considering that *Waverley* was begun in 1805, and that *The Scottish Chiefs* first appeared in 1810, I am unable to believe that he derived any suggestion from a work then unwritten.

Also prior to the commencement of *Waverley* was the *début* of Charles Robert Maturin, an Irish clergyman of striking genius, with a minimum of discretion. His *Fatal Revenge, or the Family of Montario,* which, with its appalling horrors, out-Radcliffed Mrs. Radcliffe, appeared in 1804. In a subsequent romance, entitled *Melmoth, the Wanderer,* he abated some of these horrors,

seasoning them with the naked indecency of Lewis's *Monk;* and in his tragedy of *Bertram,* produced at Drury Lane Theatre through Lord Byron's influence, he had originally introduced the Enemy of Man as one of the *dramatis personæ.* . . .

No wonder, then, that Walter Scott, who, having shown the world in the *Minstrelsy* and the *Lay* that he was editor and poet, and being himself a novel-reader, should be utterly dissatisfied with the quality of the existing supply. The French Revolution, distinguished by its levelling principle and action, had ended in substituting a feudal empire for an effete monarchy; and even when Napoleon was redividing Europe into kingdoms and principalities for his family and his followers, there had sprung up — or rather revived — a deep devotion to the chivalry which had done so much in the past, and whose traditions had ingrafted grace into history, and breathed reality into song. To this feeling, this principle, Scott had ministered in his poems; and now, acknowledged head of the romantic school, he resolved to extend its limits beyond the ballad or the narrative poem, and use prose as the more suitable medium. He strove to delineate the past as it seemed in the eyes of men who were dubious of the present, and afraid of the future — noble, stately, glittering, and gay, with the pulse of life ever beating to heroic measures. His view of feudalism in *The Talisman; Ivanhoe,* and *The Fair Maid of Perth,* was not the caricature a few preceding authors had drawn, but a portrait — faithful, if idealized.—*Life of Scott.*

MACKINTOSH, Sir James, a British publicist and historian; born near Inverness, Scotland, October 24, 1765; died at London, May 30, 1832. He entered King's college, Aberdeen, and afterward studied medicine at the University of

Edinburgh. He went to London in 1787, and soon abandoned medicine for law. Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* was published in 1790; in the following year Mackintosh wrote an elaborate reply under the title *Vindicæ Gallicæ.* In 1804 he was knighted, and made Recorder of Bombay, and was soon afterward made a Judge in the Admiralty Court. He returned to England in 1812, and was returned to parliament as a Liberal, retaining his seat until his death. In 1818 he was appointed Professor of Law in the East India College at Haileybury. In 1830 he became a member of the Board of Control. His principal works are a *History of England,* down to the reign of Elizabeth; the *Life of Sir Thomas More,* and an Introductory "Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Culture" for the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* A collection of his contributions to the Edinburgh *Review* has been published separately.

CHIVALRY AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The collision in Paris of armed multitudes terminated in unforeseen excesses and execrable crimes. In the eye of Mr. Burke, however, these crimes and excesses assume an aspect far more important than can be communicated to them by their own insulated guilt. They form, in his opinion, the crisis of a revolution far more important than any change of government — a revolution in which the sentiments and opinions that have formed the manners of the European nations are to perish. "The age of Chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished forever!" He follows this exclamation by an eloquent eulogium on Chivalry, and by gloomy predictions of the future state of Europe when the nation that has been so long accustomed to give her the tone in arts and manners is thus debased and corrupted.

A caviller might remark that ages much more near the

meridian fervor of Chivalry than ours have witnessed a treatment of queens as little gallant and generous as that of the Parisian mob. He might remind Mr. Burke that, in the age and country of Sir Philip Sidney, a Queen of France, whom no blindness to accomplishment, no malignity of detraction, could reduce to the level of Marie Antoinette was, by "a nation of men of honor and cavaliers," permitted to languish in captivity and expire on a scaffold; and he might add that the manners of a country are more surely indicated by the systematic cruelty of a sovereign than by the licentious frenzy of a mob. . . .

Mr. Burke indeed forebodes the most fatal consequences to literature from events which he supposes to have given a mortal blow to the spirit of Chivalry. I have ever been protected from such apprehension by my belief in a very simple truth — that diffused knowledge immortalizes itself. A literature which is confined to a few may be destroyed by the massacre of scholars and the conflagration of libraries, but the diffused knowledge of the present day could only be annihilated by the extirpation of the civilized part of mankind.—*Vindiciæ Gallicæ.*

MACLEOD, Fiona, a Scottish poet and novelist; born in the Hebrides Islands in 1869. A large part of her youth was spent in the islands of Iona and Arran. Her poems and romances of Celtic life, especially of legend and fable, have attracted widespread attention by reason of their freshness of treatment and originality of conception. Her published works include *Pharais* (1895); *The Mountain Lovers* (1895); *The Sin Eater and Other Tales* (1896); *The Washer of the Ford* (1896); *Green Fire* (1896); *From the Hills of Dream* (1897); *The*

Laughter of Peterkin (1898); *Through the Ivory Gate* (1901); and *The Silence of Amor* (1902).

ON A REDBREAST SINGING AT THE GRAVE OF PLATO.

[IN THE GROVE OF ACADEME.]

The rose of gloaming everywhere!
And through the silence cool and sweet
A song falls through the golden air
And stays my feet —
For there! . . .
This very moment surely I have heard
The sudden, swift, incalculable word
That takes me o'er the foam
Of these empurpling, dim Ionian seas,
That takes me home
To where
Far on an isle of the far Hebrides
Sits on a spray of gorse a little home-sweet bird.

The great white Attic poplars rise,
And down their tremulous stairs I hear
Light airs and delicate sighs.
Even here
Outside this grove of ancient olive-trees,
Close by this trickling murmuring stream,
Was laid long, long ago, men say,
That lordly Prince of Peace
Who loved to wander here from day to day,
Plato, who from this Academe
Sent radiant dreams sublime
Across the troubled seas of time,
Dreams that not yet are passed away,
Nor faded grown, nor grey,
But white, immortal are
As that great star
That yonder hangs above Hymettos' brow.

But now
It is not he, the Dreamer of the Dream,

That holds my thought.
Greece, Plato, and the Academe
Are all forgot:
It is as though I am unloosed by hands:
My heart aches for the grey-green seas
That hold a lonely isle
Far in the Hebrides,
An isle where all day long
The redbreast's song
Goes fluting on the wind o'er lonely sands.

So beautiful, so beautiful
Is Hellas, here.
Divinely clear
The mellow golden air,
Filled, as a rose is full,
Of delicate flame:
And oh the secret tides of thought and dream
That haunt this slow Kephisian stream!
But yet more sweet, more beautiful, more dear
The secret tides of memory and thought
That link me to the far-off shore
For which I long —
Greece, Plato, and the Academe forgot
For a robin's song! —*London Academy.*

CUILIDH MHOIRE.

Within a hundred years ago many of the islefolk, and not only in the more remote places, openly practised what are called pagan rites. Many of these dealt with water, more particularly with the water of the sea: for to the people in the west the sea is an ever present power to be feared, to be propitiated, to be beguiled if possible, to be regarded as a hard foster-mother, perhaps: hardly to be loved. I have never heard any definition of the sea more impressive than that of a fisherman of the isle of Ulva, whom I knew. "She is like a woman whose beauty is dreadful," he said, "and who breaks your heart at last whether she smiles or frowns. But she doesn't care

about that, or whether you are hurt or not. It's because, she has no heart, being all a wild water."

I have often read of the great love of the islesmen for the sea. They love it in a sense of course, as the people of the land love uplands and wild moors, and the movements of clouds over stony braes or above long pastures by low shores and estuaries. Nor are they happy away from it. How could they be, since the wave is in their hearts. Men and women who are born to the noise of the sea, whose cradles have rocked to the loud surge or dull croon of the tides, and who have looked on the deep every day in every season of every year, could not but feel towards it as a shepherd feels towards the barest hills, as a forester feels for the most sombre woods, as the seed-sower and the harrower feel for the monotonous brown lands which swell upward till they seem the last ridges of the world wherefrom rounded white clouds rise like vast phantom flowers. In this sense they love it, and truly. And there are some who love it for itself, and its beauty. And there are a few who love it with passion, who feel its spell irresistible, magical. But it is not of the exceptions I speak: it is of the many. These do not love what they have so much cause to dread; what holds so many little fortunes in so great and loose a clasp; what shuts off from so many desires; what has so common a voice of melancholy; what makes an obvious destiny take the measure of fatality, an implacable doom. For them, when the sea is not a highway, it is a place of food, the Cuilidh Mhoire, or Treasury of Mary, as the Catholic islesmen of the Southern Hebrides call the sustenance-giving waters. When neither, it is most likely to be a grave, the cold drifting hearths of the dead.

At the time I speak of, the people in many parts were good Christians for most days, and then one day other selves hidden under taught faiths and later symbols would stand disclosed. Above all, when certain days of traditional sanctity recurred, it was customary to perform rites of a druidic or pagan remembrance, in the face even of priests of a Faith that has ever turned stern eyes on all rites of the eager spirit of man save its own.

And what the people were then, in the many, they still are in the few; though now for the most part only where the Great Disenchantment has not yet wholly usurped the fading dominion of the Great Enchantment.

It was the custom, then, and still is in some isles, for mothers to wet brow or finger of their new-born in the flow of the tide at the end of the third week of the child's life. The twenty-first day, if a Sunday, was held to be the most fortunate, and a Thursday next to it: but a Friday was always to be avoided, and a Saturday was held in some fear, unless the child was dark in hair and eyes and color. It was above all needful to see that this wave-baptism happened when the tide was at the flow. If it were done at the ebb, woe to that child and that mother: soon or late the "baptised" would be called, to sink in deep gulfs and be homeless and no more seen — and, in the west, for the dead to have no green grave for sleep-covering is a nakedness of sorrow ill to endure for those left to mourn.

I remember, when I was a child, being taken to have tea in the cottage of one Giorsal Macleod, in Armadale of Sleat, who had lost both husband and son through this sea-hallowing rite having been done at the ebb. Her husband was a young man, and had never spoken to her of the fear of his mother, who through a misjudgment in a time of weakness and fever had "waved" him after the turn of the ebb. But one day when Annra Macleod came in to find Giorsal crying because unwittingly she had done a like thing, he laughed at her folly, and said that for himself he cared no whit one way or the other whether the child were dipped in this hour or in that. But before the month was out, and on a calm night and just as the herring had risen, Annra's feet tangled in the nets, which fell back with him, and he sank into the strong ebb, and was sucked away like a fading shadow. And seven years from that day little Seoras, the boy, when fishing for *piocach* in the haven, stumbled from the coble's heavy bow and into the swift-slipping greenness. He was good at the swimming and could easily have saved himself on so calm a day and with the coble not a fathom-reach off: but he was an ebb-

child, and his fate was on him, and he was called out to deep water and death. His mother saw this. And when she spoke of her sorrow she used invariably the words, "*A Dhia* (O God), 'twas a long-laid death for my cold darling; 'twas I that did it with that dip in the ebb, I not knowing the harm and the spell, *A cuisilin mo ghraidh, A m'ulaidh 's m'agh!* (O pulse-let of my love, O my treasure and joy!)"

In those days I speak of, the people used to have many sea-rites, and, almost in all the isles, on *La Chaluim-Chille* (St. Columba's Day) in particular. Offerings of honey-ale or mead, fluid porridge, kale-soup, precious bread even, were given to the god of the sea. As the darkness of Wednesday night gave way to dawn on Maundy Thursday, as Mr. Carmichael relates in his beautiful *Carmina Gadelica,* the man deputed by the isle-folk would walk into the sea up to his waist, and then, while he poured out the offering, would chant

A Dhe na mara
Cuirtod har 's an tarruinn
Chon tachair an talaimh
Chon bailcidh dhuinn biaidh.

"O god of the sea
Put weed in the drawing wave
To enrich the isle-soil
To shower on us food."

"Then those behind the offerer took up the chant and wafted it along the sea-shore on the midnight air, the darkness and the rolling of the waves making the scene weird and impressive."

That I have not seen; and now I fear the god of the sea has few worshippers, and knows no scattered communes of bowed chanters at midnight.

But this, though also I have not seen, I know of at first hand. A man and his three sons, on an island which I will speak of only as south and east of the Minch, went secretly on the eve of St. Columba's Day a year ago, and took a pail of milk from the byres, and a jug

of running water of a wellspring, and a small loaf of bread from the oven, and a red fagot from the fire held in a cleft stick. The youngest son threw the fire into the sea, crying "Here's fire for you!" And the other sons poured on the black flood the surf-white milk and the rain-grey water, crying "Here's cool water for you!" and "Here's the kindly milk for you!" And the father threw the loaf of bread on the wave, and cried "Peace to your hunger!"

That was all, and they did it secretly, and the sons (it is said) half to please their father. Only one or two neighbors knew of it, and they silent before the minister; but somehow it came to the man's ears, and like most of his kind he was angry at a thing beyond him and his understanding, and spoke in contempt to one better than himself (I do not doubt), and threatened him with a public exhorting from the pulpit, so that Mr. M—— sullenly promised no more to do the thing his forbears had done for generation upon generation.

"After all, the minister was right," said some one to me, who had heard the tale: "for Mr. M—— was only holding by a superstition."

I did not make the obvious retort, but said simply that it was better to hold by old things of beauty and reverence than to put a blight on them.

I do not say the minister was wholly wrong. He spoke according to his lights. Doubtless he had in remembrance some such passage as that in Deuteronomy where the ban is put upon any who will suffer his son or his daughter to go through fire, or upon any that draw omen from the cry of fowls, or upon the interpreter of signs. And compelled by that stubborn thraldom to the explicit word which has been at once the stern strength and the spiritual failure of all the Calvinistic denominations (in our religion-harried Scotland at least), he spoke in numbed sympathy and twilit-knowledge.

Since, I have tried to learn if Mr. M—— had knowledge of the ancient meanings of that sea-rite, and if other words, or chant, or *urnuigh-mhara* or sea-prayer, had been used by his elders. But, as yet, I have not learned.

I have wondered often if this broken and all but silent rite were a survival of a custom before ever St. Colum was heard of. The bread offering and that of the milk are easy of understanding. But why should one give fresh water from an earth-spring to that salt unstable wilderness; why offer to it a flame of fire, whose pale crescents of light or moving green lawns beneath swaying cataracts are but the glittering robe over a cold heart, than which no other is so still everlastingly in an ancient and changeless cold?—*Sea Magic and Running Water.*

MACMANUS, SEUMAS, an Irish poet and novelist; born in Donegal in 1864. He became well known by the sketches of Irish life and character first published in *Through the Turf Smoke* in 1899. He has since written *In Chimney Corners* (1900); *The Red Poacher* (1903); *A Lad O' the O'Friels* (1904), and *Ballads of a Country Boy* (1905). The latter volume is a little book of verse touched for the most part with the sadness of regret. It is dedicated to the memory of Ethna Carbery, "silver-tongued, heart of gold," who, when she died before her time, took with her a music of original and haunting beauty. We quote from Mr. MacManus's *In Dark Hour:*

I turn my steps where the Lonely Road
Winds far as the eye can see,
And I bend my back for the burden sore
That God has reached down to me.

I have said farewell to the sun-kissed plains,
To Joy I gave good-bye;

Now the bleak wide wastes of the world are mine,
And the winds that wail in the sky.

. . . . . .

I set my face to the grey wild wastes,
I bend my face to the load —
Dear God be kind with the heart-sick child
Who steps on the Lonely Road.

TEA WITH TÓMAS.

Tómas's good woman reached to each of us a fine bowl of cream with an iron spoon in it of the size a hungry man likes.

"Musha, craythurs, it's starriv'd with the hunger yous must be. Fill the farlan's first out i' that pot, an' the minnit yous is done, I'll have yous brewed such a dhrap o' tay as 'll rouse the hearts in yous."

Neither Tómas Dubh nor I needed much persuasion, other than that given by crying stomachs, to attack it with hearty good-will. Before the fire we sat, and we drew the pot between us, and, getting our legs about it, plunged in our spoons with small delay, ladling up the stirabout as right hungry men can, sousing it in the cream, and speeding it on again to our watering mouths; for when you've been on the hills from early morning till late at night, and eaten but a few mouthfuls of oat-bread and butter in the interim, what with the walking, the running, the spieling, the sliding, what with the whiff of the heather, and with the *feurgortach* (or hungry-grass) you must have tramped over, I'll warrant, though you have been the most dismal dyspeptic was ever on a doctor's books, you'll bring back an appetite with an edge like the east wind. Tómas and I fetched back just such appetites, and very little else, for I was (putting it mildly) an indifferent shot, and tried Tómas's temper sorely.

As Tómas had put it in anticipation, a fine pot of stirabout with a bowl of yellow cream proved "no mad dog to him" nor yet to me. Neither of us had time for a word. "Ivery time ye spaik it's a mouthful lost,"

was Tómas's maxim. We dug our ways through the pot from either side, till only the thinnest film separated our "claims," when Tómas rung his spoon in the empty bowl and said, "God be thankit!" on which I, too, feeling a sensation of satisfaction permeating the far-lands, threw my spoon to the bottom of the pot with a "Thanks be to God, and Amen!"

And now Ellen was pouring out for us two large bowls of tea that was thick and as dark as a blind window.

"Do ye like your tay sthrong, Jaimie?" she asked me.

"Well," I said, shaking my head doubtfully at the black flood she was pouring into the bowl, "my mother doesn't commonly make it *so* sthrong."

"An there ye are now," she said. "That's how docthors differ. Tómas here wouldn't tell his name for tay if ye didn't make it as sthrong for him as the shafts of a cart."

"Why, I should think it a mortial bad plan to make a habit of takin' your tay like that, Tómas Dubh," I said.

"Tay," Tómas said oracularly, as he gazed at it with a blissful expression in his eye—"tay," he said, "is niver no good—an I'd as soon ye'd give me so much dish-water to dhrink—if it's not made that a duck might walk on it."

I had grave doubts about this, but as Ellen had the bowls now creamed, and the piles of oat-bread and stack of butter at our elbows, I couldn't afford time to dispute it.

Tómas and I attacked the pile and the stack and the bowls of tea so bravely, and sustained the attack so spiritedly, that it was little wonder Ellen expressed the opinion that she "wouldn't like to be the aitin'-house would do a big thrade with many such customers." We didn't stop to bandy compliments with her. And Tómas only passed two remarks during the demolition. He said, "Ma'am, if what your bread wants in hardness was borrowed from your butter, there'd be a big 'mendment on the two of them;" and later he said reflectively: "The back o' my han' an' the sole o' my fut to you, Meena-

valla!" I gave him an inquisitive look, hereupon, while in the act of having what Tómas would call a good "shlug" out of my bowl; but Tómas was too intent upon his business to mind my look. When Tómas felt both hunger and thirst allayed, and that, over and above, he had taken in something for positive pleasure, he pushed his empty bowl from him, blessed him with all the fervor of a man satisfied with himself, Ellen, and the whole world, and winding up with another "God be thankit!" turned to the fire, drew out his short brown pipe, and began to fill it; and I, feeling within that blissful sensation which pervades the breast of one who hungered and has fed heartily, did in every particular likewise.—*The Red Poacher* (Copyright 1903, by FUNK AND WAGNALS COMPANY).

MACPHERSON, JAMES, a Scottish poet; born at Ruthven, Inverness-shire, October 27, 1738; died February 17, 1796. His claim to a place in literature rests solely upon his connection with the so-called "Ossianic Poems." About 1760, when acting as a private tutor, he published a small volume entitled *Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands*. A subscription was raised to enable him to travel in the Highlands and the Scottish islands for the purpose of gathering up more fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry. In 1762 he published as the result of his researches, *Fingal, an ancient Epic Poem, in six Books; together with several other Poems composed by Ossian, the son of Fingal, translated from the Gaelic*. This was followed the next year by *Temora, in Eight Books, with Other Poems by Ossian*. The genuineness of these works has been eagerly im-

pugned and no less eagerly maintained. Macpherson promised to produce the Gaelic originals from which he professed to have made his translations. But though he lived thirty-three years after the publication of *Temora,* the manuscripts were not forthcoming. Ten years after his death the manuscripts were published, all of them being in the handwriting of Macpherson or of his own amanuenses; from which it has been inferred that these alleged Gaelic originals had no existence, but were translated into Gaelic from Macpherson's own English. He made a fortune, entered Parliament, and wrote, among other works, a *History of Great Britain from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover,* and a prose translation of the *Iliad.*

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest above,
Round as the shield of my fathers!
Whence are thy beams, O Sun!
Thy everlasting light?
Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty;
The stars hide themselves in the sky;
The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave;
But thou thyself movest alone.
Who can be a companion of thy course?
The oaks of the mountains fall;
The mountains themselves decay with years;
The ocean sinks and grows again;
The moon herself is lost in heaven,
But thou art forever the same,
Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.
When the world is dark with tempests,
When thunder rolls and lightning flies,
Thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds,
And laughest at the storm.
But to Ossian thou lookest in vain,

For he beholds thy beams no more,
Whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds
Or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.
But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season;
Thy years will have an end,
Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,
Careless of the voices of thy morning.
Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth!
Age is dark and unlovely;
It is like the glimmering light of the moon
When it shines through broken clouds,
And the mist is on the hills;
The blast of the north is on the plain;
The traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

MACQUOID, KATHERINE SARAH THOMAS, an English novelist; born at London January 26, 1824. She married Thomas R. Macquoid, an artist. Her literary bent was displayed in early life, but she did not begin writing for the press until long after her marriage. Her first novel, *A Bad Beginning*, was published in 1862. She then became an industrious writer of novels, contributor to periodicals, and the author of several pleasing records of travel. Among her works are *Hester Kirton* (1864); *Elinor Dryden's Probation* (1867); *Rookstone* and *Patty* (1871); *Too Soon, My Story* (1875); *The Evil Eye and Other Stories* (1876); *Doris Baugh, a Yorkshire Story* (1878); *A Berkshire Lady* (1879); *Sweet Springtime* (1880); *Beside the River* (1881); *Little Fifine and Other Tales* and *A Faithful Lover* (1882); *Mère Suzanne* and *Sir James Appleby* (1887); *Through Normandy* (1874); *Through Brittany*

(1877); *In the Ardennes* (1881); *At the Red Glove* (1885); *At an Old Château* (1890); *The Old Courtyard* (1890); *Appledore Farm* (1892); *Maisie Derrick* (1892); *The Last Card* (1895), and, in conjunction with her husband, *Pictures and Legends from Normandy* (1879), and *About Yorkshire* (1883).

AN OLD FARM-HOUSE.

When he did raise his handsome blue eyes, he saw before him a quaint, half-timbered manor-house, evidently of ancient construction. The timbers above and below the windows were set in a semicircular form, producing alternate crosses and circles along the front, and if the spaces between them had not been barbarously whitewashed would have been picturesque enough. The house was surmounted by three irregular gables, the centre one being much the smallest. The windows of projecting lattice-work — filled with very small diamond-shaped panes — were supported on brackets, and extended across the front from one gable-end to the other; clumsy iron contrivances for keeping the lattices open hung loosely from the lower part of the frames, and looked cumbrous enough to drag window-frame and all along with them. The door was of later date, having as heading a depressed arch of solid oak.

Framed in verdure, the old farm-house would have made a charming picture, but standing thus alone, with only a large pig-yard, knee-deep in black mud, on one side, behind that again a formal stiff rick-yard, and on the other one field seen stretching away after another into flat distance, it looked bald and cold — there was nothing to relieve the eye but the deep blue sky, against which the whitewashed walls stood out, hard and chalky.

Probably in the rear of the premises there were barns with tiled or thatched roofs glowing with the rich and varied hues successive July suns had burned in or on to them; and picturesque carts and wagons, and smock-frocked farm-laborers might doubtless have been found, also; but Mr. Hallam was far too tired of his dusty

walk to wish to prolong it, so he pushed open the little white wicket-gate in the low fence that enclosed a neglected grass-plot in front of the house, walked up the stony path in the middle of it, and rang a broken bell-handle beside the entrance door.

While he was speaking to his guide, who seemed in a great hurry to get away, the door opened slowly, and an old woman appeared in the entrance. She held the door firmly with one hand, as if to prevent ingress; but as she scanned the stranger inquiringly, she seemed satisfied that he had no evil intentions, and looked more placable. By nature she was evidently not meant to be cross; she was short and stout, with a cheerful, dark complexion; bright black eyes, and a merry-looking mouth, that seemed as if it ought to be more ready with a jest than with a reproof; but suddenly catching sight of the boy, her whole expression changed to one of peevish discontent.

"And what do 'ee want here, yer oudacious young vagabond, stabbleing about the place? Mischief, I'll lay, when ye knows better nor I can tell 'ee that Muster Kirton he can't stomach a boy about the place."

"Well, I be a-goin', Biz, so you've no call to scold," and the boy held out his hand as Mr. Hallam extended his toward him. He gave a shrill whistle of delight when he saw a shilling in his palm, and, bounding off, was soon out of sight.

"Drat thay boys — ye'll maybe excuse me for saying so, sir — but they're allus where they shouldn't ought t' be, and in pettickler here they bean't not allowed. Be ye a-wishin' to speak to the muster?"

Before Hallam could reply, the old woman was put on one side, and a very tall, gray-headed man took her place, and looked keenly and suspiciously at the stranger.

Spite of what he had heard in London, and of the boy's hints about Mr. Kirton, Frederic Hallam was pleased with his appearance; his clear complexion and benevolent forehead were not those generally belonging to a mean character; but there was a thinness in the lips and a rigid firmness in the lower jaw, that in one more skilled in human nature might have awakened doubts.

He glanced from the young man's open, handsome face to his dress, and thence to his portmanteau. Hallam raised his hat and began to introduce himself, but Mr. Kirton stopped him.

"You mistake, sir; this is no inn for travellers."

"Mr. Kirton, I conclude; if you will be so kind to look at this note, you will see that I do not come to you quite as a stranger."

The old man drew his form up more stiffly still, and pressed his lips more tightly together. As the letter was handed to him, he eyed Hallam so closely again before he opened it, that he added, "The letter is from your friend Mr. Goldsmith, who has intrusted me with some business papers he wishes you to sign."

Mr. Kirton opened the envelope, and read his letter slowly, keeping his visitor standing in the sunshine all the time. He was inwardly chafing, and had a great mind to ask permission to enter; but there was something so rigid and unbending about the old farmer that he forbore.

When he had read it twice over his countenance relaxed a little, and he invited Hallam to come in and rest himself. The visitor looked at his portmanteau reposing ignominiously on the glass-plot; he was just going to ask Mr. Kirton to have it carried indoors, when the former said, "You can let that be; it's safe; when you have eaten a meal with us and rested, one of the men shall carry it for you where you will."

Frederic Hallam was not easily daunted; he had generally, as he would have said, impudence enough for anything; but his wish to become the farmer's guest just then prevailed: he would not risk a dispute with the reputed miser, which might injure his plans, though he shuddered at the thought of leaving his new portmanteau exposed to the inroads of dogs and fowls — some of the latter, ugly, long-legged creatures, had begun to peck it already; but he was obliged to follow Mr. Kirton, who strode along the narrow, stone-flagged, whitewashed passage to the back of the house, where he threw open a door, and asked his visitor to walk in and sit down.

There was a stone floor and no carpet in the great,

gaunt apartment — it could hardly be called a room — in former times, probably the hall of the old manor-house, for tradition said that Kirton's farm had been a favorite hunting-seat of King John — a legend hard to credit when one contemplated the entirely arable nature of the surrounding country. Doubtless, the house, or some part of it, was very ancient, and the hall, as it was called, seemed to have been left in undisturbed possession of its antiquity: the walls were of dark, almost black, oak, panelled in small octagonal compartments; the three windows were deeply recessed and considerable splayed, so that, although the external aperture was small, the window recess itself would have formed a seat for several persons. Two long, rough wooden trestles stood against the wall on one side — they had possibly supported the table planks of former times — and at intervals were ranged high oaken stools, as black and ancient looking as the hall itself. What the roof had been formerly it was now difficult to determine, as it was ceiled between the three oak beams that spanned it at intervals; but its blackened aspect made one think irresistibly of a smoky chimney, and drew attention to the fireplace.

Hallam had never met with anything of the kind before, and he walked up to it, and examined it closely. It must have been eight or nine feet across, and had on each side niches with seats cut in the solid wall; in the centre, from the red brick paving, rose two huge, ungainly, metal dogs, each supporting what looked very like a cannon-ball; at the back was a massive plate of iron wrought in grotesque devices, and between this and the front, on a small raised brick platform, were two smaller andirons; from the chimney itself hung a hook — such a hook as Giant Cormoran thrust down the chimney when he roused the indignation of Jack the Giant Killer.

Mr. Hallam, being essentially a man of this generation, was not romantic, and he shuddered when he thought of the ways of former times, and of the uncouth feeding this house had witnessed; he hoped the rest of the house looked more habitable than this barbarous relic of the past, for he still intended to carry his point of passing the night there.—*Hester Kirton.*

MADISON, James, an American statesman, fourth President of the United States; born at King George, Va., March 16, 1751; died at Montpelier, Va., June 28, 1836. His father, also named James Madison, was a planter of good estate, and of high character. The son was the eldest of seven children. After receiving a thorough preparatory education, he entered the college at Princeton, N. J., where he was graduated in 1771, but remained there another year, pursuing a course of reading under the direction of Dr. Witherspoon, the President of the college. He returned to Virginia in 1772, and entered upon a course of legal study, together with a large amount of reading in theology, philosophy, and belles-lettres.

Early in 1776 he was elected a member of the Virginia Convention, and procured the passage of a declaration of rights, which abrogated the old term "toleration," and substituted a broader exposition of religious rights as applicable to those who were dissenters from the Episcopal Church, which was then the legally established faith of the colony. In that year he was also a member of the General Assembly, but lost his election in 1777, mainly from his refusal to treat the voters; but the Legislature elected him a member of the Council of State; and in 1779 he was chosen by the Assembly as delegate to Congress, in which body he remained for three years. According to the law, as it then stood, he was ineligible for an additional term; but the Legislature repealed this provision so that he might sit for another term. He re-

turned to Virginia in 1784, and was immediately chosen to the Legislature.

Early in 1786 he obtained the passage of a resolution inviting the other States to send delegates to a Convention to be held at Annapolis. But of the thirteen States only five sent delegates to this Convention, which, however, passed a resolution in favor of a convention of delegates from all the States to be held at Philadelphia in May, 1787. Madison was one of the delegates to this Convention, which resulted in the formation of the present Constitution of the United States, superseding the former Articles of Confederation. He took copious notes of the debates in this Convention; and these form our best source of information respecting the proceedings in that assembly. For the ensuing twenty years Madison occupied a prominent place in our political history, and in 1809 became President of the United States, succeeding Thomas Jefferson and serving for two terms, ending 1817. During his incumbency occurred the second war (1812–15) with Great Britain. After the close of his second term he retired to his estate at Montpelier, where, notwithstanding his advanced age and infirm health, he bore an active part in the affairs of his native State.

Madison was, in many ways, a very voluminous writer, as is shown by the *Madison Papers*, published after his death by Congress, a portion of which were published in 1840, by order of Congress, in 3 vols. 8vo. His *Life* has been written by William C. Rives (3 vols., 1859–69), and more recently by Sidney H. Gay in the series of *American Statesmen* (1884). As a man of letters he is known mainly by his papers in

The Federalist (*q. v.*). We here subjoin a part of one of the earliest of these essays:

PLEA FOR THE UNION OF 1789.

I submit to you, fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that you will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates of disunion would conduct you.

Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire.

Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen, shut your ears against this unhallowed language; shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens — the mingled blood which they have shed in defence of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies.

And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild in all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness. But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for

custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important steps been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered — no Government established of which an exact model did not present itself — the people of the United States might at this moment have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind.

Happily for America — happily, we trust, for the whole human race — they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of Governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great Confederacy which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the Union, this was the work most difficult to be executed.—*From The Federalist, No. XIV.*

MAETERLINCK, MAURICE, a Belgian dramatist; born at Ghent, August 29, 1862. His studies being completed, he devoted himself exclusively to letters. In 1891, after the appearance of his *Princesse Malcine,* he was awarded the prize for literary drama, which he refused. *L'Intruse,* one of his best pieces, has been played at Paris at the Théâtre d'Art, under the management of the Vaude-

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

ville, May 20, 1891. A representation of *L'Aveugle* was organized in December of the same year by this society. *L'Intruse* was given in Brussels, at the Park Theatre, toward the close of March, 1892. These two pieces were reproduced in German at Vienna and in Danish at Copenhagen. Among his other works are *Les Sept Princesses* (1891); *Pelleas and Mellisande* (1892); some verses entitled *Les Serres Chaudes* (1889); *Douze Chansons* (1896); and *Monna Vanna* (1902). He has also translated *l'Ornement des Noces Spirituelles de Ruysbroeck; l'Incomparable; Le Tresor des Humbles,* mystical essays, and *Le Barbare.* His *Treasure of the Humble; Life of the Bee, The Buried Temple; The Double Garden; Our Friend the Dog,* and *Aglevaine and Selysette* have been well rendered in English by Alfred Sutro. The latter play shows strong Ibsen influence in the central situation, but the craftsmanship is that of Maeterlinck.

"Two things individualize him from the rest of his school," says Richard Hovey — "the peculiarity of his technique, and the limitation of his emotional range. His conceptions are romantic to the last degree, and so also is their setting, except perhaps in *l'Intruse* and *Intérieur;* but the dialogue is written in a language of the simplest realism. His vocabulary usually, except in some of the stage directions, though chosen with nicety, is hardly more copious than that of a peasant. The simple iteration characteristic of all real conversation is imitated to an extent to which even Dumas *père,* who was a master of its effectiveness, never pushed it. But this iteration is not used merely for the sake of realism. It is part of a general appreciation and effective use of the principle of

parallelism in art. Maeterlinck walks continually on the dangerous border between the tragic and the ridiculous, and it would be strange indeed if he never made a misstep; in the main, it must be confessed that he has a cool head and a sure footing. His is the hysterical mirth of tragic crises, the grin on the everlasting skull. His master-tone is always terror, terror, too, of the church-yard. He is a poet of the sepulchre, like Poe. His devotion to the wormy side of things *may* prevent him ever becoming popular."

The plot of *Aglevaine and Selysette* is made clear in the following passage, where Meligrane, the grandmother, addresses Selysette, the young wife, while Aglevaine, the "other woman," listens in the background:

Meligrane.—You have been crying for a long, long time, my poor Selysette, and you know full well that cry you will have to, still. And tell me how you think all this can end? I have turned it over patiently, sitting here in this corner of mine, and I am doing what I can to speak calmly, though I grieve to see the suffering that has come to you, and that you have done nothing to deserve. There is only one human solution to such sorrows as these: either must one of you die or the other go away. And who should go away if not the one whom destiny sent too late?

Selysette.—Why she rather than the one who came too soon?

Aglevaine (*coming forward*).—One cannot come too soon, my poor Selysette. One comes when the hour has sounded, and I think our grandmother is right.

Selysette.—If she be right there is much unhappiness before us.

Aglevaine.—And if she be wrong, still there will be tears. Ah, Selysette, most often there is nothing left to us but to choose our tears, and if I hearkened only to

this poor wisdom of mine I would tell you that it behooves us to choose the most beautiful.

There are many passages scattered through the play which are full of the intimate knowledge of the human heart which is Maeterlinck's most powerful characteristic. Take the following as examples:

One may say that tears are not in reason, or that they are not beautiful; when one has arrived at the end of life one sees too often that they alone have reason.

It is necessary, not to ask ourselves if those who weep are reasonable or not, but simply what we can do to stop their tears.

Reason is such a little thing; I believe that it is better to be wrong all one's life rather than bring tears from those who are without it.

When one desires to speak feelingly to the person one loves, one only replies to questions that the ear does not catch.

It is often destiny that speaks through our tears, and it is from the depth of the future that they come into our eyes.

She has only to bow down to find unheard-of treasures in her heart, and she comes trembling to offer them, like a little blind creature who does not know that her hands are full of jewels and pearls.

Alas! my poor Selysette, there is so little difference at the heart of things, one cannot even tell why one loves.

The French are fond of applying the term *un tendre* to writers who display a certain sort of sensibility. But there are certain indefinable things about Maeterlinck's work which keep him from coming under such a definition. There is nothing sham or make-believe about his feeling for human sorrow and disappointment. In his love of beauty he is as consistent as Pater.

JEAN VON RUYSBROECK.

The life of Jean von Ruysbroeck, like that of most of the great thinkers of this world, is entirely an inner life. Nearly all his biographers wrote nearly two centuries after his death, and their work seems much intermixed with legend. They show us a holy hermit, silent, ignorant, amazingly humble, amazingly good, who was in the habit of working miracles unawares. The trees beneath which he prayed were illumined by an aureole; the bells of a Dutch convent tolled without hands on the day of his death. His body, when exhumed five years after his death, was found in perfect preservation, and from it rose wonderful perfumes, which cured the sick who were brought from neighboring villages. A few lines will give the positively ascertained facts of his career. He was born in 1274 at Ruysbroeck, a little village between Hal and Brussels. He was first a priest in the Church of Sainte-Gadule; then by the advice of the hermit Lambert, he left the Brabant town and retired to Grönendal, in the forest of Soignes, in the neighborhood of Brussels. Holy companions soon joined him there, and they founded the abbey of Grönendal, whose ruins may still be seen. Attracted by the strange renown of his supernatural visions, pilgrims from Germany and Holland, among them the Dominican Jean Tauler and Gerhard Groot, came to this retreat to visit the humble old man, and went away filled with an admiration, of which the memory still lingers in their writings. He died December 2, 1381, and his companions gave him the title of *"L'Admirable."* It was the century of the mystics and the period of the gloomy wars in Brabant and Flanders, of stormy nights of blood and prayers under the wild reigns of the three Johns, of battles extending into the very forests where the saints were kneeling. St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas Aquinas had just died, Thomas à Kempis was about to study God in that mirror of the absolute which the inspired Fleming had left in the depths of the Green Valley; while first Jehan de Bruges, and afterward the Van Eycks, Roger van der Weyden, Hugues van der Goes, Thierry Bonts

and Hans Memlinck were to people with images the lonely *Word* of the hermit.

Every language thinks always more than the man, even the man of genius, who employs it, and who is only its heart for the time being, and this is the reason why an ignorant monk like this mysterious Ruysbroeck was able, by gathering up his scanty forces in prayers so many centuries ago, to write works which hardly correspond to our senses in the present day. Many of Ruysbroeck's phrases float almost like transparent icicles on the colorless sea of silence, but still they exist; they have been separated from the waters, and that is sufficient. I am aware, finally, that the strange plants which he cultivated on the high peaks of the spirit are surrounded by clouds of their own, but these clouds annoy only gazers from below. Those who have the courage to climb see that they are the very atmosphere of these plants, the only atmosphere in which thy can blossom in the shade of non-existence. For this is a vegetation so subtle that it can scarcely be distinguished from the silence from which it has drawn its juices and into which it seems ready to dissolve.— *From Ruysbroeck and the Mystics; translation of* JANE T. STODDART.

MAGINN, WILLIAM, an Irish poet and essayist; born at Cork, July 16, 1794; died near London, August 21, 1842. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1811, and in 1818 his Alma Mater conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., he being then only twenty-four—the youngest man who had ever received that dignity. About this time he began to contribute to *Blackwood's Magazine.* In 1823 he went to London, and engaged in journalism. In 1830 he, with Hugh Fraser, founded *Fraser's Magazine,* of which, as "Oliver Yorke," he acted for

a while as ostensible editor. In this capacity he is perhaps best known as having brought Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* to a hasty conclusion. His irregular way of life lost him position, notwithstanding his brilliant genius and varied attainments. He was in 1842 imprisoned for debt, passed through the insolvency Court, and fell into great poverty.

Maginn was second to none of the brilliant English and Scottish writers of his time, and his infirmities of character alone prevented him from sharing in the literary fame which, during his lifetime, had its centres in Edinburgh and London. He was the original of Thackeray's Captain Shandon.

THE IRISHMAN.

There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man,
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman —
A nasty, ugly Irishman —
A wild, tremendous Irishman —
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring Irishman.

His face was noways beautiful,
For with small-pox 'twas scarred across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
Oh, the lump of an Irishman —
The whiskey-devouring Irishman —
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue —
the fighting, rioting Irishman!

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear!
Oh, the great big Irishman —

The rattling, battling Irishman —
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering,
leathering swash of an Irishman!

He took so much of Lundy-foot
That he used to snort and snuffle, Oh;
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as broad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh, the horrible Irishman —
The thundering, blundering Irishman —
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman!

His name was a terrible name indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he filled it again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman —
The 'toxicated Irishman —
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman!

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality.
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.
Oh, the leathering Irishman —
The barbarous, savage Irishman —
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

MAHAFFY, JOHN PENTLAND, an Irish classical scholar, critic and historian; born at Chaponnaire, Switzerland, February 26, 1839. He was educated in Germany by his parents, till he entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1856. He gained his fellowship by competition in 1864, and became Professor of Ancient History in 1871. He was decorated with the gold cross of the Order of the Saviour by the King of Greece in 1877; and became an Honorary Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1882. He is examiner and lecturer in Trinity College, Dublin, in classics, philosophy, music, and modern languages. Besides many papers in periodicals and reviews, he has published a translation of Kuno Fischer's *Commentary on Kant* (1866); *Twelve Lectures on Primitive Civilization* (1868); *Prolegomena to Ancient History* (1871); *Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers* (1871); *Greek Social Life from Homer to Menander* (1874); *Greek Antiquities* (1876); *Rambles and Studies in Greece* (1876); *Greek Education* (1879); *History of Classical and Greek Literature* (1880); *Report on the Irish Grammar Schools* (1880); *The Decay of Modern Preaching* (1882); *The Story of Alexander's Empire* (1886); *Greek Life and Thought* (1887); *Art of Conversation* (1889); *The Greek World Under Roman Sway* (1890); *Greek Pictures* (1890); *Problems in Greek History* (1892); *Life and Teaching of Descartes* (1894); and is editor of the English edition of Duruy's *Roman History*.

LITERARY ACTIVITY.

There was indeed everywhere an extraordinary burst of literary activity. Every philosopher or public teacher of that kind — Zeno, Cleanthes, Metrodorus, Aristo, all the people whose lives Diogenes Laertius has given us, wrote scores, nay, hundreds of works, so many indeed that we must regard each of them as a mere tract, composed and circulated as men now circulate public speeches or lectures, especially of a polemical charater. Chrysippus and Epicurus seem to have consciously aimed at a reputation for polygraphy. These works were preserved, too, and catalogued, as may be seen from the long list in Diogenes, who lived centuries later. Together with this flood of special tracts, which now deluged the philosophic world, and which were written without regard to style, merely to express the views of a thinker, we have the historians of the day, who plumed themselves upon their diction and the ornaments of their narrative, and who, in contrast to the philosophers, wrote great encyclopædias of history in long series of books. Such were those who followed in the steps of Ephorus and Theopompus — Timæus, Philochorus, Duris, afterward Phylarchus, and then Polybius, whose remains give us an idea of this kind of literature. Whether these works were intended as universal histories on a fixed plan, or merely as collections of antiquarian lore, they indicate the same desire as the controversial tracts of the philosophers — the desire of their authors to appear before the world as men of letters — the itch or mania of authorship. We have consequently clear evidence that this enormous body of lost literature labored under the defects certain to accompany that well-known human vanity — self-consciousness in style, a morbid desire to appear original, and the habit of bitter criticism and of savage literary feuds. To be accused even once of plagiarism, especially when the accusation was true, rankled in the minds of these Greek professors as a life-long disgrace, to be revenged by a series of attacks, both open and secret, upon the moral character, the veracity, the learn-

ing of the accuser. Thus we see a feature of our own learned world anticipated in this society.—*From Greek Life and Thought.*

MAHAN, Alfred Thayer, an American naval historian; born at West Point, N. Y., September 27, 1840. He was graduated from the naval academy at Annapolis in 1859, and, after serving in the South Atlantic and Gulf squadrons throughout the War, became head of the department of gunnery at Annapolis in 1877. He was made President of the War College at Newport in 1886, and was placed in command of the cruiser Chicago in 1893. He was retired in 1896 at his own request. His comprehensive and authoritative works upon naval history procured for him a hearty welcome in England and on the Continent. Among the honors granted him in Europe were degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge Universities. His writings include *The Gulf and Inland Waters* (1883); *The Influence of Sea Power upon History* (1890); *Life of Farragut* (1892); *The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire* (1892); *Life of Nelson* (1897); *Lessons of the Spanish War* (1899); *The Problem of Asia* (1900); *Types of Naval Officers* (1901); *Retrospect and Prospect* (1902); *War of 1812* (1904).

THE SEA AS A GREAT COMMON.

The first and most obvious light in which the sea presents itself from the political and social point of view is that of a great highway; or better, perhaps, of a wide common, over which men may pass in all directions, but

on which some well-worn paths show that controlling reasons have led them to choose certain lines of travel rather than others. These lines of travel are called trade routes; and the reasons which have determined them are to be sought in the history of the world.

Notwithstanding all the familiar and unfamiliar dangers of the sea, both travel and traffic by water have always been easier and cheaper than by land. The commercial greatness of Holland was due not only to her shipping at sea, but also to the numerous tranquil water-ways which gave such cheap and easy access to her own interior and to that of Germany. This advantage of carriage by water over that by land was yet more marked in a period when roads were few and very bad, wars frequent and society unsettled, as was the case two hundred years ago. Sea traffic then went in peril of robbers, but was nevertheless safer and quicker than that by land. A Dutch writer of that time, estimating the chances of his country in a war with England, notices, among other things, that the water-ways of England failed to penetrate the country sufficiently; therefore, the roads being bad, goods from one part of the kingdom to the other must go to sea, and be exposed to capture by the way. As regards purely internal trade, this danger has generally disappeared at the present day; and in most civilized countries, now, the destruction or disappearance of the coasting-trade would only be an inconvenience, although water transit is still the cheaper.

Under modern conditions home trade is not a part of the business of a country bordering on the sea. Foreign necessaries or luxuries must be brought to its ports, either in its own or in foreign ships, which will return, bearing in exchange the products of the country, whether they be the fruits of the earth or the works of men's hands; and it is the wish of every nation that this shipping business should be done by its own vessels. The ships that thus sail to and fro must secure ports in which to return, and must, as far as possible, be followed by the protection of their country throughout the voyage.— *From The Influence of Sea Power upon History.*

MAHONY, Francis Sylvester ("Father Prout"), an Irish journalist; born at Cork about 1804; died at Paris, May 18, 1866. He was educated at a Jesuit college in Paris, afterward studied at Rome, where he took orders in the Roman Catholic Church. Abandoning the clerical profession, he became about 1832 a regular writer in *Fraser's Magazine,* and subsequently in *Bentley's Miscellany,* under the *nom de plume* of "Father Prout." From 1840 until 1864 he was a foreign correspondent, at Rome and Paris, of several English newspapers. In 1864 he retired to a monastery in Paris, where he died. Several collections of his articles have been published, among which are *The Reliques of Father Prout* (1836; new edition, 1860), and *The Final Reliques of Father Prout,* edited by Blanchard Jerrold (1874).

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling on each pround swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,

Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Hadrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
And symbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;
Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; while on tower and kiosk O,
In Saint Sophia, the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

MAIMONIDES, or Moses Ben-Maimun, a Jewish rabbi and philosopher; born at Cordova, Spain, March 30, 1135; died at Fostat, Egypt, December 13, 1204. Of his early life little is known or little has been given. It has been stated that he was the pupil of the eminent Rabbi Joseph Ibn Migash, and of the equally eminent Arabian Philosopher Ibn Roshd (Averroes). But his later biographers tell us that he was only a child when Rabbi Joseph died, and that he did not become acquainted with the writings of Ibn Roshd until he was far advanced in years. But, as he was well versed in theology, philos-

ophy, mathematics, astronomy, and medicine, he must have had superior teachers, and he himself must have made the most of his time and opportunities. Owing to the wars between the Mohammedans and Christians and between the different Mohammedan sects, and to the persecutions of the Jews by the rulers at Cordova and other parts of Spain, their lives were troubled and anxious, and many of them fled to foreign countries to avoid death or apostasy. In 1165 Maimonides and his father's family escaped to Africa, and some time after settled at Fostat (Old Cairo), in Egypt. Here he continued his studies and interested himself in the community of Jews there until the death of his brother David, who had supported the family, when he began the practice of medicine for a living, for he would receive nothing for his services to the Jews or for the works he wrote for their instruction. His skill as a physician soon obtained for him the position of Court-physician to Saladin of Egypt, a lucrative and honorable position, but the duties of which were onerous, as he himself tells us. But onerous as they were, they did not prevent him from continuing his studies and his writings. Many of the latter were in Hebrew, others in Arabic. Of those in Arabic he translated a number into Hebrew. Among his most noted works are *Technical Terms of Logic Mishneh Thorah*, and *The Guide to the Perplexed*. All of these occupied many years of his life, the *Mishneh Thorah* having been a work of over ten years. His death caused great sorrow among the Jews. In Fostate a mourning of three days was kept, and in Jerusalem a fast was appointed. His remains were taken to Tiberias.

Maimonides is regarded as the greatest philosopher

and theologian of the Jews, and one of the greatest of any age or people.

THE ETERNITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

We do not reject the Eternity of the Universe because certain passages in Scripture confirm the Creation; for such passages are not more numerous than those in which God is represented as a corporeal being; nor is it impossible or difficult to find for them a suitable interpretation. We might have explained them in the same manner as we did in respect to the Incorporeality of God. We should, perhaps, have had an easier task in showing that the Scriptural passages referred to are in harmony with the theory of the Eternity of the Universe if we accepted the latter, than we had in explaining the anthropomorphisms in the Bible when we rejected the idea that God is corporeal. For two reasons, however, we have not done so, and have not accepted the Eternity of the Universe. First, the Incorporeality of God has been demonstrated by proof; those passages in the Bible which, in their literal sense, contain statements that can be refuted by proof must and can be interpreted otherwise. But the Eternity of the Universe has not been proved: a mere argument in favor of a certain theory is not sufficient reason for rejecting the literal meaning of a Biblical text, and explaining it figuratively, when the opposite theory can be supported by an equally good argument.— *The Guide to the Perplexed.*

THE CREATION.

Accepting the Creation, we find that miracles are possible, that revelation is possible, and that every difficulty in this question is removed. We might be asked, Why has God inspired a certain person and not another? Why has He revealed the Law to one particular nation, and at one prticular time? Why has He commanded this, and forbidden that? Why has He shown through a prophet certain particular miracles? What is the object

of these laws? and why has He not made the commandments and the prohibitions part of our nature, if it was His object that we should live in accordance with them? We answer to all these questions: He willed it so; or, His wisdom decided so. Just as He created the world according to His will, at a certain time, in a certain form, and as we do not understand why His will or His wisdom decided upon that peculiar form, and upon that peculiar time, so we do not know why His will or wisdom determined any of the things mentioned in the preceding questions. But if we assume that the Universe has the present form as the result of fixed laws, there is occasion for the above questions: and these could only be answered in an objectionable way, implying denial and rejection of the Biblical texts, the correctness of which no intelligent person doubts. Owing to the absence of all proof, we reject the theory of the Eternity of the Universe; and it is for this very reason that the noblest minds spent and will spend their days in research. For if the Creation had been demonstrated by proof, even if only according to the Platonic hypothesis, all arguments of the philosophers against us would be of no avail. If, on the other hand, Aristotle had a proof for his theory, the whole teaching of Scripture would be rejected, and we should be forced to other opinions. I have thus shown that all depends on this question. Note it.— *The Guide to the Perplexed.*

REASON AND RELIGION.

First, it would be a violation of reason in the highest degree not to believe that there is a God. To believe that this visible world is either eternal or self-created, besides all other intrinsic absurdities in the hypothesis, would simply affirm the world to be God in the same breath that we deny His existence. It would be a gross and stupid conception of an eternal and self-existent being; for to believe it self-created is a stupidity which exceeds even the stupidity of atheism. But if the world were neither eternal nor self-created, it was made; and, if made, it had a maker. Cavil as a man will, there is

no escape from this necessity. To deny it is not to reason, but to violate reason; and to be rationalists, by going contrary to reason.— *Characteristics.*

MAINE, Sir Henry James Sumner, an English jurist; born at Caverham, Oxfordshire, August 15, 1822; died at Cannes, France, February 3, 1888. He was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he took an exceptionally brilliant degree in 1842. He became a tutor; and in 1847 he was made professor of Civil Law at Cambridge University. He was called to the bar in 1850; and in 1854 he was appointed reader of jurisprudence at the Middle Temple. Two years later he published *Roman Law and Legal Education;* and in 1861 he issued his great work on *Ancient Law.* The following year he joined the Supreme Council of India as a law member, and after a seven years' stay in India returned to become Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford. In 1871 he was made a member of the council of the Secretary of State for India, and in the same year he published his *Lectures on Village Communities.* In 1877 he was elected Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Besides the above, his works include *The Early History of Institutions* (1875) and *Dissertations on Early Law Customs* (1883).

The *Athenæum* counts one of the greatest charms of his writings the extraordinary way in which he sets his readers thinking for themselves. He opens up a problem in a masterly manner, lays hold of the salient points, and states these in the clearest language, and

then he leaves the reader to work out for himself innumerable interesting speculations which have been in the first place suggested for him.

LEGISLATION AND REVOLUTION.

There is no doubt that some of the most inventive, most polite, and best instructed portions of the human race are at present going through a stage of thought which, if it stood by itself, would suggest that there is nothing of which human nature is so tolerant, or so deeply enamoured, as the transformation of laws and institutions. A series of political and social changes which a century ago no man would have thought capable of being effected save by the sharp convulsion of Revolution is now contemplated by the bulk of many civilized communities as sure to be carried out, a certain number of persons regarding the prospect with exuberant hope, a somewhat larger number with equanimity, many more with indifference or resignation. At the end of the last century, a Revolution in France shook the whole civilized world; and the consequence of the terrible events and bitter disappointments which it brought with it was to arrest all improvement in Great Britain for thirty years, merely because it was innovation. But in 1830 a second explosion occurred in France, followed by the reconstruction of the British electorate in 1832, and with the British Reformed Parliament began that period of continuous legislation through which, not this country alone, but all Western Europe appears to be passing. It is not often recognized how excessively rare in the world was sustained legislative activity till rather more than fifty years ago, and thus sufficient attention has not been given to some characteristics of this particular mode of exercising sovereign power, which we call Legislation. It has obviously many advantages over Revolution as an instrument of change; while it has quite as trenchant an edge, it is milder, juster, more equable, and sometimes better considered. But in one respect, as at present understood, it may prove to be more dan-

gerous than revolution. Political insanity takes strange forms, and there may be some persons in some countries who look forward to "The Revolution" as implying a series of revolutions. But, on the whole, a Revolution is regarded as doing all its work at once. Legislation, however, is contemplated as never-ending. One stage of it is doubtless more or less distinctly conceived. It will not be arrested till the legislative power itself, and all kinds of authority at any time exercised by States, have been vested in the People, the Many, the great majority of the human beings making up each community. The prospect beyond that is dim, and perhaps will prove to be as fertile in disappointment as is always the morrow of a Revolution. But doubtless the popular expectation is that, after the establishment of a Democracy, there will be as much reforming legislation as ever.— *From Popular Government.*

DE MAISTRE, Xavier Comte de, a French philosopher and scientist; born at Chambréy, Savoy, in October, 1763; died at St. Petersburg, June 12, 1852. His classical studies completed, he at first gave himself to painting. He later served as an officer in the Sardinian infantry. The French Revolution led to the conquest of the Duchy of Savoy. Not wishing to entangle himself in a civil war, he left the service and followed his brother to Russia, who had first been made Ambassador of Sardinia in 1802. Xavier entered the Russian army as domo-major, after having been one of the executives of the Royal Marines. He fought in the Caucasus and in Persia, and was granted the rank of major-general. After the war he returned to St. Petersburg, and married and settled there in 1817. He rarely

visited his native land, but went to both Naples and Paris shortly before his death. He wrote *A Trip About My Room* (1794); *The Leper of the City of Aoste* (1812); *The Prisoners of Caucasus* and *The Young Siberian* (1815); *An Expedition by Night About My Room* (1825). As a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of Turin, he published in the archives of these societies several works on chemistry and chimeography. The Library of Geneva has also some of his scientific researches. *A Treatise on Colors,* which has to-day no special interest, was found in manuscript. His complete works were published in Paris in 1825, in three volumes.

EARLY RISING.

My servant enters my room half an hour before my time for rising. I hear him stealing about with a light step. The noise is just enough to let me know that I am sleeping. You are just enough awake to know that you are not entirely so, and to dreamily calculate that the hour for business and worry is still in the sand-glass of time. Gradually my servant becomes noisier; he looks at my watch, and jingles the seals. I now give him a hundred preliminary orders, somewhat crossly. He knows that they are mere excuses for my staying in bed without seeming to wish to do so. This he, however, pretends not to see through, and I am truly thankful to him. At last, all my resources being exhausted, he plants himself, arms folded, perfectly immovable, in the middle of the room. The most studied discourse on the impropriety of laziness would not make me spring so quickly from my bed as this silent reminder of Monsieur Joannetti.—*From A Journey Round My Room.*

SUNSHINE PICTURES.

The earliest rays of the sun play upon my curtains. On fine summer mornings, I see them come creeping, as the sun rises, all along the whitened wall. The elms across the street, facing my windows, divide them into a thousand patterns as they dance upon my bed, and, reflecting its color of rose and white, shed abroad a charming tint. I hear the confused twitter of the swallows that have taken up their abode in my roof, and the warbling of the birds that people the elms. Happy is he who, struck with the majesty of a beautiful form and the wonderful way in which the light with its thousand tints plays upon the human face, strives to copy on his canvas the marvellous effects of nature! Led, too, by love of landscape into solitary by-ways, he makes his copy breathe the sadness which the gloomy wood or desert plain inspire. New seas and dark caverns into which the sun has never peered, he creates. At his word, into life spring copses of evergreen, while heaven's own blue reflects itself in his work. He darkens the air, and the roar of the storm reaches our ears. Again, we behold the delightful plains of ancient Sicily: startled nymphs and satyrs chase one another through the bending reeds, and stately temples rear their lofty heads above the sacred forest. Bluish backgrounds blend with the sky, and the entire scene, repictured in the tranquil waters of a river, forms a picture that no tongue can describe.— *From A Journey Round My Room.*

A FRIEND.

I had a friend. Death took him from me at the moment when I most needed his friendship. In the privations of war we shared the same tent, had but one pipe between us, drank from the same cup. Exposed to all the perils of the field, Death spared us to each other. But to lose him now, amid the joys of our winter-quarters, in full health — this was a blow from which I can never rally.

In the moonlight, while the cricket, hidden in the grass on my friend's grave, gayly continues his unwearied chirping, I am thinking — Man's death and that of a beautiful butterfly are but similar events — both melt into air. Daybreak begins to whiten the sky, and with the shades gloomy thoughts disappear. He Who suffuses the East with light will not let it lighten my eyes and then plunge me into the darkness of annihilation. That vast horizon, those lofty mountains, whose ice-clad summits the sun even now is gilding — He Who made these made my heart to beat, and my mind to think. No, my friend is not annihilated! Whatever the barrier, now impassable, I shall see him again. The flight of an insect, the beauties of the country, the sweetness of the air, so uplift me that an invincible proof of immortality seizes my soul and floods it with light.— *From A Journey Round My Room.*

MALCOLM, HOWARD, an American clergyman; born at Philadelphia, January 19, 1799; died there, March 25, 1879. He was educated at Dickinson College, studied theology at Princeton, was for five years pastor of a church at Hudson, N. Y. He had then for two years been connected with the American Sunday-School Union, and in its behalf had visited many cities in the United States. He was one of the founders of the American Tract Society. In 1835 he was sent on a tour of inspection of the Baptist missions in India, Burmah, Siam, and China. From 1839 to 1849 he was President of the college at Georgetown, Ky., and from 1851 to 1858 of the Lewisburg University, Penn. Among his works are a *Dictionary of the Bible* (1828); *The Nature and Extent of the Atonement* (1829); *The Christian Rule*

of Marriage (1830); *Travels in Southeastern Asia* (1839), and *Index to Religious Literature* (1870). Mr. Malcolm's *Dictionary of the Bible* had a very extensive circulation in the United States, and was for many years a standard authority on the subject.

THE FUNERAL OF A BURMAN PRIEST.

The death of a *Poughee* or President of a *kyoung* is regarded as a great event, and the funeral is conducted with pomp and ceremony. The body, being disembowelled, and its juices pressed out, is filled with honey, and swathed in many folds of varnished cloth. The whole is coated with beeswax; that which covers the face and feet being so wrought as to resemble the deceased. These parts are then gilded. The body often lies in state for many months, on a platform highly ornamented with fringes, colored paper, pictures, etc.

During my stay at Tavoy occurred the funeral of a distinguished *Poughee*. Its rarity, and the great preparations which had been made for it, attracted almost the entire populace. The body had been lying in state, under an ornamental canopy, for several months, embalmed Burmese fashion. The face and feet, where the wax preserved the original shape, were visible, and completely gilded. Five cars, on low wheels, had been prepared, to which were attached long ropes of rattan, and to some of them at each end. They were constructed chiefly of cane, and not only were in pretty good taste, but quite costly withal, in gold leaf and embroidered muslin.

When the set day arrived, the concourse assembled, filling not only all the *zayats* but all the groves, dressed in their best clothes, and full of festivity. Not a beggar, or ill-dressed person, was to be seen. Almost every person, of both sexes, was dressed in silk; and many, especially children, had ornaments of gold or silver in their ears and round their ankles and wrists. Not an instance of drunkenness or quarrelling came under my eye, or, that I could learn, occurred on either day. The

body in its decorated coffin was removed, amid an immense concourse, from its place in the *kyoung* to one of the cars, with an excessive din of drums, gongs, cymbals, trumpets, and wailing of women. When it was properly adjusted in its new location, a number of men mounted the car at each end, and hundreds of people grasped the ropes, to draw it to the place of burying, half a mile distant. But it had not advanced many paces before those behind drew it back. Then came a prodigious struggle. The thousands in front exerted all their strength to get it forward, and those behind with equal energy held it back. Now it would go ten or twelve paces forward, then six or eight backward; one party pretending their great zeal to perform the last honors for the priest, the other declaring they could not part with the dear remains! The air was rent with the shouts of each party to encourage their side to exertion. The other cars of the procession were dragged back and forth in the same manner, but less vehemently. This frolic continued for a few hours, and the crowd dispersed, leaving the cars on the way. For several days the populace amused themselves in the same manner; but I attended no more till informed by the Governor that at three o'clock that day the burning would certainly take place.

Repairing again to the spot, I found the advancing party had of course succeeded. The empty cars were in an open field, while that which bore the body was in the place of burning, enclosed by a light fence. The height was about thirty feet. At an elevation of fifteen or sixteen feet, it contained a sort of sepulchral monument, like the square tombs in our church-yards, highly ornamented with Chinese paper, bits of various-colored glass, arranged like flowers, and various mythological figures; and was filled with combustibles. On this was the body of the priest. A long spire, decorated to the utmost and festooned with flowers, completed the structure. Soon after the appointed hour, a procession of priests approached, and took their seats on a platform within the enclosure, while in another direction came the "tree of life," borne on the shoulders of men, who

reverently placed it near the priests. It was ingeniously and tastefully constructed of fruits, rice, boxes, cups, umbrellas, staffs, raiment, cooking utensils, and, in short, an assortment of all the articles deemed useful and convenient in Burman house-keeping. Women followed, bearing on their heads baskets of fruits and other articles. All the offerings, I was told, were primarily for the use of the deceased. But as he only needed their spiritual essence, the gross and substantial substances remained for the use of the neighboring monastery.

The priests, with a small audience of elderly persons, now mumbled over the appointed prayers, and having performed some tedious ceremonies, retired. Immediately sky-rockets and other fireworks were let off, at a little distance. From the place of the pyrotechnics, long ropes extended to the funeral cars, to which were fastened horizontal rockets bearing various pasteboard figures. Presently men with slow matches touched off one of these; but it whizzed forward only a little way, and expired. Another failed in the same manner, and shouts of derision rose from the crowd. The next rushed forward and smashed a portion of the car, which called forth strong applause. Another and another dashed into the tottering fabric, while several men were seen throwing fagots and gunpowder into it, till, finally, a furious rocket entering the midst of the pile, the whole blazed up, and the poor priest was exploded to Heaven! Fancy fireworks concluded the ceremony, and the vast crowd dispersed.— *Travels in Southeastern Asia.*

MALEBRANCHE, Nicolas, a French philosopher; born at Paris, August 6, 1638; died there, October 13, 1715. He was the youngest child of Nicolas Malebranche, secretary to Louis XIII. He began the study of philosophy at the Col-

lege of La Marche, and afterward studied theology at the Sorbonne, with the intention of entering the Church, but his love of retirement led him to decline a canonicate in Notre Dame. When twenty-two years old he entered the Congregation of the Oratory. Here he occupied himself first with the study of ecclesiastical history, and then with that of Hebrew and biblical criticism. He relinquished the first because he could not succeed in arranging the facts harmoniously in his mind, and he was not zealously pursuing the second, when the perusal of Descartes's *Traité de l'Homme* roused his dormant enthusiasm. He now devoted himself to philosophy, and in 1674–75 published his *Recherche de la Vérité,* in which he adopts Descartes's fundamental principle of the absolute difference of mind and matter. The work passed through several editions during the author's life, and aroused much controversy. His other works are *Conversations Chrétiennes* (1676); *Traité de la Nature et de la Grâce* (1680); *Méditations Chrétiennes et Metaphysiques* (1683); *Traité de la Morale* (1684); *Entretien sur la Metaphysique et la Religion* (1688); *Traité de l' Amour de Dieu* (1689); *Entretien d' un Philosophe Chrétien et d' un Philosophe Chinois sur l' Existence et la Nature de Dieu* (1708), and *Reflexions sur la Prémotion Physique* (1715).

WHAT IS MEANT BY IDEAS.

I suppose that everyone will grant that we perceive not the objects that are without us immediately and of themselves. We see the sun, the stars, and infinite other objects without us; and it is not probable that the soul goes out of the body, and fetches a walk, as I may say, about the heavens, to contemplate all the objects therein.

It sees them not therefore by themselves, and the immediate object of the mind, when it beholds the sun, for example, is not the sun, but something intimately united to the soul; and that same thing is what I call our "idea." So that by the term *idea* I mean nothing but that object which is immediate, or next, to the soul in its perception of anything.

It ought to be well observed that in order to the mind's perceiving any object it is absolutely necessary the idea of that object be actually present to it: which is so certain as not possibly to be doubted of. But it is not necessary there should be anything without like to that idea; for it often happens that we perceive things which do not exist, and which never were in nature. And so a man has frequently in his mind real ideas of things that never were. When a man, for instance, imagines a golden mountain, it is indispensably necessary that the idea of that mountain should be really present in his mind. When a frantic, or a man in a fever or asleep, sees some terrible animal before his eyes, it is certain that the idea of that animal really exists. And yet that mountain of gold and this animal never were in being.

Notwithstanding, men being, as it were, naturally inclined to believe that corporeal objects exist, judge of the reality and existence of things quite otherwise than they ought. For when they perceive an object by way of sense, they will have it most infallibly to exist, though it often happens that there is nothing of it without; they will have, moreover, this object to be just the same as they perceive it; which yet never happens. But as for the idea which necessarily exists, and cannot be otherwise than we see it, they commonly judge, without reflection, that it is nothing at all: as if ideas had not a vast number of properties (as that the idea of a square, for instance, were not very different from that of any number), and did not represent quite different things! Which is not consistent with *nothing*, since nothing has no property. It is therefore undoubtedly certain that ideas have a most real existence. But let us inquire into their nature and their essence, and see what there is in

our soul capable of making to her the representations of all things.

Whatever things the soul perceives are only of two sorts, and are either within or without the soul. Those that are within the soul are its own proper thoughts; that is, all its different modifications. For by the words "thought," "manner of thinking," or "modifications of the soul," I mean all those things in general which cannot be in the soul without her perceiving them; such are her own sensations, her imaginations, her pure intellections, or simply her conceptions, as also her passions and natural inclinations. Now our soul has no need of ideas to perceive all these things, because they are within the soul, or, rather, because they are the very soul itself, in such or such a manner: just as the real rotundity of any body and its motion are nothing but the body figured and translated, after such or such a sort.

But as to the things without the soul, we can have no perception of them but by the means of ideas, upon supposition that these things cannot be intimately united to it; and they are of two sorts, *Spiritual* and *Material;* as to the Spiritual, there is some probability they may be discovered to the soul without ideas, immediately by themselves. For though experience certifies us that we cannot, by an immediate communication, declare our thoughts to one another, but only by words and other sensible signs whereunto we have annexed our ideas: yet we may say that God has ordained this kind of economy only for the time of this life, to prevent the disorders that might at present happen if men should understand one another as they pleased. But when justice and order shall reign, and we shall be delivered from the captivity of our body, we shall possibly communicate our thoughts by the intimate union of ourselves, as it is probable the angels may do in heaven. So that there seems to be no absolute necessity of admitting ideas for the representing things of a spiritual nature, since it is possible for them to be seen by themselves, though in a very dark and imperfect manner.— *The Search After Truth.*

MALLARMÉ, STÉPHANE, a French poet; born at Paris, March 2, 1842; died there September 9, 1898. Most of his life was passed as an instructor in English at the Lycée Fontanes of Paris. He is known as the founder of the curious poetic school of the "Décadents," in whose organ, *Le Décadent,* as well as in *Le Parnasse Contemporain,* he published much. Incomprehensibility appears to have been the object of his study, and he entirely attained it in his preface to an edition (1880) of Beckford's *Vathek.* Others of his works are *L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune* (1876); *Petite Philologie* (1878); *Les Dieux Antiques* (1880); *Poésies* (1887), a translation of Poe's poems (1888), perhaps his most satisfactory performance; and *Vers et Prose* (1893).

IN AUTUMN.

Since Maria has left me for another star — which one, Orion, Altaïr, or is it thou, green Venus?— I have always cherished solitude. How many long days have I passed alone with my cat! By *alone,* I mean with no material being; and my cat is a mystic companion, a spirit. I can therefore say that I have passed long days with my cat, and alone, with one of the last authors of the Latin decadence. For since the white creature is no more, strangely and singularly have I loved all that is summed up in that word: fall. Thus, of the year, my favorite season is the last languishing days of summer, that immediately precede autumn; and of the day, the hour that I choose for going forth is when the sun rests before sinking, with rays of yellow brass upon the gray walls, and of red brass upon the window-panes. In the same way the literature from which my spirit seeks a sad voluptuousness will be the agonizing poetry of the last moments of Rome, so long, however, as it in

nowise betrays the rejuvenating approach of the Barbarians, and does not lisp the infantile Latin of the first Christian prose.

I was therefore reading one of those dear poems (whose scaling enamel has more charm for me than the carnation of youth), and had plunged a hand in the fur of the pure animal, when a barrel-organ began to sing languishingly and mournfully under my window. It played in the long walk of poplars, whose leaves seem to me yellow, even in summer, since Maria has passed there with tapers for the last time. The instrument of those that are sad, yes, truly; the piano scintillates, the violin opens light to the torn soul, but the barrel-organ, in the dusk of memory, has made me despairingly dream. Now that it was murmuring a joyously vulgar tune, that made the heart of the faubourgs grow merry, a superannuated and hackneyed tune, whence came it that its flourishes lured me to dreams and made me weep like a romantic ballad? I imbibed it slowly, and I refrained from throwing a penny out of the window, for fear of making a movement and of finding that the instrument was not singing of itself.

IN WINTER.

That timepiece of Saxony, that delays and rings thirteen hours among its flowers and its gods, to whom has it belonged? Me thinks that it came from Saxony by the slow stage-coaches, of yore.

(Singular shadows hang from the tarnished panes.)

And thy Venetian mirror, deep as a cool fountain in its frame of ungilt chimeras, whom has it reflected? I am sure that more than one woman has bathed in its water the sin of her beauty; and perchance I might see a naked ghost if I looked long enough.

"Mischievous one, thou often sayest wicked things." . . .

(I see spider-webs high up on the great windows.)

Our coffer is very old; behold how the fire reddens its sad wood-work; the deadened curtains are as old as it, and the tapestry of the arm-chairs whose colors have grown dim, and the ancient engravings on the walls, and all our olden furniture. Seemeth it not to thee, indeed, that the bengalis and the bluebird have lost their tints with time?

(Do not think of the spider-webs that tremble high up on the great windows.)

Thou lovest all those things, and that is why I can live near thee. Hast thou not desired, O my sister whose eyes look out from the past, that in one of my poems should appear these words, "the grace of faded things?" New objects displease thee; thee also do they frighten with their shrieking boldness, and thou wouldst feel the need of using them — a difficult task for those who do not relish action.

Come, close thine old German almanac, which thou readest with attention, although it appeared more than a hundred years ago, and the kings that it announces are all dead; and throwing myself on the ancient carpet, my head cradled between thy charitable knees on thy dress of dim colors, O tranquil child, I will talk to thee for hours; there are no more fields, and the streets are empty, and I will talk to thee of our furniture. Thou art absent-minded?

(Those spider-webs shake high on the great windows.)

MALLOCK, WILLIAM HURRELL, an English essayist and poet; born in Devonshire in 1849. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where in 1871 he gained the Newdigate Prize by a poem on *The Isthmus of Suez*. He has published

The New Republic (1876), parts of which had appeared in *Belgravia; The New Paul and Virginia* (1877); *Is Life Worth Living?* (1879), printed in parts in the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century; Poems* (1880); *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century* and *Poems* (1881); *Social Equality, a Study in a Missing Science* (1882), mostly from the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century; Property and Progress* (1884), from the *Quarterly Review; Atheism and the Value of Life, or Five Studies in Contemporary Literature* (1885); a novel, *The Old Order Changes* (1886); *A Human Document* (1892); *In an Enchanted Island* (1892); *Labor and the Popular Welfare* (1893); *Verses* (1893); *Studies of Contemporary Superstition* (1895); *The Heart of Life* (1895); *The Individualist* (1899); and *The Veil of the Temple* (1904).

AN ADVANCED SERMON.

This, then, is the great point to be borne in mind — viz., that God had been preparing the way for the coming of Christ long before He sent "Elias, which was for to be." Neither John Baptist, no, nor One greater than John, was left by God (as the children of Israel were left by Pharaoh) to gather straw himself to make bricks. The materials were all prepared ready to their hands by their Heavenly Father. And so, let us be especially and prayerfully on our guard against considering Christianity as having come into the world at once, ready-made, so to speak, by our Saviour, as a body of theological doctrines. Any honest study of history will show us that the Apostles received no such system; that our Lord himself never made any claim to the various characters with which subsequent thought invested Him; and that to attribute such claims to Him would be an anachronism, of which He would himself have scarcely understood the meaning. If we only clear

our eyes of any false theological glamour, a very slight study of the inspired writers will at once show us this. We shall see how uncertain and shifting at first everything was. We shall see what a variety of conflicting opinions the early Church entertained even upon the most fundamental subjects — such, for instance, as the identity of the God of the Old Testament with the God of the New, which was denied by a large number of early Christians; we shall see how widely divergent were the systems of Jewish and Pauline Christianity, and how discrepant and tentative the accounts given by St. Paul and by the author of the Fourth Gospel of the mystical nature of Christ, whom they tried to identify with different mysterious potencies supposed by the Jewish-Alexandrian philosophers to be co-existent with God. And if we pursue the history of the Church a little farther, we shall find many more things to startle us. We shall find, for instance, the most renowned apologist of early Catholic times a materialist, holding the materiality not of the soul of man only, but of God also. "*Nihil enim*" — these are this Father's words — "*si non corpus. Omni quod est, corpus est.*" Thus we see that difference of opinion about the dogmas of religion is nothing new. It existed in the Jewish Church; the phenomenon was only prolonged by Christianity. Later Judaism and primitive Christianity were both made up of a variety of systems, all honestly and boldly thought out, differing widely from each other, and called by the honorable appellation of heresies: and of these, let me remind you, it is the glory of the Church of England to be composed likewise. . . . Seeing, then, that this is the state of the case, we should surely learn henceforth not to identify Christianity with anything that science can assail, or even question. Let us say, rather, that nothing is or can be essential to the religion of Christ which, when once stated, can be denied without absurdity. If we can only attain to this conception, we shall see truly that this our faith is indeed one that no man taketh away from us. — *The New Republic.*

MALORY, Sir Thomas, an English romancer of the fifteenth century; supposed to have been born about 1430; died some time after 1470. Bale says that he was occupied with affairs of state, but definite information as to Sir Thomas Malory's life and the manner of his death has been unattainable until the recent discovery of his last will and testament in England. This document, taken in connection with the words in the *Morte d' Arthur* in which he records the completion of his work, would seem to point to his death on the block, a victim of the fierce hatred engendered by the Wars of the Roses, then raging in England. A brilliant article in a recent English review presents corroborative evidence, gathered with immense labor, zeal, and learning, and it may be, we think, regarded as fairly established that one of the finest intellects of any age was cut off prematurely in the savage butchery of political ambitions and hatreds that devastated England for sixty years. Caxton tells us that the *Morte d' Arthur* was translated into English by Sir Thomas, but that it was divided into twenty-one books and chaptered by himself. Malory's description of himself as "the servant of Jesu both day and night," might be taken to mean that he was a priest, were it not for the fact that mediæval writers make frequent use of pious expressions in connection with themselves. In another place he speaks of himself as a knight.

The sources of his book are found in *Romance of Merlin; La Morte Arthure; Romance of Lancelot; Adventures of Gareth; Romance of Tristan.* Tennyson's *Idylls of the King,* William Morris's *Defence of*

Guinevere, Swinburne's *Tristram of Lyonesse,* and Matthew Arnold's *Death of Tristram* were all suggested by Malory's book.

SIR PERCIVAL.

But this knyght that foughte with Syre Percyval was a proved knyght and a wyse fyghting knyghte, and syre Percyvale was younge and stronge, not knowyng in fyghtyng as the other was. Thenne syre Percyvale spake fyrste and sayd syre knyght hold thy hand a whyle stille, for we have fougten for a symple mater and quarel over longe, and therefore I requyre thee tell me thy name, for I was never or this tyme matched. Soo god me help, sayd that knyghte, and never or this tyme was there never knyght that wounded me soo sore as thow hast done, and yet have I foughten in many batails, and now shalt thou wete that I am a knyghte of the table round, and my name is Syre Ector de marys broder unto the good knyghte syr launcelot due lake. Allas said syr Percyval and my name is syr Percyval de galys that hath made my quest to seke syr launcelot, and now I am seker that I shall never fynysshe my quest, for ye have slayne me with your handes. It is not soo said Syre Ector, for I am slayne by yoore handes, therefore I requyre you ryde ye here by to a pryory, and brynge me a preest that I may receyve my Saveour, for I may not lyve. Alas said syre Percyval that never will be, for I am so faynte for bledyne that I maye unnethe stande, how shold I thenne take my hors.

Thenne they made both grete dole out of mesure, this wille not avayle said sire Percyval. And thenne he kneled downe and made his prayer devoutely unto al myghty Jhesu, for he was one of the best knyghtes of the world that at that tyme was, in whome the veray feythe stode moost in. Ryght soo there came by, the holy vessel of the Sancgreal with alle maner of swetness and savour, but they coude not redyly see who that bare that vessel, but syre Percyval had a glemerynge of the vessel, and of the mayden that bare it, for she was a parfyte clene mayden, and forth with al they bothe

were as hole of hide and lymme as ever they were in their lyf dayes. Thenne they gef thankynges to god with grete myldenesse. O Jhesu said syre Percyval, what maye this meane. I wote ful wel said syre Ector what it is. It is an holy vessel that is borne by a mayden, and therein is parte of the holy blood of oure lord Jhesu crist blessid mote he be, but it may not been sene said syr Ector, but yf it be by a parfyte man. Soo god help me said syr Percyval I sawe a damoysel as me thoughte alle in whyte with a vessel in both her handes, and forth with al I was hole.—*From La Morte d' Arthur.*

MALTHUS, Thomas Robert, an English political economist; born at Albury, Surrey, February 17, 1766; died at Bath, December 23, 1834. In 1784 he entered Jesus College, Cambridge, where he became one of the foremost classical scholars. In 1797 he received a Fellowship, was admitted to holy orders, and divided his time between his studies at the University and the care of a small parish in Surrey. In 1805 he married, and was appointed Professor of History and Political Economy in the East India College at Haileybury, a position which he held until his death. He wrote *Observations on the Effects of the Corn Laws* (1814); *An Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent* (1815); *Principles of Political Economy* (1820); *Definitions in Political Economy* (1827), and several other works of a kindred character. But his most notable work is the *Essay on the Principle of Population as It Affects the Future Improvement of Society* (1798). He attracted public attention to this work by laying down the somewhat novel principle that population tends to increase in

geometrical progression, and that food and other necessaries of life can only be produced by arithmetical progression. His principles were approved by many statesmen and political economists, and it is only due to the memory of Malthus to say that his one method of solving the surplus population question was moral self-restraint, and that he was in nowise responsible for the immoral theories that are popularly connected with his name. He made a tour of several countries of Europe in search of material to support his theory, and published further editions of his essay in 1802 and 1826. The main idea of the theory is here set forth:

POPULATION AND MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE.

It has been observed by Dr. Franklin that there is no bound to the prolific nature of plants or animals but what is made by their crowding and interfering with each other's means of subsistence. This is uncontrovertibly true. Through the animal and vegetable kingdoms nature has scattered the seeds of life abroad with the most profuse and liberal hand, but has been comparatively sparing in the room and the nourishment necessary to rear them. The germs of existence contained in this earth, if they could freely develop themselves, would fill millions of worlds in the course of a few thousand years. Necessarily that imperious, all-pervading law of nature restrains them within the prescribed bound. The race of plants and the race of animals shrink under this great restrictive law; and man cannot by any efforts of reason escape from it.

In plants and irrational animals the view of the subject is simple. They are all impelled by a powerful instinct to the increase of their species; and this instinct is interrupted by no doubts about providing for their offspring. Wherever, therefore, there is liberty, the power of increase is exerted; and the superabundant effects are repressed afterward by want of room and

nourishment. The effects of this check on man are more complicated. But as by that law of our nature which makes food necessary to the life of man, population can never increase beyond the lowest nourishment capable of supporting it, a strong check on population from the difficulty of acquiring food must be constantly in operation.

That population has this constant tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence, and that it is kept to its necessary level by these causes, will appear from a review of the different states of society in which man has existed. But before we proceed to this review, the subject will perhaps be seen in a clearer light if we endeavor to ascertain what would be the natural increase of population if left to extend itself with perfect freedom; and what might be expected to be the rate of increase in the productions of the earth under the most favorable conditions of human industry.

It may safely be pronounced that population, when unchecked, goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years — or increases in geometrical ratio. The rate according to which the productions of the earth may be supposed to increase it will not be so easy to determine. Of this, however, we may be certain, that the ratio of the increase must be totally of a different nature from the ratio of the increase of population. A thousand millions are just as easily doubled every twenty-five years by the power of procreation as a thousand. But the food to support the increase of the greater number will by no means be obtained with the same facility. Man is necessarily confined in room. When acre has been added to acre till all the fertile land is occupied, the yearly increase of food must depend upon the melioration of the land already in possession. But population — could it be supplied with food — would go on with unexhaustible vigor; and the increase of one period would furnish the power of a greater increase the next — and this without any limit.

If it be allowed that, by the best possible policy, and greatest encouragement to agriculture, the average produce of Great Britain could be doubled in the first twenty-

five years, it will be allowing, probably, a greater increase than could with reason be expected. Let us suppose that the yearly additions which might be made to the former average produce, instead of decreasing, were to remain the same; and that the produce of this island might be increased every twenty-five years by a quantity equal to what it at present produces, in a few centuries it would make every acre of land in the island like a garden. This may be fairly pronounced, therefore, that, considering the present average state of the earth, the means of subsistence, under circumstances the most favorable to human industry, could not possibly be made to increase faster than in an arithmetical ratio. The necessary effects of these different rates of increase, when brought together, will be very striking.

Let us call the present (A.D. 1800) population of Great Britain eleven millions; and suppose the present produce equal to the easy support of such a number. In the first twenty-five years the population would be twenty-two millions, and, the food being also doubled, the means of subsistence would be equal to the increase. In the next twenty-five years the population would be forty-four millions, and the means of subsistence equal to the support of thirty-three millions. In the next period the population would be eighty-eight millions, and the means of subsistence just equal to half that number. And at the conclusion of a century the population would be one hundred and seventy-six millions, and the means of subsistence only equal to the support of fifty-five millions; leaving a population of one hundred and twenty-one millions totally unprovided for.

Taking the whole earth, instead of the island of Great Britain, emigration would of course be excluded, and supposing the present population equal to one thousand millions, the human species would increase as the numbers 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256; and the subsistence as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. So that in two centuries the population would be to the means of subsistence as 256 to 9; in three centuries as 4,096 to 13; and in two thousand years the difference would be almost incalculable.

In this supposition no limits whatever are placed to the products of the earth. It may increase forever, and be greater than any assignable quantity; yet still the power of propagation being in every period so much superior, the increase of the human species can only be kept down to the level of the means of subsistence by the constant operation of the strong law of necessity, acting as a check upon the greater power.— *Essay on Population.*

MANDEVILLE, Sir John, an English traveler and romancer; born at St. Albans, Hertfordshire, about 1300; died in 1372. He seems to have been well versed in all the knowledge of his time — theology, natural philosophy, and medicine. In 1322 he began a long tour in the East, under favor of the Sultan of Egypt, visiting, as he alleged, Palestine, Armenia, Persia, India, and Northern China, though he probably never got farther away from home than Jerusalem. He returned to England about 1355, and wrote an account of his journeyings in Latin; this was translated into French, and afterward into English, in order, as he says, "that every man of my nation may understand it." The title of the English version, printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1499, is as follows: *Voiage and Trawaile, which treateth of the Way to Hierusalem, and Marvayles of Ynde, with other Llands and Countryes.* An edition, for which several manuscripts and various early printed editions were carefully collated, was issued in 1839 by J. O. Halliwell.

Sir John Mandeville is absurdly called the earliest

writer of English prose. In fact, he did not write in English at all, but in French and Latin, and the translators are unknown. His books abounds in marvellous and extravagant stories, partly taken from Pliny, and from mediæval romances, and filled out from the writings of Odoric, Carpini, Boldensele, and other travellers. The Latin versions of his book are said to be delightfully quaint, but wofully inaccurate.

THE RISE OF MOHAMMED.

And ye schull understonde, that Machamote was born in Arabye, that was first a pore knave that kepte cameles, that wenten with marchantes for marchandize; and so befelle that he wente with the marchantes into Egipt; and thei weren thanne cristene in tho partyes. And at the deserts of Araybe he went into a chapelle, where a eremyt duelte. And whan he entered into the chapelle, that was but a lytille and low thing, and had but a lytyl dore and a low, than the entree began to wexe so gret, and so large, and so high, as though it hadde been of a gret mynstre or the gate of a paleys. And this was the first myracle, the Sarazins seyn, that Machomete dide in his youthe. Aftere began he to wex wyse and ryche, and he was a grete astronomer.

In the following passage the spelling only has been modified.

THE SULTAN'S OPINION OF THE CHRISTIANS.

And therefore I shall tell you what the Soudan told me upon a day in his chamber: He let voiden out of his chamber all manner of men, lords and other; for he would speak with me in counsel. And there he asked me how the Christian men governed them in our country. And I said him, Right well, thanked be God. And he said me, Truly, nay; for ye Christian men ne reckon not right how truly to serve God. Ye should give ensample to

the lewd people for to do well, and ye give them ensample to do evil. For the commons, upon festival day, when they should go to church to serve God, then go they to taverns, and ben there in gluttony, all the day and all night, and eat and drink, as beasts that have no reason, and wot not when they have enow.

And therewithal they ben so proud that they know not how to ben clothed — now long now short, now strait, now large, now sworded, now daggered, and in all manner guises. They shoulde ben simple, meek, and true and full of alms-deed, as Jesu was, in whom they trow; but they ben all the contrary, and inclined to the evil, and to done evil. And they ben so covetous that for a little silver they sellen their daughters, their sisters, and their own wives to putten them to lechery. And one withdraweth the wife of another; and none of them holdeth faith to another, but they defoulen their law, that Jesus Christ betook them to keep for their salvation.

And thus for their sins have they lost all this land that we holden. For their sins here hath God taken them in our hands, not only by strength of ourself but for their sins. For we knowen well in very sooth that when ye serve God, God will help you, and when he is with you no man may be against you. And that know we well by our prophecies, that Christian men shall winnen this land again out of our hands, when they serven God more devoutly.

And then I asked him how he knew the state of Christian men. And he answered me that he knew all the state of the commons also by his messengers; that he sent to all lands, in manner as they were merchants of precious stones, of clothes, of gold, and of other things, for to knowen the manner of every country amongst Christian men. And then he let clepe in all the lords that he made voiden first out of his chamber; and there he shewed me four that were great lords in the country, that tolden me of my country, and of many other Christian countries, as well as if they had been of the same country; and they spake French right well, and the Soudan also.

MANGAN, James Clarence, an Irish poet; born at Dublin, May 1, 1803; died there, June 20, 1849. At fifteen he obtained a situation in a scrivener's office, which he held seven years, when he became a solicitor's clerk. He was for a time employed in the library of the Dublin University and acquired great learning. In his later years he fell into a state of extreme destitution, and died in a public hospital. He attained great proficiency in modern languages, and a volume of his translations from the German was issued in 1845, under the title *Anthologia Germanica.* His most famous poem is *Dark Rosaleen,* a musical and mystic celebration of the charms and wrongs of Ireland. An edition of his *Poems* was published in New York in 1870, edited by John Mitchel, who in his biographical preface says: "Of him it may be said that he lived solely in his poetry; all the rest was but a ghastly death in life."

A good example of Mangan's powers of versification is found in one of Goethe's minor poems, entitled *A Song from the Coptic.* Here is a stanza:

> Quarrels have long been in vogue among sages,
> Still, though in many things wranglers and rancorous;
> All the philosopher scribes of all ages
> Join una voce on one point to anchor us.
> Here is the gist of their mystified pages —
> Here is the wisdom they purchased with gold:
> Children of light leave this world to its mulishness,
> Things to their natures and fools to their foolishness;
> Granite was hard in the quarries of yore.

The lament for the Princess of Tyrone and Tyrconnell entitled *Oh, Woman of the Piercing Wail,* is one

of the finest Irish monodies extant. It is from the Gaelic, and reviews in passionate strains *The Flight of the Earls,* their death and burial in Montorro, Rome, where they await the resurrection. But there is a delightful vein of sarcasm in the *Woman of Three Cows* — there is an exquisitely playful humor in it, and it brings forth a new phase of Mangan's many-sided imaginations.

O woman of three cows agrah, why do your tongue thus rattle:
O don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen — and here's my hand to you — I only say what's true,
A many a one with twice your stock's not half so proud as you.

. . . . . .

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows.
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, O woman of three cows.

A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century and *The Sawmill*, weird, gloomy and sorrowful productions, can only receive a passing notice here. As by a turn of the kaleidoscope, we come to the beauties of Mangan ascribed to the Coptic, Arabic and other Oriental tongues. Whether Mangan knew any of the languages is an open question; where he found his inspiration no one knows; but it is an undisputed fact that Orientalists pronounce them perfect in conception, beautiful in thought and faultless in ex-

pression, as well as intellectual in finish. The last of the princes of the Barmac family, old and bereft, mourns his fate in *The Barmecides,* a translation from the Arabic:

My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,
I am bowed with the weight of years;
And I wish I were down in my house of clay,
With my long-lost youth's compeers.
For back to the past, though the thoughts bring woe,
My memory ever glides —
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
To the time of the Barmecides.
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
To the time of the Barmecides.

. . . . . .

I see rich Bagdad once again,
With its turrets of Moorish mold;
And the Khalif's twice five hundred men,
Whose vinishes flamed with gold;
And a barb as fiery as any, I trow,
Where the Khoord or Bedaween rides;
Ere my friends lay low, long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides;
Ere my friends lay low, long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

In his poem ascribed to the Ottoman, and entitled *The Wail of the Three Khalendeers,* besides the charm of expression there is a depth of exquisite drollery, subtle and fascinating. One verse will suffice as an illustration:

La-laha — il Allah!
Blithe as birds we flew along,
Laughed and quaffed and stared about,
Wine and roses, mirth and song,
Were what most we cared about.

Fame we left for quacks to seek,
Gold was dust and dross for us;
While we lived from week to week —
Boating down the Bosphorus.
La-laha — il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus,
The gold was dust and dross for us,
While we lived from week to week,
A-boating down the Bosphorus.

THE NAMELESS ONE.

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea:
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee.

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whit'ning
Amid the last home of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sent to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how — trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease and wrong —
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song —

With song which always, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning-beam —
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid —
A mountain-stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for long years
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears,
Long for even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

Till spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for him
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

MANNING, Henry Edward, an English cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church; born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, July 15, 1808; died at Westminster, January 14, 1892. He was the youngest son of William Manning, who was a West India merchant. In 1822 he entered Harrow, and, in 1827, Balliol College, Oxford. In 1832 he was made a fellow of Merton, Oxford, and the same year admitted to orders in the Church of England, and immediately took a curacy under the Rev. John Sargent, the evangelical rector of Woollavington-cum-Graffham, Sussex. The rector, Mr. Sargent, dying soon after, he was on June 10, 1833, instituted to the rectory of Woollavington, and the following September to that of Graffham. In 1840 he was made Archdeacon of Chichester. He continued to be a leader of the High Church party until 1848, when after having spent some time in Rome he found himself in opposition to the Established Church. He resigned his archdeaconry in 1850 and was ordained a Roman Catholic priest in 1851, and was made a D.D. by the Pope in 1854. With the sanction of the Pope he founded the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles, an organization of secular priests, modelled after that of St. Charles of Borromeo in the sixteenth century, and he was installed as Superior of it at Bayswater in 1857. On the death of Cardinal Wiseman, February 15, 1865, he was appointed Archbishop of Westminster, and was created a cardinal March 31, 1875. He was a leading light in all the Roman Catholic movements of England, organized many parochial schools, was a warm supporter of the temperance cause, established many benevolent

CARDINAL MANNING.

societies among the poor, and was in hearty sympathy with all great reforms.

Among his many works are *Unity of the Church* (1842); *Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost* (1865); *Temporal Power of the Pope* (1866); *England and Christendom* (1867); *Rome and the Revolution* (1867); *The Ecumenical Council and the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff* (1869); *The Four Great Evils of the Day* (1871); *The Fourfold Sovereignty of God* (1871); *The Dæmon of Socrates* (1872); *Essays on Religion and Literature* (1874–75); *The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost* (1875); *The True Story of the Vatican Council* (1877); *The Catholic Church and Modern Society* (1880); *The Eternal Priesthood* (1883), and *The Independence of the Holy See* (1887). *Characteristics,* selections from his latest writings, compiled by W. S. Lilly, was published in 1885.

OUR DEBT TO THE DEAD.

The saints, by their intercession and their patronage, unite us with God. They watch over us, they pray for us, they obtain graces for us. Our guardian angels are round about us: they watch over and protect us. The man who has not piety enough to ask their prayers must have a heart but little like to the love and veneration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But there are other friends of God to whom we owe a debt of piety. They are those who are suffering beyond the grave, in the silent kingdom of pain and expiation, in the dark and yet blessed realm of purification; that is to say, the multitudes who pass out of this world, washed in the Precious Blood, perfectly absolved of all guilt of sin, children and friends of God, blessed souls, heirs of the kingdom of heaven, all but saints, nevertheless they are not yet altogether purified for His kingdom. They are there detained — kept back from His presence — until

their expiation is accomplished. You and I, and every one of us, will pass through that place of expiation. Neither you nor I are saints, nor on earth ever will be; therefore, before we can see God we must be purified by pain in that silent realm. But those blessed souls are friends of God next after His saints, and in the same order they ought to be an object of our piety; that is, of our love and compassion, of our sympathy and our prayers. They can do nothing now for themselves. therefore it is our duty to help them. There may be father and mother, brother and sister, friend and child, whom you have loved as your own life — they may now be there. Have you forgotten them? Have you no pity for them now, no natural piety, no spirit of love for them? Look back upon those who made your home in your early childhood, the light of whose faces you can still see shining in your memories, and the sweetness of whose voice is still in your ears — do you forget them because they are no longer seen?" Is it, indeed, "out of sight out of mind?" What an impiety of heart is this! — *Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost.*

MANRIQUE, JORGE, a Spanish soldier and poet; born about 1450; died in 1479. His principal poem was written on the death of his father, Rodrigo Manrique, Count of Paredes, who died in 1476, and whose name constantly occurs in the history of his time. This poem, of about five hundred lines, is called, with a simplicity and directness worthy of its own character, the *Coplas de Manrique* — the 'Stanzas of Manrique' — as if it needed no more distinctive name." This elegiac poem consists of eighty-four *Coplas*, or Stanzas, of which about one-third are here given, as translated by Longfellow:

THE COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

I.

Oh, let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened and awake,
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

III.

Onward its course the Present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The Past and Future in their flight
Would be as one.

V.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave!

VI.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal; side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

X

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race;
We reach the goal

When in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

XIII.

Behold, of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase.
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

XIV.

Time steals them from us, chances strange,
Disastrous accident and change,
That come to all.
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of Fate;
The strongest fall.

XXX.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled.
Our themes shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

From the consideration of the transitory nature of earthly enjoyment in general, the poet goes on to touch briefly upon the fate of the great personages of olden times; and then comes down to the men who had played a great part in the affairs of his own country and age.

XXXI.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where
Each royal Prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?

Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

XXXII.

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume?
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

XXXIII.

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire and jewelled hair
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flames
Low at their feet?

XXXIV.

Where is the song of troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old?
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

XLV.

So many a Duke of royal name,
Marquis and Count of spotless fame,
And Baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

XLVI.

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,

O Death! thy stern and angry face?
One stroke of the all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

The poet now comes to speak of his father, to commemorate whom is the main object of the elegy, which at the close rises to a pæan:

LIII.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As virtue's son:
Roderic Manrique — he whose name
Is written on the scroll of fame,
Spain's champion.

LV.

To friends a friend: how kind to all
The vassals of his ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foe how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

LXVI.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest Knight of chivalry;
Knight of the Sword.

LXIX.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;
When he had served with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

LXX.

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,

LXXI.

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care,
With joyful mien.
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray—
The closing scene."

LXXX

"My soul is ready to depart:
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

LXXXI.

"O Thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to Thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

LXXXII.

"And in that form did suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently:
By Thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
Oh, pardon me!"

LXXXIII.

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye,
So soft and kind;

LXXXIV.

His soul to Him Who gave it rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet
Bright, radiant, blest.

MANZONI, Alessandro Francesco Tommaso Antonio, an Italian poet and novelist; born at Milan, March 7, 1785; died there May 22, 1873. He was educated at Merate, Lugano, and Pavia. He early wrote sonnets and other poetical compositions. On the death of his father, in 1805, he went to Paris to reside with his mother. In 1807 he published a poem, *Urania.* Under the influence of a literary coterie with which he was associated, he had imbibed atheistic opinions, but not long afterward he became a devout Roman Catholic, and published, in 1810, *Inni Sacri,* a volume of poems on the Nativity, the Passion, the Resurrection, the Pentecost, and the Name of Mary. His tragedy *Il Conte di Carmagnola* (1819) called forth severe criticisms on account of its violations of classical canons, but it was warmly praised by Goethe. His great work of historical fiction, *I*

Promessi Sposi (The Betrothed Lovers), appeared in 1825–27. It was pronounced by Sir Walter Scott "the finest novel ever written." It has been well translated into English.

DEEP-LAID PLANS.

After the departure of the friar, the three friends remained some time silent; Lucia, with a sorrowful heart, preparing the dinner; Renzo irresolute, and changing his position every moment, to avoid the sight of her mournful face, yet without heart to leave her; Agnese, apparently intent upon the reel she was winding, though, in fact, she was deliberating upon a plan. Finally she broke the silence with these words:

"Listen, my children. If you have as much courage and dexterity as is required: if you will trust your mother" (this 'your mother,' addressed to both, made Lucia's heart bound within her), "I will undertake to get you out of this difficulty, better, perhaps, and more quickly than Father Cristofero, though he is such a man."

Lucia stopped, and looked at her mother with a face more expressive of wonder than of confidence in so magnificent a promise; and Renzo hastily exclaimed, "Courage? dexterity? — tell me, tell me what can we do?"

"If you were married," continued Agnese, "it would be the great difficulty out of the way — wouldn't it? and couldn't we easily find a remedy for all the rest?"

"Is there any doubt?" said Renzo; "if we were married — one may live anywhere; and at Bergamo, not far from here, a silk-weaver would be received with open arms. You know how often my cousin Bortolo has wanted me to go and live with him, that I might make a fortune as he has done; and if I have never listened to him, it is, you know, because my heart was here. Once married we would all go thither together, and live in blessed peace out of this villain's reach, and far from the temptation to do a rash deed. Isn't it true, Lucia?"

"Yes," said Lucia: "but how?"

"As I have told you," replied Agnese. "Be bold and expert, and the thing is easy."

"Easy!" at the same moment exclaimed the two lovers, to whom it had become so strangely and sadly difficult.

"Easy, if you know how to go about it," replied Agnese. "Listen attentively to me, and I will try to make you understand. [...] I have heard say by people who ought to know, and I have seen it myself in one case, that to solemnize a marriage a curate, of course, is necessary, but not his good-will or consent; it is enough if he is present."

"How can this be?" asked Renzo.

"Listen, and you shall hear. There must be two witnesses, sturdy and well agreed. They must go to the priest, the point is to take him by surprise, that he mayn't have time to escape. The man says, 'Signor Curate, this is my wife;' the woman says, 'Signor Curate, this is my husband.' It is necessary that the curate and the witnesses hear it, and then the marriage is just as valid and sacred as if the Pope had blessed it. When once the words are spoken the curate may fret and fume and storm, but it will do no good: you are man and wife."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Lucia.

"What!" said Agnese, "do you think I have learned nothing in the forty years I was in my world before you? The thing is just as I tell you."

"But why, then, mother," said Lucia, in her usual gentle manner, "why didn't this plan come into Father Cristoforo's mind?"

"Into his mind!" replied Agnese; "do you think it didn't come into his mind? But he wouldn't speak of it."

"Why?" demanded Renzo, full of fears.

"Because — because, if you must know it, the friars think that it is not exactly a proper thing."

"How can it be?" exclaimed Renzo, "and being well done when it is done?" said Renzo.

"How can I tell you?" replied Agnese. "Other people have made the law as they pleased, and we poor

people can't understand all. And then, how many things — See; it is like giving a Christian a blow. It isn't right, but when it is once given, not even the Pope can recall it."

"If it isn't right," said Lucia, "we ought not to do it."

"What!" said Agnese, "would I give you advice contrary to the fear of God? If it were against the will of your parents, and to marry a rogue — but when I am satisfied, and it is to wed this youth, and he who makes all this disturbance is a villain, and the Signor Curate ——"

"It is as clear as the sun," said Renzo.

"One need not speak to Father Cristofero before doing it," continued Agnese; "but when it is once done and has well succeeded, what do you think the Father will say to you? —'Ah, daughter, it was a sad error, but it is done.' The friars, you know, must talk so. But trust me, in his heart he will be very well satisfied."

Without being able to answer such reasoning, Lucia did not think it appeared very convincing; but Renzo, quite encouraged, said, "Since it is thus, the thing is done."

"Gently," said Agnese. "The witnesses, where are they to be found? Then, how will you manage to get at the Signor Curate, who has been shut up in his house two days? And how make him stand when you do get at him? for though he is weighty enough naturally, I dare venture to say, when he sees you make your appearance in such a guise, he will become as nimble as a cat, and flee like the devil from holy water."

"I have found a way — I've found one," cried Renzo, striking the table with his clinched hand, till he made the dinner-things quiver and rattle with the blow; and he proceeded to relate his design, which Agnese entirely approved.

"It is all confusion," said Lucia; "it is not perfectly honest. Till now we have always acted sincerely; let us go on in faith, and God will help us; Father Cristofero said so. Do listen to his advice."

"Be guided by those who know better than you,"

said Agnese gravely. "What need is there to ask advice? God bids us help ourselves, and then He will help us. We will tell the Father all about it when it is over."

"Lucia," said Renzo, "will you fail me now? Have we not done like all good Christians? Ought we not now to have been man and wife? Didn't the Curate himself fix the day and hour? And whose fault is it if we are now obliged to use a little cunning? No, no; you won't fail me. I am going, and will come back with an answer."

So saying, he gave Lucia an imploring look, and Agnese a very knowing glance, and hastily took his departure.—*I Promessi Sposi.*

MARCHMONT, Arthur William, an English novelist; born at London in 1861. He is the author of many popular novels, including *Miser Hoadley's Secret* (1896); *A Heritage of Peril* (1896); *A Dash for a Throne* (1897); *By Right of Sword* (1897); *In the Name of a Woman* (1899); *For Love or Crown* (1900); *Sarita, the Carlist* (1901); *When I Was Czar* (1902); *The Queen's Advocate* (1903); *By Snare of Love* (1904); and *A Courier of Fortune* (1905).

THE ATTACK ON THE CZAR.

With a succession of whirring, grating, rasping, grinding jerks the train slackened quickly, and in a moment everything was plunged into indescribable commotion. The soldiers on both sides began to close in on the fast stopping train.

"Close ranks round the whole train," I shouted to Sergeant Grostef: and ordered him away to bring up the men as quickly as possible.

But I had made one miscalculation that was nearly proving fatal to everything. When I sprang on the line to stop the train, the rails had not been moved, and even now for some reason they remained in position. I had calculated to cause the train to be stopped so that it would reach the false points at a slow pace, and thus be derailed close to where I stood. I judged that the jerk with which the train would leave the line would be sufficient to bring it to a standstill, but not enough to overturn it; and I should thus be able to get at once to the presence of the Emperor, and tell my story in person at the moment when he would be most affected by the occurrence. But as the rails remained in position — owing probably to the fact that the man operating them had seen that the train had been stopped and deemed it best to do nothing — there was nothing to stay the train's progress except the brakes.

To my horror I saw it pass me with just about sufficient speed to carry it right into the middle of the five men who were waiting there to murder the Emperor.

With a loud shout to the men nearest to me to follow I dashed after it, making sure as I ran in which carriage was the Emperor.

The first of the five men planted himself right in my path, and fired his revolver point-blank at me when I was only three or four paces from him. He missed and then drew his sword to engage me. With scarcely a second's delay I cut down his sword arm and a second slash at his neck as I ran past, sent him reeling down the embankment, all but headless, with the blood spurting from the fearful wounds I had inflicted.

My one thought was now the Emperor; and I saw that the other assassins had discovered him in the train as quickly as I.

One of them stood with a bomb, ready poised in his hand, intending to hurl it right into the carriage. I tore it from him and threw it with all my force over the embankment and then plunged my sword into the villain's heart.

The bomb exploded the instant it touched the ground below, and the effects were perfectly awesome. There

was a prodigious roar; the earth reeled as if under a heavy blow, and a number of the soldiers were thrown to the ground; the train seemed to be shaken bodily: and before the reverberation of the explosion ceased, the splintering of wood and the crashing of glass told of desperate injuries to some of the carriages.

The saloon carriage in which the Czar travelled suffered most, and it was so violently shaken that the windows were broken, the sides split, and the doors jammed.

It was a moment for strong heads; and, thank God, I was able to keep mine.

The three surviving Nihilists were among the first to shake off the effects of the shock, and two of them made instantly for the door of the Czar's carriage.

His Majesty had been at the window and must have seen me tear the bomb from the man's hand; but the shock had driven him away now. Glancing round I saw Sergeant Grostef and one or two more of my men had recovered themselves and were running towards us. Seconds meant lives now; and I dashed forward and sprang upon the steps of the carriage after the two who were striving with might and main to tear the door of the saloon open. It was partly jammed by the effects of the explosion, and was being defended by two men, who to my surprise were His Majesty's only companions in the saloon. I learnt the reason for this afterwards; another instance of the damnable treachery which hedged the Emperor round.

Those inside were like children before the maddened Nihilists; and the door was wrenched open and the Czar's companions shot down but not killed, just as I reached the carriage platform. I shot one of the Nihilists instantly, but I believe the other would have succeeded in his deadly purpose had it not been for Sergeant Grostef who entered the carriage on my heels. He dashed forward and threw himself on the second man and both went to the ground in a fearful struggle.

The Emperor, though as brave as a man could be, was for a moment in complete bewilderment. Caught weaponless and menaced by what seemed certain death, his nerves all unhinged by the explosion, his companions

struck down before his face, he had rushed away in an effort to escape from what looked like a hellish snare, and was seeking to fly by the other door, when the fifth of the murderous crew attacked him with drawn sword. Seeing the man in uniform, the Czar believed that the whole of the guard had mutinied and meant to murder him.

"Is there no one to help me?" he cried, looking round.

"Yes, to hell," growled the man, with a grim quip, as he rushed upon him.

I had dropped my sword in entering the saloon, and my revolver had been dashed out of my hands, so that I could do nothing but fling myself before the Emperor, and give my body to save his.

I dashed in between them, uttering a loud and violent shout, in the hope of attracting the man's attention to me. But he was too grim a devil to be turned from his work; and the only effect of my interference was to impel him to greater efforts.

But he was too late.

Taking a liberty with his Imperial Majesty, which at another time might have cost me my freedom and perhaps my life, I pushed the Emperor violently on one side, and threw myself upon his murderer.

The thrust that was meant for the Emperor passed through my neck, and I rejoiced as I felt the man's steel run into my flesh. I had saved the Emperor's life, even if I had lost my own. Then I called to Grostef as I felt the villain draw out the steel and saw the light of unsated murder lust redden his eyes.

With a desperate effort I seized his blade, and though it cut and gashed my hands through and through as the man tugged and twisted it to wrest it from me, I held on till the villain put his foot against my chest and dragged the weapon away, despite my most desperate effort. Then he drew it back to plunge it into the Czar's heart. But at that moment I saw Grostef's great blade swing in the air with tremendous force, and sever the miscreant's head from his body.

But the Czar was safe: and as I rolled over near

his feet, I rallied all my strength for a last effort and cried:—

"God save your Majesty."

After that I had a dim feeling that good old Grostef and the Emperor were both bending over me trying to stanch the blood that came flowing from my throat and mouth, choking me, from the wound which the villain had meant for the Emperor. But I had saved him and he had seen I had saved him.

"Who is it?" I heard the Czar ask.

"Lieutenant Petrovitch, your Majesty, of the Moscow Infantry Regiment," answered the old soldier.

"Your Majesty, I implore you, take care. You are in an ambush of Nihilist villains," cried some one stepping forward hastily. "I know that man"—pointing to me—"he is the most dare-devil rebel of them all, and has planned this business for your assassination. For God's sake, have a care. This is the most devilish snare that was ever vainly laid."

The Emperor moved away from me quickly and looked in the deepest perplexity from one to another of the group who had now crowded into the carriage.

"That is a strange thing to hear," said His Majesty. "The man has just saved my life at the infinite hazard of his own. You see him. But for him and for this good fellow"—waving a hand toward old Grostef—"the thrust you see there would have been in my heart."

"Yet I pledge myself to prove what I say. You know I do not speak at random. They are probably together in this."

Old Grostef growled out a stiff oath that was lost in his beard and then without releasing my head which was supported on his knee, he brought his hand to the salute and said gruffly:—

"Nihilist or no Nihilist, your Majesty, the lieutenant will soon be a dead man, choked by his own blood, if his wounds are not dressed."

"There will be one traitor the less, then," said the man who had accused me, accompanying the words with a brutal sneer.

"On the contrary, Grand Duke," said the Emperor angrily, "his life is my special care. If he be a traitor it seems to me I should pray to God to grant me thousands of such traitors in my army."

"God save your Majesty, and Amen to that," cried old Grostef, unable to keep his tongue between his teeth at that, and positively trembling in his excitement.

"Silence," said the Emperor. "And now let all haste be made to get on to the city."

"As your Majesty pleases," said the man, whom I guessed was the Grand Duke against whom Prince Bilbassoff had warned me. "I will make good my words, and we will save the life to take it."—*By Right of Sword* (Copyright 1897, by A. W. MARCHMONT).

MARGARET D'ANGOULÊME, or MARGARET OF VALOIS, Queen of Navarre; born at Angoulême, France, April 11, 1492; died at Paris, March 27, 1549. She was the daughter of Charles of Orléans, Duke of Angoulême, and of Louisa of Savoy, and sister of Francis I. She was brought up at the Court of Louis XII. She married Charles IV., last Duke of Alencon, in 1509, who died soon after the battle of Pavia, in 1525. When her brother was sick in a Spanish prison she visited him and petitioned Charles V. in his favor. This devotion greatly endeared her to him, and he styled her his Marguerite des Marguerites. In 1527 she became the wife of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, and her daughter was the mother of Henri IV. She was a patron of agriculture and the useful arts, effected reforms in justice, and promoted culture and civilization. She was fond of reading, and, becoming interested in the

opinions of the Reformers, she befriended Berquin, Stephen Dolet, and Calvin. The poet Marot took refuge with her, and has paid her a fitting tribute in a most beautiful poem. She interceded with her brother, Francis I., for the reformed converts in his territories. She read her Bible in French, and then wrote some mystery-plays on New Testament scenes, which were enacted in her Court. She also wrote a book on divinity, called *Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse* (1533). Although reading her Bible in Greek and Hebrew, she was a rigid Romanist regarding ceremonials. She wrote *l' Heptameron* (1558)), a story on the plan of Boccaccio's *Decameron* and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales.* Lafontaine was influenced by this book in the preparation of his tales. She also wrote *Jehan de Saintré.*

MERRY CONCEITED BRICKLAYER THAT HAD A CURST QUEANE TO HIS WIFE.

"Sissy," [said her mother on her wedding-day] "the day is now come which you have so much longed after; it is twenty years ago since you first wished for a husband, and you were then seventeen or eighteen years of age, so that at this present you want not above two or three, of forty; now if wit went by years, you are old enough to be wise: but I being your mother, besides my many years which might advance my skill, so I have buried four several husbands (the heavens be praised for it!) which hath so much the more confirmed my experience."

[After the marriage.] There dwelt at the very next house a tailor that had a wife, who was sure once a day to measure the breadth of her husband's shoulders with his own mete-yard. Sissy and the tailor's wife grew to be acquainted, and if the tailor and he had not every morning given them money to pay for the simples, it had not been good for them to come that day after in

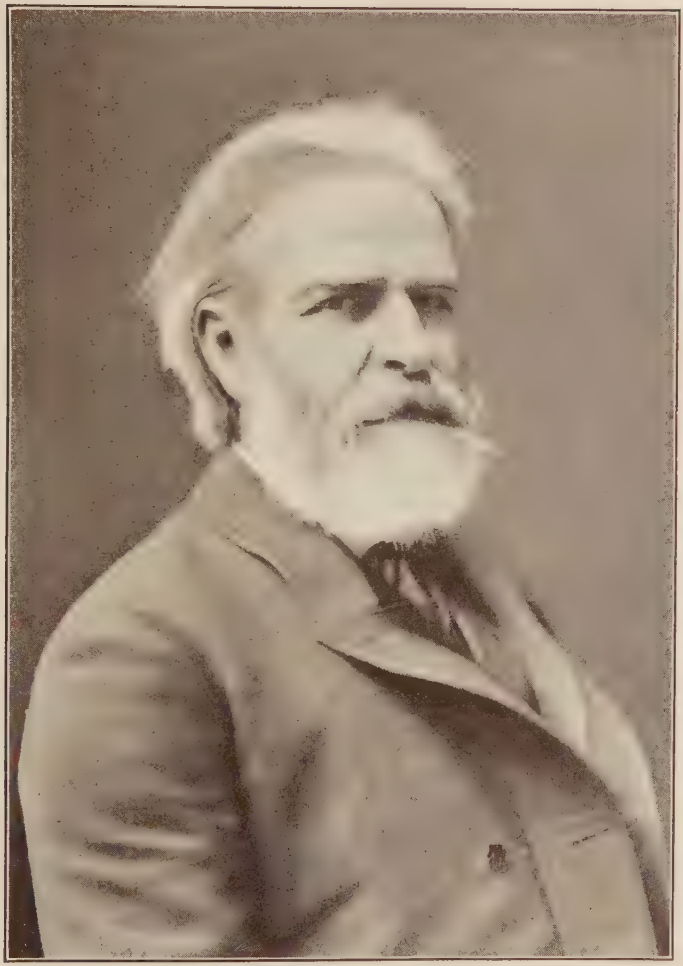
their sights; for the tailor's wife she could handle a mete-yard or a cudgel passing nimbly. But Sissy had gotten the practice of all manner of weapons; and besides that, she had the use of her nails, which she employed many times about my face. She could likewise handle a pair of bellows about my pate, a pair of tongs about my shins, a firebrand sometimes should fly at my head, a ladle full of scalding liquor otherwhiles in my bosom, a three-footed stool, a pot, a candlestick, or anything whatsoever came next her hand, all was one to her, she had learned such a dexterity in the delivery, that they should have come whirling about my ears. But in the end, he devising with himself a remedy for the mischiefs, he found means to be made the constable, hoping that his office would have been a protection to him for a year, and that she durst not have stricken her Majesty's officer. [But the result was different from what he had anticipated.] He was no sooner entered the doors, but forth she comes with her cudgel in her hand, and with such a terrible countenance, that were able to affright any man that should behold it. "Roger," said she, "I have great reason to be displeased with your unkindness toward me, and to beat out that lack of love that causeth you so lightly to regard me." "Sissy," said he, "take heed what you do, for I charge you in the Queen's name that you hold your hands." "No, sure no," said she, "for now you have reserved double punishment: first, you being an officer, if you offer wrong, your punishment must be so much the more grievous; next, you have deserved to be well punished, for the little reverence you have used in the execution of your office, commanding me in the Queen's name to hold my hands, with your cap on your head, nor using any duty or reverence. But, master constable, I will teach you how to use an office: and with that she let fly at his head, shoulders, and arms, and would still cry, "Remember hereafter how you do your office; remember your duty to the Queen, remember how you do command in her Majesty's name, that you put off your cap, and do it with a reverence," and such a number of other remembrances she gave him, as I think, there was never

poor constable before, nor since, so instructed in an office as he was. To tell of many other like remembrances which at other times she bestowed upon him would be but tedious; but the conclusion is, he is now rid of her, she being dead, and he'll keep himself a widower, for her sake, as long as he liveth.—*From Heptameron.*

MARKHAM, EDWIN, an American poet; born at Oregon City, Ore., April 23, 1852. His boyhood was spent on a California ranch, where he was a herder of cattle and sheep. Later he was educated at Santa Rosa College and at the State Normal School at San Jose, Cal. He then devoted himself to educational work and was for a time superintendent of the California public schools. For a number of years he had contributed poems to the magazines, but his work attracted little attention until 1899, when he wrote *The Man with the Hoe*, suggested to him by Millet's picture of the same name. The poem first appeared in the Sunday edition of the San Francisco *Examiner*, and later was published in a collection entitled *The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems* (1899).

Of the original publication of this famous poem, Mr. Markham writes:

"The typewritten manuscript of the finished poem came home to me on New Year's Day, 1899. That evening I went to a gathering of literary friends at Mr. Carroll Carrington's in San Francisco. I was urged to read my ink-wet Man with the Hoe, although I protested that it was too funereal for a New Year's greeting. Mr. Bailey Millard, literary editor of the San



EDWIN MARKHAM.

Francisco Examiner, was present, and when I had done reading he asked to see the thing, and took it all in again with his eyes. The next Sunday I was at his home in the mountains above Saucelito. Then he asked if he might have the poem for the Sunday edition of his paper, saying that the managing editor had commissioned him to get it. At that time I had never published an original poem in a newspaper. But I accepted the offer, as I was pleased to be able to reach a popular audience with this Poem of the People. So the poem was printed January 15 of this year. It was accompanied with a good reproduction of the Millet picture and an appreciative editorial wherein Mr. Millard said kind, bold words concerning the lines."

The Man with the Hoe caused widespread discussion and awakened profound interest as a socialistic document. The author intends the verses not merely as a picture of the peasant, but as "a symbol of the toiler brutalized through long ages of industrial oppression. Mr. Markham conceived the poem while sitting wrapped in thought before Millet's painting.

"Just for an hour looking at it," says the poet, "and all the time the tenor and power of the picture was growing upon me. I saw that this creation of the painter was no mere peasant, no chance man of the fields, but he was rather a type, a symbol of the toiler, brutalized through the long ages of industrial oppression. I saw in this peasant the slow, but awful degradation of man through endless, hopeless and joyless labor. I saw in this peasant betrayed humanity, for Cain, to the contrary notwithstanding, we are all more or less our brother's keeper."

Here are the first and last stanzas of this poem:

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

. . . . . .

O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

"I am a child of the hoe and the furrow, myself," Mr. Markham says. "All my youth was passed on a farm and cattle range, among the hard, severe conditions that go with that life. I enjoyed as a boy the horseback rides and the smell of the furrows was pleasant to me. So when I wrote of *The Man with the Hoe* I wrote to a certain extent out of my own experience.

"I always had a sympathy with all men and women who are doing the hard work of the world. I have always wondered whether the wisdom of the wise would not some day find a way for giving to the workers a greater equality of opportunity in their struggle with the world.

"It always seemed to me that the strong and the wise should not use their God-given powers to exploit or oppress their weaker brethren. This is to me what religion means. This is the principle of a true and practical fraternity, and fraternity is to me the holiest of all words, being at once the essence of all gospels and the fulfilment of all revelations. All religion and all culture should be an effort to bring men into an ever-enlarging realization of the principle of fraternity."

These views he has embodied in this:

BROTHERHOOD.

Of all things beautiful and good,
The kingliest is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
And till it comes, these men are slaves
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man!

The same thought runs through much of his work. It will be found here also:

ARMAGEDDON.

We sit here and whisper and wonder
Of the woes that are coming on earth,
When the stooped, silent toilers in thunder
Shall ask what the ages are worth.

There'll be curses and cries for the reasons,
And a tempest of feet on the stairs;
And kings will turn white in their treasons,
And prelates grow pale at their prayers.

There'll be cries — there'll be beating of hammers,
For the anarchs will gather again;
There'll be knocking at gates — there'll be clamors
By night — there'll be whirlwinds of men.

Mr. Markham's later works include *Lincoln and Other Poems* (1901), and *Field Folk: Interpretations of Millet* (1902).

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER, an English dramatist; born at Canterbury, February 16, 1564; died at Deptford, June 1, 1593. He was the son of a shoemaker, and entered Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he became Bachelor of Arts in 1583, and Master in 1587. His first tragedy, *Tamburlaine,* was produced in 1586. This was soon followed by the powerful dramas, *Doctor Faustus; The Jew of Malta; The Massacre of Paris,* and *Edward II.* He was esteemed a worthy rival of Shakespeare, and it is more than probable that he had some share in the production of the Second and Third parts of Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* Excepting the greatest names — Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Shelley — no author can be named who has produced such work as is to be found in *Tamburlaine; Doctor Faustus; The Jew of Malta; Edward II.,* and the *Passionate Shepherd.* Shakespeare has not surpassed, and no one else has equalled, some of the famous passages in *Doctor*

Faustus. The following extract is a fair specimen of the merits and defects of Marlowe as a dramatist:

THE DEATH OF FAUSTUS.

Bad Angel.— Now Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast, perpetual torture-house. . . .
Those that are fed with sops of flaming fire
Were gluttons, and loved only delicates,
And laughed to see the poor starve at their gates.
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.
Faust.— Oh, I have seen enough to torture me.
Angel.— Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all;
He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall.
And so I leave thee, Faustus. [*Exit.*]

[*The clock strikes eleven.*]

Faust.— Oh, Faustus!
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live. . . .
Stand still, ye ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul! . . .
The stars move still — time runs — the clock will strike.
. . . . . .

Oh, I'll leap up to heaven! Who pulls me down?
Yet I will call on *Him!* Oh, spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'Tis gone!
And see! a threatening arm, an angry brow!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!
No! Then will I run headlong into the earth:
Gape, earth! Oh, no; it will not harbor me —
Ye stars that reigned at my nativity,

Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud;
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

[*The watch strikes.*]

Oh! half the hour is passed: 'twill all be past anon.
Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain:
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years —
A hundred thousand — and at last be saved;
No end is limited to damnèd souls.
Why wert thy not a creature wanting soul?
Or, why is this immortal soul that thou hast?
Oh, Pythagoras! — Metempsychosis! — were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements. . . .
Now, Faustus, curse thyself — curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

It strikes — it strikes! Now, body, turn to air. . . .
Oh, soul be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean — ne'er be found.

The pretty poem *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love* has been attributed to Shakespeare, but there can be little doubt that it belongs to Marlowe. *The Nymph's Reply* has been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, but apparently on no sufficient grounds. It is by no means certain that it belongs to Marlowe; but it forms an appropriate pendant to the other, and so is worthy of preservation.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasure prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs!
An if these pleasure may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;

And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
The wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in season rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

MAROT, CLÉMENT, a French poet; born at Cahors in 1495; died in Turin in 1544. After being in a law-office at Châtelet he became paymaster in the household of the Lord of Villeroy. Margaret of Valois soon attached him to her suite as valet-de-chambre. During the war with Italy he was one of the King's household, and, like his royal master, was made prisoner at the battle of Pavia, and wounded in the arm. Upon his return to France, he was arrested and imprisoned at Châtelet, where he was accused of showing some sympathy with the religious ideas of the Reformation (1525). His friend, the

Bishop of Chartres, effected his removal to a less severe prison, in which he retouched the *Romance of the Rose.* Upon his release he wrote caustic railings against the monks. In 1535, again fearing imprisonment, he sought refuge with Marguerite. Marot returned to the Court of Francis I. in 1538, a time in which the King had created the chair of Hebrew, which he had given to the celebrated Vatable, one of the greatest and best men of the day. Under his direction Marot undertook the translation of some of the Psalms. The Doctors at the Sorbonne censured his work at such length that Francis I. forbade Marot to continue his translation, and caused the suppression of as much of the book as had been already published. The book, however, spread, in spite of the King. The translation was set to music by Goudinel and used by the Reformers. Marot now joined Calvin in Geneva; but the austerity of the Calvinists did not suit him any better than the laxity of the Romanists, and after a short time he left Geneva for Turin. His *Romance of the Rose* appeared in 1529. His works consist of elegies, epistles, ballads, songs, epigrams, epitaphs, and complaints. Among his ballads that of *Brother Thibaud* is the best. He had translated the first eclogue of the *Bucolics of Virgil, Ovid's Metamorphoses, The History of Leander and Hero,* and some sonnets and the *Visions of Petrarch.* His last works were *Oraisons* and *Little Christian Devis.*

MASTER ABBOT AND HIS SERVANT-MAN.

The Abbot's man and he, the man of God,
In silly laughs and moistening of the clod
Seem as each were the other one's twin brother —
In short, two pease resembling one another.
And yet last night the well-matched pair fell out.

You wonder what it could have been about?
With a deep sigh the pious prior said:
"At night put the big wine-jug near my bed,
I fear I should expire were I left dry."
To which fat flunkey dared to make reply:
"And you want me to lie all night bereft
Of balmy sleep? You know I get what's left
In that big jug. I'm loath to see you die;
But yet — expire. For lose my sleep not I."

PREPARATION FOR MATINS.

A big fat prior stretched and kicked his toes,
And with his grandson dallied as he rose;
The broad, bright daylight through the window streamed.
And, pricked upon the spit, a partridge steamed.
When, rising up, the worthy prelate spat,
To clear his throat, across the floor, and sat
Upon the bed's edge trumping till his nose
Had roused the cloistered echoes with its blows.
Which being done, and hunching by the spit,
He smacked with unction, gave a twist to it,
And but that now and then his fists he licked,
Without more fooling — off the meat he picked,
Sweet, sizzling, crisp — no condiment but salt;
A prior he of learning ne'er at fault —
Then put himself outside a jug of wine —
And worse wine might be found in France or Flanders —
And finally, like a devout divine,
In this guise to the throne of grace meanders.
"O Lord! don't leave thy servant in the lurch,
One has a hard time serving Holy Church."

AT CUPID'S SHRINE.

On Cupid's brow for crown was set
Of roses a fair chapelet,
That which within her garden green
Were gathered by Love's gracious queen,
And by her to her infant dear
Sent in the springtime of the year.

These he with right good-will did don;
And to his mother thereupon
A chariot gave, in triumph led
By turtles twelve all harnessèd.
Before the altar saw I blooming fair
Two cypresses embalm'd with odors rare.
And these, quoth they, are pillars that do bide
To stay this alter, famèd far and wide.
And then a thousand birds upon the wing
Amid those curtains green came fluttering,
Ready to sing their little songs divine.
And so I ask'd, why came they to that shrine?
And these, they said, are matins, friend, which they
In honor of Love's queen are come to say.

— *From Temple of Cupid.*

THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

Torches quench'd or flaming high,
That all loving pilgrims bear
Before the saints that list their prayer,
Are posies made of rosemary.
Many a linnet and canary,
And many a gay nightingale,
Amid the green-wood's leafy shroud,
Instead of desks on branches smale,
For verse, response and 'pistle loud,
Sit shrilling of their merry song.
The windows were of crystal clear,
On which old gestes depeinten are,
Of such as with true hearts did hold
The laws by Love ordain'd of old.

— *From Temple of Cupid.*

MARRYAT, Florence, an English novelist; born at Brighton, July 9, 1837; died at London, October 27, 1899. She was a daughter of Frederick Marryat. In 1872 she became the editor of London *Society*. Her first novel was *Love's Conflict* (1865). She subsequently wrote nearly fifty novels, among which are *For Ever and Ever* (1866); *Nelly Brooke* (1867); *Véronique* (1868); *Petronel* (1869); *Her Lord and Master* (1870); *The Prey of the Gods* (1871); *No Valentines* (1873); *Little Stephen* (1877); *Facing the Footlights* (1883); *Tom Tiddler's Ground* (1886). She has also written the *Life of Frederick Marryat*, her father (1872). Some of her later novels are *Gentleman and Courtier* (1891); *The Crown of Shame* (1891); *A Fatal Silence* (1891); *The Nobler Sex* (1892); *How Like a Woman* (1892); *Parson Jones* (1893); *A Bankrupt Heart* (1894); *The Hempstead Mystery* (1894); *At Heart a Rake* (1895). She also wrote many works on spiritualism.

A FAILURE IN TACT.

Lady Rose Romilly spoke feelingly, for, careless mother as she was when all went right with Too-too, she would have been less than woman could she have contemplated his late escape with indifference; but Véronique, try as she would, could not respond to her advances. She closed her eyes and turned her head away.

The last question which had been put to her received no reply at all, until Lawson, annoyed at such discourteous behavior on the part of one whom she had acknowledged as an acquaintance, took her roughly to task in demanding an explanation of it.

"Why don't you answer my Lady Sister Mary?" she said, snappishly; "you can't be that bad that you're

FLORENCE MARRYAT.

unable to speak. Don't you hear her asking you if there's anything as she can do for you?"

"But there's nothing — nothing," replied Véronique, in a voice of pain, as she turned restlessly upon her pillow. "I want nothing except to be left alone."

"Well! there's manners, if ever I see 'em," exclaimed the nurse, in a tone of vexation. "I wouldn't trouble myself about her any more, my Lady, if I were you. I'm sure I can't tell what's come to Sister Mary to-day, she ain't a bit like herself."

"Hush, Lawson!" said Lady Rose, with every intention of being good-natured. "I dare say her head aches, and she does not feel inclined to talk, and I have something for her here which will do her more good than words. My good girl, I won't stay to worry you any longer to-day, but I hope we shall soon see you on deck again, and meanwhile, as I know that money is always more useful than any other present in a strange country, you must accept this from Captain Romilly and myself as a slight token of what we feel you have done for us;" and as she concluded, Lady Rose thrust a bank-note for ten pounds between the closed fingers of Véronique's passive hand, and prepared to leave the cabin.

But in an instant her footsteps were arrested; in a instant both women — the mistress and the maid — had turned with amazement to see the little Sister of Mercy spring into a sitting posture on her bed, and, having first scornfully regarded the money which had been put into her hand, confront them with flushed cheeks and blazing eyes.

"Did *he* tell you to give me this?" she cried, as with knitted brows she stared inquiringly in Lady Rose's face.

"*He* — he — do you mean Captain Romilly?" demanded the lady, half fearfully. "Oh, dear, no! certainly not; he does not even know of it. It is a little present from myself, although I said that you must consider it from both of us. But doubtless Captain Romilly will do more for you on his own account; indeed, I am sure he will. This is only from myself — a little gift to mark my appreciation of what you did for Too-too."

"Then be pleased to take back your gift, madam," said Véronique, haughtily, as she laid the bank-note upon the hand of Lady Rose, "and tell Captain Romilly from me that if he thinks I will take money, or any other benefit from him, for the common service I have rendered to his — his child, he is very — very much — he is altogether mistaken;" and with this declaration Véronique buried her face in her pillow, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Come away," whispered Lawson, "and let us send the doctor to her; she is going out of her senses; she's got the deliriums, I assure you she has; she may do us an injury if we stay much longer."

And lady Rose, looking from the bank-note returned upon her hands to where the Sister of Mercy lay convulsively sobbing on her pillow, really thought that the nurse's suggestion had reason in it, and beat a hasty retreat from the steerage to her proper quarters, where, having an instinctive idea that her husband would blame her for the haste with which she had acted, she kept her own counsel, and directed Lawson to do the same, with respect to the whole proceeding.— *Véronique.*

MARRYAT, Frederick, an English naval officer and novelist; born at London, July 10, 1792; died at Langham, Norfolk, August 9, 1848. At the age of fourteen he entered the navy, having previously shown his inclination for a nautical life by running away to sea. During his service on the *Impéricuse,* to which he was first assigned, he was present at more than fifty engagements, received rapid promotion, and in 1818 was awarded the medal of the Humane Society for "at least a dozen" rescues. In the Burmese War of 1824–25 he commanded the *Larne.*

When, in 1830, he retired from the navy, he was a Companion of the Bath, an officer of the League of Honor, and a member of other honorable orders.

His first novel, *Frank Mildmay*, was published in 1829, his second, *The King's Own*, in 1830. His subsequent works were *Newton Forster* (1832); *The Pacha of Many Tales* and *The Pirate and The Three Cutters* (1835); *Mr. Midshipman Easy* and *Japhet in Search of a Father* (1836); *Peter Simple* and *Snarly-Yow* (1837); *Jacob Faithful* (1838); *The Phantom Ship* (1839); *Olla Podrida* and *Poor Jack* (1840); *Masterman Ready* and *Joseph Rustbrook, or The Poacher* (1841); *Percival Keene* (1842); *Monsieur Violet* (1843); *The Settlers in Canada* and *The Privateersman* (1844); *The Mission, or Scenes in Africa* (1845); *The Children of the New Forest* and *The Little Savage* (1847), and *Valerie*, completed by another hand (1849). He visited America and in 1839 published his impressions and opinions in *A Diary in America, with Remarks on Its Institutions.*

A PRUDENT SEA-CAPTAIN.

"Well, Mr. Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?"

"Weston and Smallbridge are going on with the chairs — the whole of them will be finished to-morrow."

"Well?"

"Smith is about the chest of drawers, to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bedroom."

"Very good. And what is Hilton about?"

"He has finished the spare leaf of the dining-table, sir; he is now about a little job for the second lieutenant."

"A job for the second lieutenant, sir! How often have I told you, Mr. Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission!"

"His standing bedplace is broken, sir; he is only getting out a chock or two."

"Mr. Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the by, sir, I understand you were not sober last night."

"Please your honor," replied the carpenter, "I wasn't drunk — I was only a little fresh."

"Take you care, Mr. Cheeks. Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?"

"Why, Thompson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden out of the jibboom; I've saved the heel to return."

"Very well; but there won't be enough, will there?"

"No, sir; it will take a hand-mast to finish the whole."

"Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a top-mast, and make a new one out of the hand-mast at sea. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once. And now, let me see — oh, the painters must go on shore to finish the attics."

"Yes, sir; but my Lady Capperbar wishes the *jealowsees* to be painted vermilion; she says it will look more rural."

"Mrs. Capperbar ought to know enough about ships' stores by this time to be aware that we are only allowed three colors. She may choose or mix them as she pleases; but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can't afford it. What are the rest of the men about?"

"Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnace."

"By the by — that puts me in mind of it — have you expended any of the boat's masts?"

"Only the one carried away, sir."

"Then you must expend two more. Mrs. C. has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes-lines. Saw off the sheave-holes and put two pegs through at right angles — you know how I mean?"

"Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber

frame? My Lady Capperbar says she must have it, and I haven't glass enough. They grumbled at the yard last time."

"Mrs. C. must wait a little. What are the armorers about?"

"They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship."

"Who dares say that?"

"The first lieutenant, sir."

"Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we'll get the forge up."

"The armorer has made six rakes and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children; but he says that he can't make a spade."

"Then I'll take his warrant away, by heaven! since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr. Cheeks. I shall overlook your being in liquor this time; but take care. Send the boatswain to me."—*The King's Own.*

MARSH, GEORGE PERKINS, an American philologist and diplomat; born at Woodstock, Vt., March 15, 1801; died at Vallombrosa, Italy, July 24, 1882. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1822, studied law, and entered upon practice at Burlington, Vt. He was elected as Representative in Congress in 1842, holding his seat until 1849, when he resigned, in order to become Minister to Turkey, which position he held until 1853. In 1861 he was appointed Minister to the newly formed kingdom of Italy, which position he held until his death. Both before and after his appointment as Minister to Italy he devoted himself largely to philological studies.

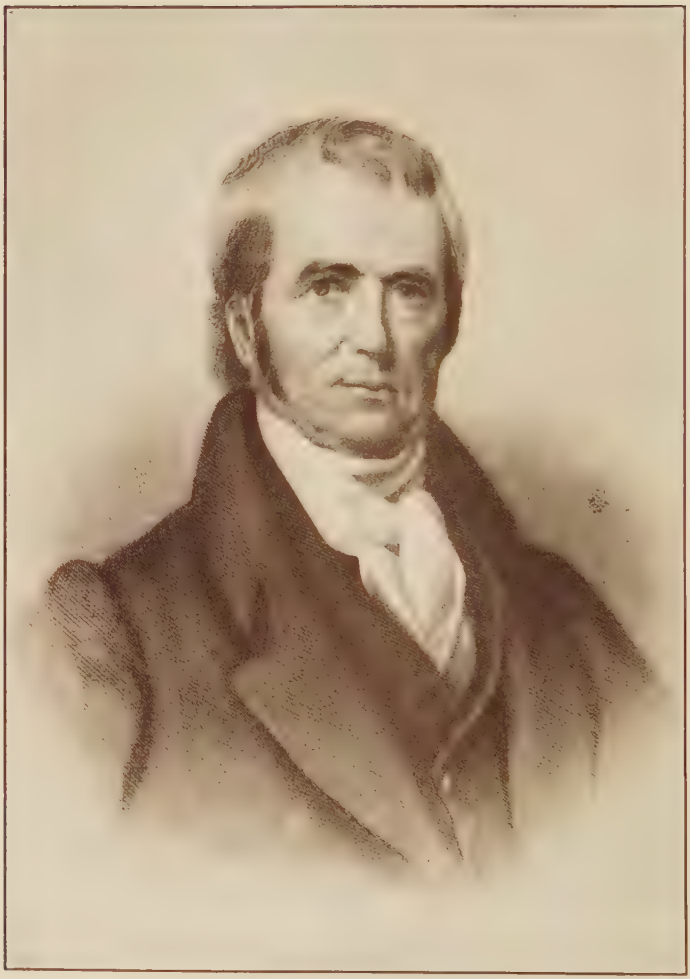
His principal works in this department are *Lectures on the English Language* (1861); *Origin and History of the English Language* (1862). He also wrote *Man and Nature, or Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action* (1864); this work, entirely rewritten, was published in 1874 under the title *The Earth as Modified by Human Action.*

THE ANGLO-SAXON ELEMENT IN OUR LANGUAGE.

The Anglo-Saxon represents at once the material substratum and the formative principle of the English language. You may eliminate all the other ingredients, and there still subsists a speech, of itself sufficient for all the great purposes of temporal and spiritual life, and capable of such growth and development from its own native sources, and by its own inherent strength, as to fit it also for all the factitious wants and new-found conveniences of the most artificial stages of human society. If, on the other hand, you strike out the Saxon element there remains but a jumble of articulate sounds without coherence, syntactic relation, or intelligible significance.

THE NON-SAXON ELEMENT.

But though possessed of this inexhaustible mine of native metal, we have rifled the whole *orbis verborum* — the world of words — to augment our overflowing stores, so that every speech and nation under heaven has contributed some jewels to enrich our cabinet, or, at the least, some humble implement to facilitate the communication essential to the proper discharge of the duties and the performance of the labors of moral and material life. These foreign conquests, indeed, have not been achieved, these conquests won, without some shedding of Saxon blood — some sacrifice of domestic coin; and if we have gained largely in vocabulary, we have, for the time at least, lost no small portion of that original constructive power whereby we could have



JOHN MARSHALL.

fabricated a nomenclature scarcely less wide and diversified than that which we have borrowed from so distant and diversified sources.

MARSHALL, JOHN, an American jurist and biographer; born at Midland, Fauquier County, Va., September 24, 1755; died at Philadelphia, July 6, 1835. He enlisted in the provincial army early in the War of the Revolution, attained the rank of captain in 1777, and was present at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. His term of enlistment having expired, he resumed the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1780. In 1782 he was elected to the Legislature of Virginia, and continued a member of that body until 1795. In 1797 he was sent with Pinckney and Gerry on a mission to France; and was in 1799 elected to Congress. In 1801 he was made Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and retained that position until his death, thirty-five years afterward. Aside from his judicial decisions, published in 1839 as the *Writings of John Marshall on the Federal Constitution*, his reputation rests upon his *Life of George Washington* (5 vols., 1805).

WASHINGTON AS A STATESMAN.

In his civil administration, as in his military career, were exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense, of that sound judgment which is perhaps the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable, quality of the human mind. He was accustomed to contemplate at a distance those critical situations in which

the United States might probably be placed; and to digest, before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be proper to observe. Taught to distrust first impressions, he sought to acquire all the information which was attainable, and to hear without prejudice all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was suspended until it became necessary to determine; and his decisions, thus maturely made, were seldom, if ever, to be shaken. His conduct, therefore, was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pushed. . . .

No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments and to his own countrymen were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction which forever exists between wisdom and cunning, and the importance, as well as truth, of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy." . . .

It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States under the auspices of Washington, without ascribing them in some measure to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities; of the good which was produced and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances and of passions could produce; of the constant favor of the great mass of his fellow-citizens; and of the confidence which

to the last moment of his life they reposed in him — the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attenteion of those who are candidates for political fame.

Endowed by nature with a sound judgment and an active, discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide. And this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right; by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise; and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted but unsuspected.

Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices. In more instances than one we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, that course which had been dictated by a sense of duty.— *Life of Washington.*

DARSTON, JOHN, an English dramatist; born about 1575; died at London, June 25, 1634. Of his personal life there is little more authentically recorded than that he was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; that he entered the Middle Temple, London, where he was chosen lecturer in 1593; that he was a friend of Ben Jonson, to whom in 1605 he dedicated his drama *The Malcontent;* and that he was associated with Jonson and Chapman in

producing the comedy of *Eastward Ho!* (1605), for which the authors were imprisoned on account of alleged libels against the Scotch. His principal plays are *Antonio and Mellida* and *Antonio's Revenge* (1602); *The Malcontent* (1604); *The Dutch Courtesan* (1605); *Parisitaster* and *Sophonisba* (1606), and *What You Will* (1607). Though he lived some twenty-seven years after the publication of his last play, we have no explanation of why he ceased writing. He was an imitator of Juvenal and one of the most vigorous satirists of the Shakespearian age, but there is little constructive skill in his plays, and the plots are uninteresting. One scene in *Antonio and Mellida* either suggested or was suggested by one of the most powerful situations in *King Lear*. An edition of his *Works*, consisting of six dramas, and some satires, edited by J. O. Halliwell, was published in 1856.

THE SCHOLAR AND HIS SPANIEL.

I was a scholar. Seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of crossed opinions 'bout the soul of man:
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
"Delight," my spaniel, slept while I turned leaves,
Tossed o'er the dunes, poured on the old print
Of titled words — and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins — and still my spaniel slept;
And I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus and the musty saw
Of antique Donate — still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I: First, *on sit anima;*
Then, an it were mortal. Oh, hold, hold! at that
They're at brain-buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together — still my spaniel slept.
Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixed,
Ex traduce; but whether 't had free-will

Or no. Hot philosophers
Stood banding factions all so strongly propped,
I staggered, knew not which was firmer parts,
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pried
Stuffed noting-books — and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked and yawned; and by yon skies,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

TO EVERLASTING OBLIVION.

Thou mighty gulf! insatiate cormorant!
Deride me not, though I seem petulant,
To fall into thy chops. Let other pray
Forever their fair poems flourish may,
But as for me, hungry Oblivion,
Devour me quick. Accept my orison,
My earnest prayers, which do importune thee
With gloomy shade of thy still empery
To veil both me and my rude poesy. . . .
I with this sharp, yet well-meant poesy
Will sleep secure, right free from injury
Of cankered hate or rankest villany.

MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE, an English poet and essayist; born at London, August 13, 1850; died there February 13, 1887. He was the son of Westland Marston, dramatist and poet, and the child of whom Miss Mulock wrote the poem *Philip, My King*. In his fourth year a cataract began to form upon both his "large, brown eyes," and he soon became totally blind. He was, however, well educated, manifested unusual precocity, contributing verse to the *Cornhill Magazine* and other periodicals. *Song-Tide*, his first volume of poems, appeared in 1870. This was followed, in 1875, by *All in All*, and by *Wind Voices*

in 1883. He contributed critical and biographical articles to English and American periodicals. His biographico-critical paper on James Thomson in Ward's *English Poets* perhaps shows him at his best as an essayist. This James Thomson was a Scottish poet, born in 1834, died in 1882, and an altogether different person from that other Scottish poet of the same name, the author of *The Seasons*.

JAMES THOMSON, THE "POET OF DESPAIR."

James Thomson, though his works were few, and his death comparatively early, was still one of the most remarkable poets of this century. Most of the poets of our time have flirted with pessimism; but through their beautifully expressed sorrow we cannot help seeing that on the whole, they are less sad than they seem; or that, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, they have laid hold of a stern kind of philosophic consolation. It was reserved for Thomson to write the real poem of despair; it was for him to say the ultimate word about *melancholia* — for, of course, it is the result of that disorder which is depicted in *The City of Dreadful Night*. It was for him to gauge its horrible shapes, and to understand its revelations of darkness, as Shelley and others have understood revelations of light.

It has been contended that, because life itself is so tragic, such poems as Thomson's are worse than needless; but the true reason for the existence of this particular poem is given by its author in the following lines:

"Yes, here and there some weary wanderer
In that same city of tremendous night,
Will understand the speech and feel a stir
Of fellowship in all disastrous fight.
I suffer mute and lonely, yet another
Uplifts his voice to let me know a brother
Travels the same wild paths, though out of sight."

Happily all men have not walked in Thomson's City of Despair; but too many have done so, and they must feel a bitter kind of comfort — such comfort as comes of tears — in having all its horrors so faithfully and sympathetically recorded. . . .

In these days of poetic schools — to some one of which a man must generally be relegated, if his work is to be considered at all — there is something remarkable in the solitariness of this poet, who can be classed in no poetic fraternity. Intense sincerity, joined to a vivid imagination, constitute Thomson's claims to be remembered. This strong individuality — whether expressing itself in life or poetry, is not welcome to all persons; but those on whom it seizes find in it a fascination which it is difficult for any other quality to substitute.

FROM FAR.

O Love, come back across the weary way
Thou didst go yesterday —
Dear Love, come back!

"I am too far upon my way to turn;
Be silent, hearts that yearn
Upon my track."

O Love! Love! Love! sweet Love! we are undone,
If thou indeed be gone
Where lost things are.

"Beyond the extremest sea's waste light and noise,
As from Ghost-land, thy voice
Is borne afar."

O Love, what was our sin that we should be
Forsaken thus by thee?
So hard a lot!

"Upon your hearts my hands and lips were set —
My lips of fire — and yet
Ye knew me not."

Nay, surely, Love! We know thee well, sweet Love!
Did we not breathe and move
Within thy light?

"Ye did reject my thorns who wore my roses;
Now darkness closes
Upon your sight."

O Love! stern Love! be not implacable:
We loved thee, Love, so well!
Come back to us!

"To whom, and where, and by what weary way,
That I went yesterday,
Shall I come thus?'

Oh, weep, weep, weep! for Love, who tarried long,
With many a kiss and song,
Has taken wing.

No more he lightens in our eyes like fire,
He heeds not our desire,
Or songs we sing.

MARTEL DE JANVILLE, Sibylle Gabrelle de Comtesse ("Gyp"), a French novelist; born at the Château de Koetsal, Morbihan, about 1850. She is the grand-niece of Mirabeau, the orator of the French Revolution. She was married, in 1869, to the Comte de Martel. She first wrote for *La Vie Parisienne*, and most of her novels have first appeared there. She is remarkable for the clever way in which she depicts society. Her novels are witty, but at the same time rather *risqué*. Her

published works include *Petit Bob* (1882); *Autour de Mariage* (1883); *Plume et Poil* (1884); *Sans Voiles* (1885); *Autour du Divorce* (1886); *Joies Conjugales* (1887); *Mademoiselle Loulon* (1888); *O Provincé* (1890); *Un Raté* (1891); *Passionnette* (1891); *Mariage de Chiffon* (1894), and numerous others.

MADAME'S VISITOR.

Madame de Gueldre entered the drawing-room with a rather tired and indifferent look; but when she saw that her visitor was Bernard de Mons the expression on her face changed. With outstretched hand and a gay smile, she advanced rapidly towards him, making the skirts of her long white dress rustle with the joyous motion of her mood.

"Ah, it is nice of you to have come at last to see me! Sit down . . . not there! . . . you would not be comfortable on that seat."

Madame de Gueldre installed herself in a wide low chair, where she all but disappeared amongst the soft silk cushions, which were perfumed with the sweet-smelling iris. Then as Monsieur de Mons, who was taking the seat opposite to her, kept looking at her without speaking, she continued:

"After all, I don't know why I should thank you for this call, since you did not come to see *me,* did you?"

"Why, yes!"

"Why, no! . . . it is my husband, you. . . . The servant said: A tall, dignified gentleman, very handsome, whom I did not know, asked to see M. le Marquis. . . ."

"Very handsome? . . . why, that is overwhelming in your servant. But, as he did not ask me my name, I . . ."

"Oh, he is not trained yet. He is the son of a keeper whom Henry sent for from up the country somewhere. . . ."

"But, tell me, for I am much interested. . . .

When he said 'A very handsome gentleman' . . . you guessed, did you, it was I he meant?"

"Not at all!"

"Ah! I am glad to hear it. . . . I was just thinking . . ."

"No! I was at the moment coming in, and in a bad humor. . . ."

"You were disturbed? You were painting, I daresay."

"Naturally, as I do so very little else! . . . but it never puts me out to receive you; . . . it is a pleasure."

"You say that because you are so gracious, and . . ."

"Now, come! I say it because it is true. Anyway, admitting that you disturbed me, disturbed me very much, . . . well, you do not do that often; you don't overwhelm me with calls, do you?"

"Mon Dieu! I . . ."

"Oh, I did not think anything of it! So you wished to see Henry? Have you anything particular to say to him?"

"I wanted specially to see *you*. . . ."

"Ah, bah! . . ."

"To say good-bye to you. I leave presently for the country, and you also, probably. . . ."

"Yes; we leave Tuesday for Kildare. But, tell me, why did you wish to say good-bye to me on leaving, when, on your arrival, you did not come to greet me?"

"Oh, don't put it in that way, pray."

"Indeed, I shall! . . . to-day, for the first time this year, you have come to see me, or rather my husband, . . . *àpropos* of what, you have not told me."

"I wanted to speak to him about a dog. . . . I have been here three times without finding him in. . . . Is he never at home?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes; he must have a place to go to, you know, where he can grumble if he wants to. But what about this dog?"

"Oh, it is a hunting dog, which I said I would take, if he were willing to give it to me. . . ."

"It is gone! . . . he sent him to Brittany yesterday. . . ."

"To whom?"

"To Monsieur de Guibray" . . .

"What! do you know Guibray?"

"Yes, a little, . . . he always spends a part of the year with his Uncle de Jardane. . . ."

"I never heard you mention him before."

"Well, that may be so. . . . I suppose because I did not think of him. And very likely I would never have thought of him at all, if the dog had not been sent there."

"But what will you do at Kildare to pass the time?"

"Oh, I shall paint . . . ride. . . ."

"You do that here, in Paris."

"And go boating, swimming," . . . and, seeing that Monsieur de Mons was looking at her inquisitively, she added . . . "A very little of each, you know. That is all!"

"And what about hunting?"

As madame did not answer, De Mons continued, in a rather hurt voice: "Hunting? . . . with handsome neighbors . . . pretty costumes? . . ."

"Oh, I have a horror of the hunt!"

"There is another thing you forget."

"What is that?"

"The summer dances! You are an exquisite dancer; and, you know, you adore waltzing."

"I did, you mean. . . . It is a long time since I have waltzed."

"A vow?"

"No! Simply that I am too old for that sort of thing."

De Mons shrugged his shoulders at this, and said: "Are you fishing for a compliment?"

"Oh, no! I have enough of compliments."

"I see," was the rather petulant rejoinder. . . . "You are pestered with them? You are being courted all the time?"

She smiled. "All the time is perhaps too much! . . .

but, you know, there are so many idle gallants . . . so many idiots, I should perhaps say. . . ."

"And you enjoy it?"

"What?"

"The courting!"

"Well, no; now, I don't."

"What an odd woman you are!"

"Why? . . . That sort of thing would be pleasant only to ugly, passé women; and, probably, because it reassures them and flatters their vanity. To me it is not even amusing. The idea of hearing a declaration sets my teeth on edge. But why do you laugh?"

"Because, I don't believe a word of it!"—*An Infatuation.*

MARTIAL (Marcus Valerius Martialis), a Latin poet; born at Bilbilis, Spain, in 43; died there about 104. He went to Rome in 66, and seems to have resided there until 100, when he returned to Bilbilis. From Domitian he obtained the *jus trium liberorum*, with the rank of eques and of tribune. He speaks of his house and villa at Nomentum; and acquired property with his wife. Yet he complains of poverty, and it is likely he lived luxuriously. He seems to have been intimate with Juvenal, Pliny, Quintilian, Fronto, Silius, and Valerius Flaccus. He inveighs against Nero, but flatters the reigning tyrant Domitian; after whose death he vilifies his memory and burns incense to Nerva and Trajan. His works consist of fourteen books, comprising about fifteen hundred *Epigrams*. There is also a *Liber de Spectaculis*, containing epigrams on the games of the amphitheatre. He has been frequently translated into English.

Such eminent critics as Scaliger, Lipsius, and Malte-Brun have much admired his *Epigrams*, and the latter thinks his writings among the most interesting monuments of Roman literature. But Martial himself said of his own works, very justly: "Some are good, some indifferent, and more are bad."

TO CALENUS.

When some time since you had not clear
Above three hundred pounds a year,
You lived so well, your bounty such,
Your friends all wished you twice as much:
Heaven with our wishes soon complied;
In six months four relations died,
But you, so far from having more,
Seem robbed of what you had before;
A greater miser every day,
Live in a cursed, starving way,
Scarce entertain us once a year,
And then not worth a groat the cheer:
Seven old companions, men of sense,
Scarce cost you now as many pence.
What shall we wish you on our part?
What wish can equal your desert?
Thousands a year may heaven grant!
Then you will starve and die for want.

—*From Epigrams; translation of* HAY.

TO HIS BOOK.

Three hundred epigrams thou might'st contain,
But who, to read so many can sustain?
Hear what in praise of brevity is said:
First, less expense and waste of paper's made;
The printer's labor next doth sooner end;
And to more serious works he may attend;
Thirdly to whomsoe'er thou shalt be read
Though naught, not tedious yet thou canst be said;
Again, in length, while thou dost abound,

Thou mayst be heard while yet the cups go round;
And when this caution's used, alas! I fear
To many yet thou wilt too long appear.

—*From Epigrams.*

ON REGULUS.

On Tibur's road to where Alcides towers,
And hoary Anio smoking sulphur pours;
Where laugh the lawns, and groves to Muses dear,
And the fourth stone bespeaks Augusta near,
An antique porch prolonged the summer shade:
What a new deed her dotage half essayed?
Reeling, herself she threw with instant crash,
Where Regulus scarce passed in his calash.
Sly Fortune started, for herself aware;
Nor could the overwhelming odium bear.
Thus ruins ravish us, and dangers teach,
Still standing piles could no protection preach.

—*From Epigrams; translation of* ELPHINSTON.

TO DECIANUS.

Is there a friend like those distinguished few
Renown'd for faith whom former ages knew;
Polish'd by art, in every science wise;
Truly sincere and good without disguise;
Guardian of right, who doth by honors steer;
Who makes no prayer but all the world may hear;
Who doth on fortitude of mind depend??
I know indeed, but dare not name that friend.

—*From Epigrams; translation of* HAY.

TO FUSCUS.

If yet one corner in thy heart
Remains, good Fuscus, unpossessed
(For many a friend, I know, is thine),
Give me to boast that corner mine
Nor then the honor'd place I sue
Refuse to an acquaintance new:
The oldest friend to all thy store

Was once, 'tis certain, nothing more.
It matters not how late the choice,
If but approved by reason's voice!
Then let thy sole inquiry be
If thou canst find such worth in me
That, constant as the years are roll'd,
Matures new friendship into old.

—*From Epigrams; translation of* MELMOTH.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry:
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

—*Translation of* COWLEY.

MARTIN, BON-LOUIS HENRI, a French historian; born at St. Quentin, Aisne, February 20, 1810; died at Paris, December 14, 1883. He was destined by his father, a civil judge, to follow the legal profession. But, going up to Paris to complete his studies, he turned his attention to historical literature, and before completing his twenty-third year had written four historical novels, one of which was *La Vielle Fronde* (1831). In 1832 he was invited to take part in a compilation from early chronicles in French history. The greater part of the work fell ultimately into the hands of Martin, and was published in 1833, and subsequently. He had in the meanwhile re-

solved to write an original *History of France.* This appeared in 1833–36, in fifteen volumes. The edition was hardly printed when the author set about rewriting it — a work which occupied seventeen years (1837–54). This new edition was published in instalments, and was received with the highest favor. For the first Part, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, in 1844, awarded him the great Gobert prize of 10,000 francs; for a subsequent Part the French Academy, in 1851, awarded him the second prize — the first being reserved for Thierry, who died in 1856, when the first prize was awarded to Martin; and finally, in 1869, the Institute awarded to Martin's *History* the great biennial prize of 20,000 francs.

A fourth and final revision of this *History of France,* so thoroughly rewritten as to be essentially a new work, was issued in 1855–60, in sixteen large eight-hundred page volumes, with an additional Index volume. It may properly be divided into eight Parts, each treating of some special consecutive era in French history. A translation of the entire work was undertaken with the express sanction of the author, by Mary L. Booth, of New York. Only the two concluding parts of this translation have been published. They treat of "The Reign of Louis XIV." and "The Decline of French Monarchy" (1864–66). For each of these Parts the author furnished a Preface addressed especially to American readers of the work as thus translated.

PERIODS IN FRENCH HISTORY.

The *History of France,* which embraces so many centuries, may be divided into several series. The translator has deemed it advisable to begin by offering to the American reader the modern periods which, more nearly related

to ideas and questions now agitated among us — and, above all, to the existing causes of anxiety — are susceptible of a livelier and more immediate interest. She will give later the series which concern the more ancient epochs. May less stormy times then leave the public more at liberty to taste sufficient tranquillity to respond to the scientific interest inspired by distant ages.

The age of Louis XIV., which is published first by the translator, may interest the American reader above all by contrast. Louis the Great was the great adversary with which that Protestant liberty, from which America was born, had to contend. The author of the *History of France,* who professes principles quite opposite to those of the ancient régime and the old French Monarchy, has set forth, with all the impartiality in his power, the lustre and the greatness of this monarchy, and the brilliant society of which it was for some time the nucleus; but the more resplendent were men and things, the more decisive is the conclusion, since all this glory ended only in one vast ruin. The principles, Louis XIV. and Bossuet — the principles of political and religious absolutism — are irrevocably condemned.

In the period which follows the reign of Louis XIV. the reader will see developed the opposite principles; that is, the principles of philosophy and free thought; he will see France, regenerated by them, although still enveloped in the forms of the ancient régime, spring to the assistance of the infant American Republic, and aid its forming beyond the ocean — the new democratic world: beginning, as is her wont, by aiding others before occupying herself with her own affairs and attempting her own revolution, through the phases of which she has been passing since 1789.

Later, the first parts of the *History of France* will be resumed and presented to the reader. We shall there show the common origin of the nations of Western Europe; we shall refute by facts the exaggeration of the popular opinion concerning the exclusively Anglo-Saxon origin of England, and consequently of America; we shall show a more ancient race — the Celtic and Breton race — which remained the basis of France, and which

left a deep stratum in England under the stratum of Anglo-Saxon conquerors, in their turn covered over by a Franco-Norman stratum in the Middle Ages.

We shall then describe the successive growth of France through the intermediate ages and the Renaissance. In our narration we shall behold France — the true centre of the Christian Republic in the Middle Ages — losing the initiative in Europe, at the period of the Reformation; we shall weigh the causes by which France, while again taking the lead of the European social advance, and the direction of ideas in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has found her political growth fettered, and herself involved, with respect to the order of facts, in a course which has hitherto rendered so difficult the definitive establishment of the régime of liberty — an establishment which she will never renounce, and which she must finally attain and fix upon her soil.

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE OLD FRENCH MONARCHY.

The essential characteristics of this last period of ancient France are: First, the decline of the monarchy of the privileged orders (nobility and clergy), and the great monarchical magistracy (parliaments) — in short, of all the ancient régime; secondly, the continual rise of the "Third Estate" (*bourgeoisie*), and the constant progress of the sciences and of social and political ideas — the ideas of humanity, justice, liberty, and equality; and, thirdly, the decline, *per contra,* of religious and metaphysical ideas, the effect of the reaction against the abuse of religion under Louis XIV. From this progress on the one hand, and the decline on the other, would result both the greatness and the inadequacy of the French Revolution, which, after three-quarters of a century of effort and conflict, has not yet succeeded in uniting these two orders of ideas — the political idea and the religious idea — in the new conception demanded of the future.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

MARTINEAU, Harriet, an English essayist and historian; born at Norwich, June 12, 1802; died near Ambleside, June 17, 1876. At an early age she lost almost entirely the sense of hearing, and found her chief recreation in literary composition. Her first work, *Devotional Exercises for the Use of the Young,* appeared in 1823; this was followed the next year by a tale entitled *Christmas Day,* a sequel to which, entitled *The Friend,* appeared in 1825. From this time she produced works in almost every department of literature, only a few of which can here be even alluded to. About 1830 she began a series of stories illustrating the principles of Political Economy, which reached the number of nearly thirty. From 1834 to 1836 she traveled in the United States, and wrote *Society in America* (1837) and *Retrospect of Western Travel* (1838), besides more than a hundred stories and *Deerbrook* (1839), and *The Hour and the Man,* founded on the career of Toussaint l'Ouverture (1840). Her health gave way, and for a long time she was capable of little literary labor; but recovering, as she believed, through the agency of animal magnetism, she resumed constant work in 1845. In 1846, in company with friends, she made an Eastern tour, an account of which was given in her *Eastern Life, Past and Present* (1848). In 1849 she began a *History of England During the Thirty Year's Peace,* 1816–1846, a work which had been commenced by Charles Knight; this fills two quarto volumes. Among her later works are *British Rule in India* (1857); *England and Her Soldiers* (1859); *Health, Husbandry, and Handicraft* (1861); *Steps in the Dark* (1864). Her

Autobiography was published in 1877. She wrote frequently leading articles for the London *Daily News* and contributed to other journals.

AIDING EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.

When Mr. Tracey and his family returned from France in consequence of the passage of the Relief Bill he was shocked and terrified at the aspect of his estate and the neighboring country. When he found that the disaffected were those from whose hands he had wrenched the means of subsistence by giving orders for the consolidation of the small farms, his first impulse was to go abroad again, and get out of sight of his own work. But his friend, Mr. Rosso, roused him to a better course.

The first thing to be done was to find subsistence for those who had been ejected. To settle them as before would have been mending the case but little. The great evil of over-population was to be guarded against, at all events. Mr. Tracey could not afford to give these people the means of emigrating with advantage; but it appeared to himself and his friend that if he afforded them the opportunity of earning these means, without taking work out of the hands of those already employed, he would be making the best atonement now possible for the errors of his management. This might be done by beginning some work which would improve the estate; and there was little difficulty in deciding what this work should be.

A certain fishing village lay at a short distance from the southern extremity of Mr. Tracey's estate; but, from the state of an intervening piece of land, little or no communication was held between this village and any of the places which lay to the north or east of it. This piece of ground was level, and almost perpetually overflowed — at some seasons by the tide, and at others by land-springs. During a hot summer the health of those who lived within a certain distance was affected by the taint the marsh gave to the atmosphere; and by reason of the satisfied with the details of human life, but which have land, it had obtained the name of "The Devil's Garden."

It had long been settled that a sea-wall of small extent, and a road and ditch, would put an end to the fever, would establish an advantageous communication with the village, and probably convert this desert tract into good land. But the consent of a neighbor or two had not yet been obtained, because not asked for in earnest. Mr. Tracey now asked in earnest and obtained.

In a short time his purpose was made known, and candidates for emigration — to whom the offer of employment was confined — dropped in from all quarters and established their claims as old tenants or laborers on Mr. Tracey's estate. No questions were asked as to their mode of subsistence during their disappearance. The object was to win as many as possible from a life of violence to one of hopeful industry; and this object was gradually attained. Less was heard of crime and punishment week by week, and at length Mr. Tracey had the satisfaction of knowing that several individuals among those laborers had resisted various inducements, both of promise and threats, to become "Whiteboys."

A CONSTANT PROVIDENCE.

There is something so striking in the perpetual contrast between the external uniformity and the internal variety of the procedure of existence, that it is no wonder that multitudes have formed a conception of Fate as a mighty, unchanging Power, blind to the difference of spirits and deaf to the appeals of human delight and misery, a huge, insensible Force, beneath which all that is spiritual is sooner or later wounded, and is ever liable to be crushed. This conception of Fate is grand, is natural, and fully warranted to minds too lofty to be satisfied with the details of human life, but which have not yet arisen to the few higher conceptions of a Providence to whom this uniformity and variety are but means to a higher end than they apparently involve. There is infinite blessing in having reached the nobler conception; the feeling of helplessness is relieved, the craving for sympathy from the Ruling Power is satisfied; there is a hold for veneration; there is room for hope; there is,

above all, the stimulus and support of an end perceived, or anticipated; a purpose which steeps in sanctity all human experience.

Yet even where this blessing is most fully felt and recognized, the spirit cannot but be, at times, overwhelmed by the vast regularity of aggregate existence; thrown back upon its Faith for support, when it reflects how all things go on as they did before it became conscious of existence, and how all would go on as now, if it were to die to-day. On it rolls; not only the great globe itself, but the life which stirs and hums on its surface, enveloping it like an atmosphere. On it rolls, and the vastest tumult that may take place among its inhabitants can no more make itself seen and heard above the general stir and hum of life than Chimborazo or the Himalaya can lift its peak into space above the atmosphere. On it rolls; and the strong arm of the united race could not turn from its course one planetary note of the myriads that swarm in space; no shriek of passion or shrill song of joy, sent up from a group of nations, or a continent, could attain the sea of the eternal silence, as she sits enthroned among the stars. Death is less dreary than Life in this view — a view which at times, perhaps, presents itself to every mind, but which speedily vanishes before the faith of those who, with the heart, believe that they are not the accidents of Fate, but the children of a Father.

In the house of every wise parent may be seen an epitome of life — a sight whose consolation is needed at times, perhaps, by all. Which of the little children of a virtuous household can conceive of his entering into his parents' pursuits, or interfering with them? How sacred are the study and the office, the apparatus of a knowledge and a power which he can only venerate! Which of those little ones dreams of disturbing the course of his parents' thought or achievement? Which of them conceives of the daily routine of the household having been different before his birth, or that it would be altered by his absence? It is even a matter of surprise to him when it occurs to him that there is anything set apart for him — that he has clothes and couch, and that his mother thinks of and cares for him. If he

lags behind in a walk, or finds himself alone among the trees, he does not dream of being missed; but home rises up before him as he has always seen it, with the one difference of his not being there.

Yet all the while, from day to day, from year to year, without one moment's intermission, is the providence of his parents around him, brooding over the workings of his infant spirit, chastening his passions, nourishing his affections — now troubling it with salutary pain, now animating it with even more wholesome delight. All the while is the order of the household affairs regulated for the comfort and the profit of these little ones, though they regard it reverently, because they cannot comprehend it.

As the spirit expands and perceives that it is one of an innumerable family, it would be in danger of sinking into the despair of loneliness if it were not capable of a belief in mercy carried infinite degrees beyond the tenderness of human hearts, while the very circumstance of multitude obviates the danger of undue elation. But though it is good to be lowly, it behooves everyone to be sensible of the guardianship of which so many evidences are around all who breathe. While the world and life roll on and on, the feeble reason of the child of Providence may be at times overpowered by the vastness of the system amidst which he lives, but his faith will smile upon his fear, rebuke him for averting his eyes, and inspire him with the thought, "Nothing can crush me, for I am made for eternity. I will do, suffer, and enjoy as my Father wills; and let the world and life roll on."—*Deerbrook.*

MARTINEAU, James, an English clergyman, essayist and metaphysician; brother of Harriet Martineau; born at Norwich, April 21, 1805; died at London January 11, 1900. He was educated at Manchester New College, York, was pastor of a Presbyterian church in Dublin, and of a Unitarian church in Liverpool, and in 1841 was appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Manchester New College. He removed to London on the transfer of the college to that city, and in 1859 became one of the pastors of the Little Portland Street Chapel. From 1868 to 1885 he was principal of the college in which he had been so long a professor. He resigned his pastorate in 1872.

Among Dr. Martineau's works are *The Rationale of Religious Inquiry* (1837); *Lectures on the Liverpool Controversy* (1839); *Endeavors After the Christian Life* (1843–47); *Studies of Christianity* (1858); *Essays Philosophical and Theological* (1868); *Modern Materialism* (1876); *Ideal Substitutes for God Considered* (1878); *The Relation between Ethics and Religion* (1881), and *Types of Ethical Theory* (1885). He was one of the founders of the *National Review*, to which he has frequently contributed. He received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard College in 1872; that of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh in 1884; that of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1888; and his Litt.D. from the University of Dublin in 1892. His later works include *A Study of Religion* (1888); *The Seat of Authority in Religion* (1890); *Essays, Reviews,* and *Addresses* (1890–91); *Home Prayers* (1892), and *Life of Sir Bartle Frere* (1895).

LACK OF UNANIMITY IN MORAL JUDGMENTS.

It is also easy to understand how, notwithstanding the uniformity of their moral nature, men may remain far from unanimity in their apparent moral judgments. The whole scale of inner principles is open to survey only to the ripest mind; and to be perfect in its appreciation is to have exhausted the permutations of human experience. To all actual men a part only is familiar; often a deplorably small part. Still, however limited the range of our moral consciousness, it would lead us all to the same verdicts, had we all the same segment of the series under our cognizance. We should have a narrower, but a concurrent, sense of right and wrong. That it is otherwise is not surprising, when it is remembered that to different men different parts of the scale of impulses are familiar by the predilections of their nature or the cast of their experience; so that their moral insight does not sweep over courses parallel and equal, but the measure at which one mind stops short is outstripped and overlapped by the standard of another. The effect of this inequality upon our casuistry is obvious at a glance. If all our moral judgments are *preferential,* two terms must always be present as the objects of comparison. They are not both, however, explicitly stated in the form usually given to our moral problems; one only is advanced; the other is held in reserve, and therefore unnoticed. It is in this suppressed term, which may secretly differ in the mind of different disputants, that the source of apparent divergency lies. Ask two persons the value of B: if one measures it by A as a standard, and the other by C, their answers will not agree. Not that they contain any real contradiction and may not both be true when fully unfolded; but so long as the measure tacitly employed remains latent and is not even self-confessed, the *relative* nature of the decision is hid under the disguise of an absolute verdict; one voice declares a given thing to be "right," another to be "wrong;" meaning no more than in the first case that it is superior to one substitute — in the second, that it is inferior to an-

other. Of no moral activity can the worth be determined without conceiving *what would else be there;* and unless this conception be identical in the thoughts of two advocates, they deal with differing problems under semblance of the same name. When, for instance, a discussion arises whether we ought to approve of the heroes and heroines who, like Howard, Elizabeth Fry, or Florence Nightingale, go into original fields of humane enterprise at the cost of home blessings of great price, those who condemn the course of those who admire it will have different conditions present to their thought; the former will regard it as an abandonment of family affections and nearer claims: the latter will perceive in it the sacrifice of self at the bidding of a pity and love which, in embracing the wider, does not cease to compass the lesser sphere. The former sees in it something *less,* the latter something *more,* than the faithful service of duty close at hand. It is the same in all the great controversies of practical morals. The defender of the laws of honor secretly compares the sensitiveness to character which asserts itself against danger and death with the pusillanimity which hugs its safety at the expense of a good name. The impugner of the same laws compares this jealous self-vindication with the quiet appeal to a higher tribunal and reverential willingness to "judge nothing before the time." The same type of disposition is placed side by side, in the one case, with the term below it; in the other, with the term above it.

Thus the facts that a part only of the moral scale is present to particular persons, and to different persons not the same part, readily explain the divergencies of ethical judgment without compromising in the least the uniformity of moral conceptions throughout the human race. —*Types of Ethical Theory.*

MARTINEZ, DE LA ROSA FRANCISCO, a Spanish poet and statesman; born at Granada, March 10, 1789; died at Madrid, February 7, 1862. He was educated at the university of his native city, where he became Professor of Philosophy in 1808. Spain was invaded by the French in the same year; and he enlisted under the standard of the national party. Upon the defeat of the patriots, he took refuge in Cadiz; whence he was sent to London as an agent of the Cortes. Here he wrote his poem *Zaragoza.* On his return to Cadiz he composed *La Vinda de Padilla,* which was represented in the midst of the siege, while the spectators were exposed to the continual bursting of the bombs thrown by the French. In 1814 he was appointed a member of the Cortes. At the restoration he was sent to Africa, having become a supporter of the Constitutional party; but the revolution of 1820 restored him to liberty, and he was a member of the extraordinary Cortes of 1820 and 1821. The following year he became a member of the Cabinet; but was driven from office by the crisis of July 7. He went to Holland, Switzerland, and Italy; and settled for a time in Paris, where he issued his *Obras Literarias.* In 1831 he was permitted to return, and settled at Malaga, where he collected and revised his *Poesias Liricas,* which were printed in 1833. In 1834 he became Minister of Foreign Affairs as leader of the Moderate party. He was afterwards Ambassador to France; and in 1858 he became leader of the Ministry, and in 1860 President of the Senate. Among his other literary works are *Edipo,* a tragedy; several comedies; *Doña Isabel de*

Solis (1837–40), a romance; *A History of the French Revolution,* founded upon Thiers.

THE ALHAMBRA.

Come to my bidding, gentle damsels fair,
  That haunt the banks of Douro and Genil!
Come, crowned with roses in your fragrant hair,
  More fresh and pure than April balms distil!

With long, dark locks adown your shoulders straying;
  With eyes of fire, and lips of honeyed power;
Uncinctured robes, the bosom bare displaying,
  Let songs of love escort me to the bower.

With love resounds the murmur of the stream;
  With love the nightingale awakes the grove;
O'er wood and mountain love inspires the theme,
  And Earth and Heaven repeat the strain of love.

Even there, where, 'midst the Alcazar's Moorish pride,
  Three centuries of ruin sleep profound;
From marble walls, with gold diversified,
  The sullen echoes murmur love around.

Where are its glories now? — the pomps, the charms,
  The triumph, the emprise of proud display,
The song, the dance, the feast, the deeds of arms,
  The gardens, baths, and fountains,— where are they?

Ye nymphs of Douro! to my words give heed;
  Behold how transient pride and glory prove.
Then, while the headlong moments urge their speed,
  Taste happiness, and try the joys of love.
—Translation in the Foreign Quarterly Review.

MARX, Karl, a German socialist, economist and revolutionist; born at Trèves, May 5, 1818; died at London, March 14, 1883. He was the son of a Christian Jewish lawyer, of Trèves, holding a high post in the Civil Service. He was educated at the Universities of Bonn and Berlin, where he studied jurisprudence and philosophy. While preparing to qualify as lecturer at Bonn, a deep impression was made upon his mind by the teaching of the Young Hegelian school, and their "Religion of Man," which led him to take an active part in the Liberal movement of 1840. His vigorous criticism of the provincial Landtag in the *Rhenish Gazette* of Cologne, induced its founders, Kamphausen and Hausemann, to offer him the editorship in 1842, and he abandoned his university career.

The *Rhenish Gazette,* having by the subtilty of its criticism persistently baffled the censor told off to watch it, was suppressed by the Prussian administration in 1843. Marx then went to Paris, and became co-editor with Arnold Ruge of the *Deutsche Französische Jahrbücher,* where he published his famous articles upon the *Hegelian Philosophy of Right,* and the *Jewish Question.* He afterwards contributed with Engels, Heine, etc., to *Vorwarts,* and with Engels published a pamphlet (*Die Heilige Familie*) in reply to Bruno Bauer, champion of the old or idealistic Hegelians. In 1844 he was expelled by Guizot from France, at the request of the Prussian Government, and retired to Brussels, where he published his *Discours sur le Libre-Échange* (1846), *Misère de la Philosophie,* a reply to Proudhon's *Philosophie de la*

Misère (1847), and continued his attacks on the Prussian administration in the *Brussels Gazette.*

In 1847 Marx and Engels were invited by the Communist League (founded at Paris, 1836, for the spread of communism amongst the workers; head-quarters removed to London, 1840), to draw up a new programme. In this "Communist Manifesto," the earliest public declaration of International Democratic Socialism, Marx traced the historical growth of the middle class and the proletariat, and from it deduced the development of the future Social Democratic State, which must necessarily abolish class, and universalize the benefits of social union. This famous manifesto was circulated during 1848 in almost every European language. On the outbreak of the revolution, Marx was expelled from Brussels, and invited to Paris by the Provisional Government, whence he returned to Cologne, and with Wolff, Engels, and Freiligrath started (June, 1848) the *New Rhenish Gazette,* which became the soul of the working-class revolutionary movement. When the Prussian Parliament was dissolved, Marx's paper called upon the people to meet violence with violence, and refuse to pay their taxes; in consequence, it was twice prosecuted, and acquitted. Finally in June, 1849, after the Dresden insurrection, it was suppressed.

Marx then went to London and for some years wrote for the newspapers. Later when the Socialists decided to found an International Working Men's Association, the committee appointed Marx corresponding secretary for Germany and Russia, and commissioned him to draw up the rules and inaugural address for the first Congress (Geneva, 1866). The object of the International, like that of the Communist League of

1847, of which it was a revival, was the alliance of the proletariat of all nations for the emancipation of labour. Marx was practically the organizer, "the brain" of the Association, until the secession of Bakounine and the Anarchist party (Congress of the Hague, 1872), and the removal of the central committee from London to New York in 1873 virtually dissolved it. From that time Marx took no part in public life, but devoted himself, amid increasing ill-health, to the completion of his great book on political economy, the second and third volumes of which he left in MS.

The reputation of Marx as an economist rests upon his *Das Capital,* of which the first volume was published in Hamburg in 1867.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Volume I. contains, firstly, a re-statement and development of Ricardo's theory of labor as the source of wealth and measure of value; the average value in exchange of any useful commodity, during any given period, is finally determined by the average duration of social labor, of average intensity, under average conditions, required to produce it. Secondly, it gives an analysis of capital, i. e., the surplus value produced by labor after it has reproduced the expenditure in raw material, wear and tear, and labor force (also a commodity sold at its cost of production); this surplus value is retained by the monopolists of the instrument of production, and is the fund from which are drawn rent, profits, and interest, and which supports all members of the community not engaged in productive labor. The rest of this volume is devoted to the historical development and social results of the "system of capitalist production."— *Lloyd C. Sanders.*

Marx was the central figure, both as thinker and

organizer, of the Social Democratic movement in Europe and America. He brought the humanism of the Hegelian philosophy of historical development into the science of economics, and evolved from the theory of the absolute dependence of social life upon the growth of economic conditions, the gigantic conception of the democratic labor state of the future, founded upon the collective ownership of the means of production, and controlled by the "centralized administration of productive processes." He devoted his life to working out this idea.

MASSEY, GERALD, an English poet; born at Tring, in Hertfordshire, May 28, 1828. In his boyhood Massey had no opportunity for education other than that afforded by a penny school, but poetry was born within him, and he began to write verse at seventeen, a collection of which, entitled *Poems and Chansons,* was published about 1848. In 1849 he became editor of the *Spirit of Freedom,* a workingmen's journal, and was subsequently connected with the *Anthenæum.* About 1852 he became an advocate of Spiritualism, upon which and kindred topics he lectured in Great Britain and the Colonies, and in the United States in 1873. In 1863 he was granted a pension on the civil list. His principal works in verse and prose are *Voices of Freedom and Lyrics of Love* (1850); *The Ballad of Babe Christabel* (1854); *War Waifs* (1855); *Craigcrook Castle* (1856); *Havelock's March* (1860); *The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets* (1864, 1872, 1888); *A Tale of*

Eternity, and Other Poems (1869); *Concerning Spiritualism* (1872); *A Book of the Beginnings* (1882); *The Natural Genesis* (1884); *My Lyrical Life* (1889), being his collected poems.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willlie, with his many pretty wiles,
Words of wisdom in his looks, and quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber, touched with gold of heaven so brave —
All lying darkly hid in a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie — fair and sunny fellow! he
Sprang like a lily from the dirt of poverty.
Poor little Willie! not a friend was nigh
When from the cold world he crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless — little Willie cried
for bread;
In the night we wandered homeless — little Willie cried
for bed.
Parted at the workhouse door, not a word we said:
Ah! so tired was poor Willie! and so sweetly sleep the
dead!

'Twas in the dead of winter we laid him in the earth;
The world brought in the New Year on a tide of mirth.
But for lost little Willie not a tear we crave;
Cold and hunger cannot wake him in his workhouse
grave.

We thought him beautiful, felt it hard to part;
We loved him dutiful: down, down, poor heart! —
The storms they may beat, the winter winds may rave;
Little Willie feels not in his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie; in the world he had no part;
On him stared the Gorgon-eye, through which looks no
heart.
"Come to me," said Heaven; and if Heaven will save,
Little matters though the door be a workhouse grave.

MASSILLON, Jean Baptiste, a French orator; born at Hyéres, June 24, 1663; died at Clermont, September 18, 1742. He was the son of a notary, and was destined for his father's profession; and it was with great difficulty that he obtained permission to enter the Church. From the very outset he gave promise of distinction, but his retiring disposition led him to shrink from appearing in public; and even after his brilliant successes in the funeral orations of the archbishops of Vienne and Lyons, in 1692 and 1693, he seems to have thought of assuming the vow of silence in a Trappist monastery. The Superior-General of the Oratory recalled him to the Congregation, first in Lyons, and afterward in Paris, where he soon became celebrated by his ecclesiastical *Conferences.* In 1699 he was called to the Church of the Oratory, in Paris, and preached the Advent Sermons before Louis XIV., at Versailles.

His Lenten Sermons — the *Grand Carême,* as they are called — delivered in 1701, were greatly admired by the King, who invited him again in 1704. *Le Petit Carême,* a course of ten sermons preached in the Lenten season of 1718, is the most celebrated of Massillon's works; but Sainte-Beuve regards the earlier *Advent Sermons* and the *Grand Carême* as composing the most beautiful as well as the most considerable portion of his oratory. Besides constantly preaching during the interval between the delivery of these courses of sermons, Massillon delivered several funeral orations, of which that on Prince Conti, in 1709, and that on Louis XIV., in 1715, are the finest.

In 1717 Massillon was named Bishop of Clermont;

but he was not consecrated until 1719. His last public funeral oration was that on the Duchess of Orleans, in 1723. His remaining years were occupied in the duties of his diocese, where, says Sainte-Beuve, "the least favorably disposed could find for him no other term of reproach than 'the pacific prelate.'"

EVIL EFFECTS OF ADULATION.

By adulation, the vices of the great are strengthened, and even their virtues are corrupted. Their vices are strengthened; and what resource remains to passions that receive nothing but eulogy! Alas! how is it possible for us to hate and correct such of our faults as are commended, when even those which we condemn often find within us not only inclination, but arguments for their defence? We make excuses to ourselves for our vices: can the illusion be dispelled when all who surround us represent them as virtues?

Even their virtues are corrupted: "It is the testimony of all ages," said Ahasuerus; the flattering suggestions of the wicked have always perverted the praiseworthy inclinations of the best princes, and the most ancient histories furnish us with examples. It was a king who made that public avowal to his subjects: the specious and iniquitous counsels of a flatterer threatened to dim all the glory of his reign: the faithfulness of Mordecai alone arrested the blow about to fall upon the innocent. A single faithful subject often decides the happiness of a reign and the glory of a monarch; on the other hand, but a single flatterer is needed to blast the glory of a prince, and bring ruin to an empire.

In truth, adulation begets pride, and pride is ever a rock fatal to all virtue. The sycophant, by ascribing to the great the praiseworthy qualities which they lack, makes them lose even those bestowed upon them by nature; he turns into sources of vice inclinations in themselves promises of virtue: courage degenerates into presumption; the dignity inspired by birth, and so well befitting a sovereign, into a vain haughtiness that dis-

honors and degrades him; the love of glory, which flows in their veins with the blood of their kindly ancestors, becomes an insensate vanity that would see the whole universe at its feet, that seeks war solely for the empty joy of victory, and that far from subduing their enemies, makes them anew, and arms against them their neighbors and their allies. Kindness, so endearing in men of lofty station, and almost the first sentiment instilled from infancy into the hearts of kings, confining itself to extravagant largeness and to unreserved familiarities with a small number of favorites, leaves them only a hard insensibility to public misfortunes: even the duties of religion, of which kings are the chief protectors, and which formed the serious occupation of their early years, appear to them nothing more than the puerile amusements of childhood. No, sire, princes are born with ordinary virtues, and with inclinations worthy of their blood. Birth gives them to us as they ought to be; adulation, all unaided, makes them what they are.

Spoiled by praises, who would longer dare to address them in the language of truth? They alone in their kingdom know not what they alone ought to know; they send ministers to acquaint them with what passes in secret in distant courts; yet no one would dare to acquaint them with what passes in their own kingdom. Flattering tongues besiege their throne, close all avenues, and leave to truth no longer any means of access. Thus the monarch is but a stranger in the midst of his people: he thinks that he controls the most secret springs of his government, and he is ignorant of the most public events. His losses are concealed from him; his advantages are magnified to him, and public misfortunes are made light of: he is mocked with respect; he no longer perceives things as they are; everything appears to him what he wishes it to be.

. . . . . .

It is adulation that makes of a good prince a prince born for the ruin of his people; that turns sovereignty into oppression; and that, by lauding the weakness of kings, renders even their virtues contemptible. Yes, sire, who-

ever flatters his masters betrays them: the perfidy that deceives them is as criminal as that which dethrones them: truth is the homage due to them; there is little difference between the treachery of the flatterer and that of the rebel: one holds no longer to honor and duty when he holds no longer to truth, which alone honors man, and is the foundation of all duties. The same infamy that punishes perfidy and revolts should be meted out to adulation; public safety should appeal to the laws that have omitted to number it among the great crimes to which they award punishment, for it is as criminal to make an attempt on the good faith of princes as on their sacred persons, to be wanting in respect to truth as to be wanting in fidelity, since the enemy who would destroy us is still less to be feared than the flatterer who seeks only to please us.— *Le Petit Carême.*

MASSINGER, PHILIP, an English dramatist; born at Salisbury in 1584; died at Southwark in 1640. His father was one of the household of the Earl of Pembroke, by whom the son was sent to Oxford, in 1602; but he left the University without taking a degree, and went to London about 1606. He became connected with the stage, and wrote, in connection with Fletcher and others, several dramas. The earliest production by Massinger alone was *The Virgin Martyr* (1622), and the latest, *The Bashful Lover* (1636). There are extant eighteen plays by Massinger, five of which may be classed as tragedies, the remainder as tragi-comedies. To this latter class belongs the *City Madam*, which, with the *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, still holds a place on the stage. Others which were much admired are *The*

Maid of Honor and *The Fatal Dowry*, the latter of which is said to have given Rowe his outline for *The Fair Penitent.*

Massinger's dramas are happily free from the profanity which characterized the work of his contemporaries. He is said to have been the only dramatist of his time to reject the divine right of kings.

SCENES FROM THE "CITY MADAM."

SIR JOHN FRUGAL is a wealthy city merchant and money-lender.— His wife, LADY FRUGAL, and their two daughters, are puffed up with pride and vanity.— LUKE is a brother of SIR JOHN, who has run through his fortune, and is an humble dependent upon his brother, by whose wife and daughters he is contemptuously hated.

Lady Frugal. Very good, Sir!
Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner,
With humble diligence, to do what my daughters
And women did command you?
Luke. Drunk, an't please you!
Lady F. Drunk, I said, Sirrah! Dar'st thou, in a look,
Repine or grumble? Thou unthankful wretch!
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison
(Thy patrimony spent), ragged and lousy,
When the Sheriff's basket and his broken meat
Were your festival-exceedings! and is this
So soon forgotten?
Luke. I confess I am
Your creature, Madam.
Lady F. And good reason why
You should continue so.
Luke. I owe all this
To your goodness, Madam. For it you have my prayers,
The beggar's satisfaction. All my studies —
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty
Remembering what I am) — are now to please you.

And if in my long stay I have offended,
I ask your pardon; though you may consider,
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
I could not come much sooner.

[Sir John, in order to bring his wife and daughters to their senses, gives out that he has retired to a monastery, and has left all his riches to his brother, who takes possession. Whereupon Luke thus soliloquizes.]

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth —
A real truth; no dream. I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't. It did endure the touch;
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld,
And handled of't, did so transcend belief
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er),
I scarcely could give credit to my senses. . . .
In corners of the room, silver in bags heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flowed about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light: the splendor
Makes a perpetual day there; night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp forever banished!
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they opened,
Each sparkling diamond from itself, shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fixed it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract or epitome! Rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl; these seen, I could not
But look on with contempt. And yet I found —
What weak credulity could have no faith in —
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment;
The wax continuing hard — the acres melting;
Here is a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in

The Unthrift's power; there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England where my moneys are not
Lent out at usury — the certain hook
To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth
Supports me not; I walk on air.

[Luke treats his debtors with the utmost harshness; and degrades his brother's wife and daughters to the condition of menials. The ladies at length appear before him clad in the meanest manner.]

Luke. Save you, sister!
I now dare style you so. You were before
Too glorious to be look'd on; now you appear
Like a city matron; and my pretty nieces
Such things as were born and bred there. Why should you ape
The fashions of Court-ladies, whose high titles,
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant
For their superfluous bravery? 'Twas monstrous!
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.
Lady Frugal. Is this spoken
In scorn?
Luke. Fie! no; with judgments I make good
My promise, and now show you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes, and stand resolved
You shall continue so.
Lady F. It is confessed, Sir.
Luke. Sir! — Use your old phrase — Sirrah. I can bear it.
Lady F. That, if you please, forgotten. We acknowledge
We have deserved ill from you; yet despair not,
Though we are at your disposure, you'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.
Luke. 'Tis my purpose.
Lady F. And not make us ridiculous.
Luke. Admired, rather,
As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood, to imitate. Do not frown;
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have

The power, in you, to scourge a general vice
And rise up a new satirist. But hear gently,
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
This decency and neatness, with the advantage
You shall receive by it.

Lady F. We are bound to hear you.

Luke. With a soul inclined to learn. Your father was
An honest country farmer — Goodman Humble.
By his neighbors ne'er called "Master." Did your pride
Descend from him? — But let that pass. Your fortune
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the ranks of a merchant's wife. He made a Knight,
And your sweet Mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver-cap, a silver pin,
Headed with a pearl worth threepence. And thus far
You were privileged, and no man envied it
It being for the city's honor that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a patrician and a plebeian.

Milicent. Pray you leave preaching, or choose some other text.

Luke. Peace, chattering magpie!
I'll treat of you anon. But when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name of Lady Mayoress
Became a byword, and you scorned the means
By which you were raised — my brother's fond indulgence
Giving the reins to it, and no object pleased you
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the Court —
What a strange, nay monstrous metamorphosis follow'd!
No English workmen then could please your fancy,
The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse;
This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd
To buzz into your ears what shape this Countess
Appear'd in the last masque, and how it drew

The young lord's eye upon her; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest prentice's place
To walk before you ——
Lady F. Pray you end.
Luke. Then as I said,
The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds
And richest orient pearl; your carcanets,
That did adorn your neck, of equal value;
Your Hungerland bands and Spanish quellio ruffs;
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feigned,
That your night-rails of forty pounds apiece
Might be seen, with envy, of the visitants;
Rich pantofles in ostentation shown,
And roses worth a family. You were served in plate;
Stirr'd not a foot without your coach; and going
To church — not for devotion, but to show
Your pomp — you were tickled when the beggars cried
"Heaven save your Honor!" And when you lay
In childbed at the christening of this minx —
I well remember it — as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers, hung the first with arras,
And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian dye; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,
Like Pompey's Julia.
Lady F. No more, I pray you.
Luke. Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
O in your daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge
Of your base usage of me, but to fright
Others by your example. 'Tis decreed
That you shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With these useless drones!

[The result of SIR JOHN'S well-meant ruse is that his wife and daughters are weaned from their proud and foolish ways. He suddenly reappears, and ousts LUKE from the position of which he had proved himself so unworthy. This, however, is not done until LUKE had full opportunity to display his inborn arrogance and baseness. The LORD LACY who reappears in the following scene, is a nobleman who wishes his son to marry one of the daughters of SIR JOHN. He had been very courteous to LUKE in the days of his adversity, and LUKE had fawned upon him most obsequiously. LORD LACY had from the first been aware of the schemes of SIR JOHN.]

Lord Lacy. You are well met,
And to my wish — and wondrous brave! Your habit
Speaks you a merchant-royal.
Luke. What I wear
I take not upon trust.
Lord L. Your betters may
And blush not for't.
Luke. If you have not else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.
Lord L. You are very peremptory; pray you stay,—
I once held you an upright, honest man.
Luke. I am honester now
By a hundred thousand pound — I thank my stars for't —
Upon the Exchange; and if your late opinion
Be altered, who can help it? Good, my Lord,
To the point. I have other business than to talk
Of honesty and opinions.
Lord L. Yet you may
Do well if you please, to show the one, and merit
The other from good men, and in a case that now
Is offer'd to you.
Luke. What is it? I am troubled.
Lord L. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of your brother's prentices.
Luke. Mine, my Lord, I take it.
Lord L. Goldwire and Tradewell.
Luke. They are welcome if
They come prepared to satisfy the damage

I have sustained by their sons.
Gold. We are, so you please
To use a conscience.
Trade. Which we hope you will do
For your own Worship's sake.
Luke. Conscience, my friends,
And wealth, are not always neighbors. Should I part
With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my reputation: for it would convince me
Of indiscretion; nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such prejudice.
Lord L. No moderation?
Luke. They cannot look for't, and preserve in me
A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie
For your sons' truth, and they shall answer all.
They have run out. The masters never prosper'd
Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices. When we look
To have our business done at home, they are
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge Alley,
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds, look to't —
A thousand pounds apiece; and that will hardly
Repair my losses.
Lord L. Thou dar'st not show thyself
Such a devil!
Luke. Good words!
Lord L. Such a cut-throat! I have heard of
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your moneys
Cannot justify your villainies.
Luke. I endure this.
And, good my Lord, now you talk in time of moneys,
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to wonder
Your wisdom should have leisure to consider
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage
To my sister or my nieces — being yourself
So much in danger.
Lord L. In thy danger?
Luke. Mine.
I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd —

Pawn'd, my good Lord: Lacy Manor, and that manor,
From which you have the title of a Lord,
An' it pleases you good Lordship! You are a nobleman;
Pray you pay in my moneys: the interest
Will eat faster in't than aqua-fortis in iron —
Now, though you bear me hard, I love your Lordship.
I grant your person to be privileged
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature
Call'd an under-sheriff, who being well paid, will serve
On lord's or clown's land. Pay it in —
I would be loath your name should sink, or that
Your hopeful son — when he returns from travel —
Should find you, my Lord, without land. You are angry
For my good counsel. Look to your bonds. Had I known
Of your coming, believe't I would have had sergeants ready.—
Lord, how you fret! But that a tavern's near,
You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house
To wash down sorrows; but there it will do better,
I know you will drink a health to me.

MASSON, DAVID, a Scottish critic and biographer; born at Aberdeen, December 2, 1822. He was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and at the University of Edinburgh. At nineteen he became editor of a newspaper in Scotland. In 1847 he went to London, and in 1852 was appointed Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University College, London, retaining the place until 1865, when he resigned, upon being appointed Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. During these years he contributed largely to magazines and reviews; and for

several years, beginning with 1859, was editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Many of his miscellaneous essays have been republished collectively at various times. Separate works are *British Novelists and Their Styles* (1859); *Recent British Philosophy* (1865); *Drummond of Hawthornden* (1873); *The Three Devils: Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's* (1874); *Life of De Quincey* (1878); and *Edinburgh Sketches and Memories* (1892). His most important work is *The Life of John Milton, Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of His Time*, of which Vol. I. was published in 1858; Vol. II. in 1871, Vol. III. in 1873, Vols. IV. and V. in 1878. He has also edited the "Cambridge Edition" of *Milton's Poetical Works*, and "The Golden Treasury Edition," both accompanied with Introductions and Notes, and a Memoir.

MILTON IN EARLY MANHOOD.

When Milton left Cambridge in July, 1632, he was twenty-three years and eight months old. In stature, therefore, at least, he was already whatever he was to be. "In stature," he says himself at a later period, when driven to speak on the subject, "I confess I am not tall, but still of what is nearer to middle height than too little; and what if I were of little; of which stature have often been very great men both in peace and war — though why should that be called little which is great enough for manliness?" This is precise enough, but we have Aubrey's words to the same effect. "He was scarce as tall as I am," says Aubrey; to which, to make it more intelligible, he appends this marginal note: "*Qu Quot* feet I am high? *Resp.* of middle stature," — *i. e.*, Milton was a little under middle height. "He had light brown hair," continues Aubrey — putting the word "abrown" (auburn) in the margin by way of synonym for "light brown;" — "his complexion exceeding fair;

oval face; his eyes a dark gray." As Milton himself says that his complexion, even later in life, was so much "the reverse of bloodless or pallid," that, on this ground alone, he was generally taken for ten years younger than he really was, Aubrey's "exceeding fair" must mean a very delicate white and red.

Then, he was called "the lady" in his College — an epithet which implies that, with this unusually delicate complexion, the light brown hair falling to his ruff on both sides of his oval face, and his slender and elegant rather than massive or powerful form, there was a certain prevailing air of the feminine in his look.

The feminine, however, was of that peculiar sort — let connoisseurs determine what it is — which could insist with clear eyes of a dark gray, and with a "delicate and tunable voice," that could be firm in the low tenor notes and carry tolerably sonorous matter. And, ladylike as he was, there was nothing effeminate in his demeanor. "His deportment," says Wood, "was affable, his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness." Here Wood apparently follows Milton's own account, where he tells us that in his youth he did not neglect "daily practice" with his sword, and that he was not so "very slight" but that "armed with it, as he generally was, he was in the habit of thinking himself quite a match for anyone, even were he much the more robust, and of being perfectly at ease as to any injury that anyone could offer him, man to man.'

As to the peculiar blending that there was of the feminine and the manly in the appearance of the "lady of Christ's," we have some means of judging for ourselves in a yet extant portrait of him, taken (doubtless to please his father) while he was still a Cambridge student. There could scarcely be a finer picture of pure and ingenuous English youth; and if Milton had the portrait beside him when, in later life, he had to allude, in reply to his opponents, to the delicate subject of his personal appearance, there must have been a touch of shyness in his statement, that "so far as he knew he had never been thought ugly by anyone who had seen

him." In short, the tradition of his great personal beauty in youth requires no abatement.

In this "beautiful and well proportioned body," to use Aubrey's words, there lodged "a harmonical and ingeniose soul." In describing that "soul" more minutely, I may be allowed to proceed in a somewhat gradual manner. I may be allowed also to avail myself as I proceed of such words of my own in a previous essay on the same subject as appear to me still to express the truth.

The prevailing tone, the characteristic mood and disposition of Milton's mind, even in his early youth, consisted in a deep and habitual *seriousness*. I use the word in no special or restricted sense. The seriousness of which I speak was a constitutional seriousness, ratified and nourished by rational reflection, rather than the assumed temper of a sect. From his childhood we see this seriousness in Milton, this tendency to the grave and earnest in his view of things. It continues with him as he grows up. It shows itself at the University, in an unusual studiousness and perseverance in the graver occupations of the place. It shows itself in an abstinence from many of those jocosities and frivolities which, even in his own judgment, were innocent enough, and quite permissible to those who cared for them. "Festivities and jests in which I acknowledge my faculty to be very slight," are his own words on the subject. His pleasure in such pastimes was small; and when he did good-humoredly throw himself into them, it was with an apology for being out of his element.

But still more distinctly was the same seriousness of disposition shown in his notion as to where innocence in such things ended. In the nickname of "the lady," as applied to Milton by his college-fellows, we see, from his own interpretation of it, not only an allusion to his personal appearance, but also a charge of prudery. It was as if they had called him "the maid." He himself understands it so; and there are passages in some of his subsequent writings, in which he seems to regard it as due to himself, and as necessary to a proper appreciation of his whole career, that such references to the

innocence of his youth should be interpreted quite literally. So far, there can be no doubt that the example of Milton contradicts much that is commonly advanced by way of a theory of the poetical character.

Poets and artists are and ought to be distinguished, it is generally held, by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called the moral part of man. A nature built on quicksands, an organization of nerve, languid or tempestuous with occasion, a soul falling and soaring, now subject to ecstacies and now to remorses — such, it is supposed, and on no small induction of actual instances, is, the appropriate constitution of the poet. Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle, properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture or resolution through all moods — this, say the theorists, is the essential thing in the structure of the artist.

Against the truth of this, as a maximum of universal application, the character of Milton, like that of Wordsworth after him, is a remarkable protest. Were it possible to place before the theorist all the materials that exist for judging of Milton's personal disposition as a young man, without exhibiting to them at the same time the actual and early proofs of his poetical genius, their conclusions, were they true to their theory, would necessarily be, that the basis of his character was too solid and immovable, the platform of personal aims and aspirations over which his thoughts moved and had footing too fixed and firm, to permit that he should ever have been a poet. Nay, whosoever, even appreciating Milton as a poet, should come to the investigation of his writings, armed with that preconception of the poetical character of Shakespeare, will hardly escape some feeling of the same kind. Seriousness, we repeat — a solemn and even austere demeanor of mind — was the characteristic of Milton even in his youth. . . .

Whatever other authorities may be cited in favor of the "wild-oats" theory, Milton's authority is dead against it. It was his fixed idea that he who would not be frustrate

of his hope of being great, or doing good hereafter, ought to be on his guard from the first against sensuality as a cause of spiritual incapacitation, and he was careful to regulate his own conduct by a recollection of this principle. As to the effects of the principle itself on his general career, and especially on his place and character among English poets, we shall have better opportunities of speaking hereafter; meanwhile, the fact that he held it with such tenacity is to be noted as the most characteristic circumstance of his youth, and as explaining, among other things, his self-confident demeanor.— *Life of John Milton.*

MATHER, Cotton, an American clergyman; born at Boston, Mass., February 12, 1663; died there, February 13, 1728. He belonged to an eminent clerical family. He was graduated from Harvard in 1678, being in his sixteenth year. In 1680 he became the assistant, and soon afterward the colleague, of his father in the pastorate of the North Street Church in Boston. He was the author of nearly four hundred publications, many of them single sermons or small pamphlets. His most notable works are *Memorable Providence relating to Witchcraft and Possessions* (1689); *The Wonders of the Invisible World* (1693); *Magnalia Christi Americana,* a collection of materials for an ecclesiastical history of New England (1702); *Essays to Do Good* (1710); *The Christian Philosopher* (1721); *Celestinus,* with a preface by his father (1723). Much of his time for more than thirty years was devoted to the writing of *Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures,* which has never been printed, but the bulky MS. of which is preserved in the

library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The *Life of Cotton Mather,* by W. B. O. Peabody, forms one of the volumes of Sparks's *American Biography.*

Mather was a firm believer in witchcraft, and had much to do with the persecutions of his day. In the subjoined extract from his *Wonders of the Invisible World,* the peculiarities of the original have been carefully retained.

SOME OF THE DEVIL'S DOINGS IN NEW ENGLAND.

That the Devil *is come down unto us with great wrath,* we find, we feel, we now deplore. In many ways, for many years, hath the Devil been assaying to extirpate the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus here. But now there is more than ordinary *affliction,* with which the *Devil* is Galling of us and such an one as is indeed Unparallelable. The things confessed by *Witches,* and the things endured by *Others,* laid together, amount unto this account of our Afflictions.

The *Devil,* Exhibiting himself ordinarily as a small *Black man,* has decoy'd a fearful knot of proud, forward, ignorant, envious and malicious creatures, to list themselves in his horrid Service, by entering their Names in a Book, by him tendered unto them. These Witches, whereof above a Score have now *Confessed, and shown their Deeds,* and some are now tormented by the Devils, for *Confessing,* have met in Hellish *Rendezvous,* wherein the Confessors do say, they have had their diabolical Sacraments, imitating the *Baptism* and the *Supper* of our Lord. In these hellish meetings, these Monsters have associated themselves to do no less a thing than, *To destroy the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, in these parts of the World.*

And in order hereunto, First they each of them have their *Spectres,* or Devils, commissioned by them and representing of them, to be the Engines of their Malice. By these wicked *Spectres,* they seize poor people about

the country, with various and bloody *Torments;* and of those evidently Preternatural torments there are some have dy'd. They have bewitched some, even so far as to make them *Self-destroyers;* and others are in many Towns here and there languishing under their *Evil hands.* The people thus afflicted are miserably scratched and bitten, so that the Marks are most visible to all the World, but the causes utterly invisible; and the same invisible Furies do most visibly stick Pins into the bodies of the Afflicted, and *scale* them, and hideously distort, and disjoint all their members, besides a thousand other sorts of Plague, beyond these of any natural diseases which they give unto them. Yea, they sometimes drag the poor people out of their chambers, and carry them over Trees and Hills for divers miles together

A large part of the persons tortured by these Diabolical *Spectres,* are horribly tempted by them, sometimes with fair promises, and sometimes with hard threatenings, but always with felt miseries, to sign the *Devil's Laws* in a Spectral Book laid before them; which two or three of these poor Sufferers, being by their tiresome sufferings overcome to do, they have immediately been released from all their miseries, and they appeared in Spectre then to Torture those that were before their fellow-sufferers. The *Witches,* which by their own covenant with the Devil are become Owners of Spectres, are oftentimes by their own Spectres required and compelled to give their consent, for the molestation of some, which they had no mind otherwise to fall upon: and cruel depredations are then made upon the Vicinage.

In the Prosecution of those Witchcrafts, among a thousand other unaccountable things, the *Spectres* have an odd faculty of clothing the most substantial and corporeal Instruments of Torture with Invisibility, while the wounds thereby given have been the most palpable things in the World; so that the Sufferers assaulted with Instruments of Iron, wholly unseen to the standers by, though, to their cost, seen by themselves, have, upon snatching, wrested the Instruments out of the *Spectre's* hands, and everyone has then immediately not

only *beheld,* but *handled,* an Iron Instrument taken by a Devil from a Neighbor.

These wicked *Spectres* have proceeded so far, as to steal quantities of Money from divers people, part of which Money has, before sufficient Spectators, been dropt out of the Air into the Hands of the Sufferers, while the *Spectres* have been urging them to subscribe their *Covenant* with *Death.* In such extravagant ways have these Wretches propounded the *Dragooning* of as many as they can into their own Combination, and the *Destroying* of others, with lingering, spreading, deadly diseases; till our Country should at last become too hot for us.

Among the Ghastly instances of the *Success* which these Bloody Witches have had, we have even seen some of their own Children so dedicated unto the Devil, that in their infancy, it is found the *Imps* have sucked them, and rendered them Venomous to a Prodigy. We have also seen the Devil's first batteries upon the Town where the first Church of our Lord in this Colony was gathered, producing those distractions, which have almost ruin'd the Town. We have seen, likewise, the *Plague* reaching afterward into the Towns far and near, where the Houses of good Men have the Devils filling of them with terrible vexations! — *The Wonders of the Invisible World.*

It is but just to the memory of Cotton Mather that an extract should be presented from a later work, of a very different type — entitled *Cœlestinus: a Conversation in Heaven, Quickened and Assisted, with Discoveries of Things in the Heavenly World.*

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

When the Angel of the Lord encamps round about those that fear Him, the next news is, They that seek the Lord shall want nothing that is good for them. O servant of God, art thou afraid of wants, of straits, of difficulties? The angels who poured down at least

two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of manna day by day unto the followers of God in the wilderness; the angel that brought meat unto the Prophet; the angel that showed Hagar and her son how to supply themselves: who can tell what services they may do for thee! Art thou in danger by sickness? The angel who strengthened the feeble Daniel; the angel who impregnated the waters of Bethesda with such sanative and balsamic virtues: who can tell what services they may do for thee! Art thou in danger from enemies? The angel who rescued Jacob from Laban and from Esau; the angel who fetched Peter out of prison: who can tell what services they may do for thee! The angels which directed the Patriarch in his journeys may give a direction to thy steps when thou art at a loss how to steer. The angels who moved the Philistines to dismiss David; the angels who carried Lot out of Sodom; the angels who would not let the lions fall upon Daniel: they are still ready to do as much for thee, when God thy Saviour shall see it seasonable. And who can tell what services the angels of God may do for the servants of God when their dying hour is coming upon them; then to make their bed for them; then to make all things easy to them! When we are in our agonies, then for an angel to come and strengthen us! The holy angels who have stood by us all our life will not forsake us at our death. 'Tis a blessed office indeed which our Saviour sends His angels to do for us in a dying hour.— *Cœlestinus.*

MATTHEWS, James Brander, an American essayist and critic; born at New Orleans, February 21, 1852. He was educated at Columbia College, New York; took up his residence in that city and devoted himself to literature. He soon became known as a prolific contributor to periodicals,

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

sometimes under the pseudonym "Arthur Penn." He gave himself mainly to literary and dramatic criticism and to fiction. He became Professor of Literature at Columbia University in 1890. He was one of the organizers and incorporators of the Authors' Club, and has been an active promoter of the cause of international copyright. He has edited, either alone or in collaboration, *Comedies for Amateur Acting* (1879); *The Rhymester* (1882); *Poems of American Patriotism* (1882); Sheridan's *Comedies* (1884); *Ballads of Books* (1886); *Actors and Actresses* (1886); Bernard's *Retrospections* (1887); William Dunlap's *André* (1887); John Burk's *Bunker Hill* (1891); Lamb's *Dramatic Essays* (1891); Irving's *Tales* (1891); Cooper's *Leather Stocking Tales* (1894). His original works are *The Theatres of Paris* (1880); *French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century* (1881); *The Home Library* (1883); *In Partnership* (with Bunner, 1884); *The Last Meeting* (1885); *A Secret of the Sea* (1886); *Pen and Ink* (1888); *Cheap Books and Good Books* (1888); *American Authors and British Pirates* (1889); *A Family Tree* (1889); *With My Friends* (1891); *In the Vestibule Limited* (1892) *A Tale of Twenty-Five Hours* (1892); *Tom Paulding* (1892); *Americanisms and Briticisms* (1892); *Story of a Story* (1893); *Studies of the Stage* (1894); *Vignettes of Manhattan* (1894); *The Royal Marine* (1894); *This Picture and That* (1894); *His Father's Son* (1895); *Bookbindings, Old and New* (1895); *American Literature* (1896); *Tales of Fantasy and Fact* (1896); *Aspects of Fiction* (1896); *Outlines in Local Color* (1897); *A Confidant of Tomorrow* (1898); *The Action and the Word* (1900); *The Historical Novel* (1901); *Development of the Drama* (1902), and *Rec-*

reations of an Anthologist (1904); and the following comedies: *Margery's Lovers* (produced 1884); *A Gold Mine* (1887); *On Probation* (1889); *The Decision of the Court* (1893).

THE ANTIQUITY OF JESTS.

Certain jests, like certain myths, exist in variants in all parts of the world. Comparative mythologists are diligently collecting the scattered folk-lore of all races; why should they not also be gathering together the primitive folk-humor? Cannot some comparative philologist reconstruct for us the original jest-book of the Aryan people? It would be very interesting to know the exact stock of jokes our forefathers took with them in their migrations from the mighty East. It would be most instructive to be informed just how far they got in the theory and practice of humor. It would be a pure joy to discover precisely what might be the original fund of root-jests laughed at by Teuton and Latin and Hindoo before these races were differentiated one from another by time and travel and climate. I wonder whether the pastoral Aryan knew and loved an early form of Lamb's favorite comic tale, the one in which a mad wag asks the rustic whether it is his own hare or a wig? And what did the dark-haired Iberian laugh at before the tall blonde Aryan drove him into the corners of Europe? It was probably some practical joke or other, in which a bone knife or a flint arrow-head played the chief part. The records of the Semitic race are familiar to us, but we know nothing, or next to nothing, about the humor of the alleged Turanians.— *Pen and Ink.*

COINCIDENCES IN LITERATURE.

After all, there is little need to lay stress on the innocence of many, if not most, of the coincidences with which the history of literature is studded. The garden is not large, and those who cultivate it must often walk

down the same path, sometimes side by side, and sometimes one after another, even though the follower neither wishes nor intends to tread on his predecessor's heels or to walk in his footsteps. They may gather a nosegay of the same flowers of speech. They may even pluck the same passion-flower, not knowing that anyone has ever before broken a blossom from that branch. Indeed, when we consider how small the area is, how few are the possible complications of plot, how easily the poetic vocabulary is exhausted, the wonder is really, not that there are so many parallel passages, but that there are so few. In the one field which is not circumscribed there is very little repetition: human nature is limitless, and characters comparatively rarely pass from one book to another. The dramatists and the romancers have no choice but to treat anew the best they may the well-worn incidents and the weary plots; the poets happen on the same conceits generation after generation; but the dramatists and the romancers and the poets know that there is no limit to the variety of man, and that human nature is as deep and boundless and as inexhaustible as the ocean. No matter how heavy a craft Shakespeare and Molière may have made, no matter how skilfully and how successfully Dickens and Thackeray may have angled, no matter how great the lake of Hawthorne and Poe, there are still as good fish in the Sea of Humanity as were ever caught. And I offer this fact, that we do not find the coincidence in character which we cannot help seeing in plot and in language, as a proof that most apparent plagiarism is quite unconscious and due chiefly to the paucity of material.— *Pen and Ink.*

MATTHISSON, Friedrich von, a German poet; born at Hohendodeleben, Prussia, January 23, 1761; died at Woerlitz, March 12, 1831. He studied philology, history, and philosophy, and acquired a profound knowledge of French, English, and Italian; and became a professor at Dessau in 1781. He became tutor to the sons of the Comte de Seviers, and was for some time at Altona, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Nyon, and Geneva. In 1789 he took the same position in the family of a rich banker at Lyons; and in 1792, in the service of the Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, he visited Italy, the Tyrol, and Switzerland. In 1812 the King called him to Stuttgart, and made him counsellor of legation, intendant of the royal theatres, and trustee of the royal library. He was ennobled in 1818; and, having traveled again in Italy, he settled at Woerlitz, where he died. His works include *Songs* (1781); *The Happy Family* (1783), a comedy; *Poems* (1787); *Letters* (1795); *Adventures of Alin* (1799); his *Complete Poems* (1811); *The Feast of Diana* (1814); his *Memoirs* (1815); his *Complete Works* (1825–29), in eight volumes; and *Posthumous Works and Correspondence.*

His productions are animated with a bright and serene humanity. His spirit, lucid and tranquil as the surface of the waters, has given us the most beautiful images of nature. "He excels," writes Larousse, "in the translation of the most intimate sentiments of the human soul; and in describing with taste and delicacy the scenery of nature."

ELEGY.

(Written in the Ruins of an Old Castle.)

Silent, in the veil of evening twilight,
Rests the plain; the woodland song is still,
Save that here, amid these mouldering ruins,
Chirps a cricket, mournfully and shrill.
Silence sinks from skies without a shadow,
Slowly wind the herds from field and meadow,
And the weary hind to the repose
Of his father's lowly cottage goes.

Here, upon this hill, by forests bounded,
'Mid the ruins of departed days,
By the awful shapes of Eld surrounded,
Sadness! unto thee my song I raise!
Sadly think I what in gray old ages
Were these wrecks of lordly heritages:
A majestic castle, like a crown,
Placed upon the mountain's brow of stone.

There, where round the column's gloomy ruins
Sadly whispering, clings the ivy green,
And the evening twilight's mournful shimmer
Blinks the empty window-space between.
Blessed, perhaps, a father's tearful eye
Once the noblest son of Germany;
One whose heart, with high ambition rife,
Warmly swelled to meet the coming strife.

"Go in peace!" thus spake the hoary warrior,
As he girded on his sword of fame;
"Come not back again, or come as victor:
Oh, be worthy of the father's name!"
And the noble youth's bright eyes were throwing
Deadly flashes forth; his cheeks were glowing
As with full-blown branches the red rose
In the purple light of morning glows.

Then, a cloud of thunder, flew the champion,
Even as Richard Lion-Heart, to fight;
Like a wood of pines in storm and tempest,
Bowed before his path the hostile might.
Gently, as a brook through flowers descendeth,
Homeward to the castle-crag he wendeth,
To his father's glad, yet tearful face,
To the modest maiden's chaste embrace.

Oh, with anxious longing, looks the fair one
From her turret down the valley drear!
Shield and breastplate glow in gold of evening,
Steeds fly forward, the beloved draws near!
Him the faithful right-hand, mute, extending
Stands she, pallid looks with blushes blending,
Oh, but what that soft, soft eye doth say,
Sings not Petrarch's, nor e'en Sappho's lay!

Merrily echoed there the sound of goblets,
Where the rank grass, waving in the gale,
O'er the nests of owls is blackly spreading,
Till the silver glance of stars grew pale.
Tales of hard-won battle fought afar,
Wild adventures in the Holy War,
Wakened in the breast of hardy knight
The remembrance of his fierce delight.

Oh, what changes! Awe and night o'ershadow
Now the scene of all that proud array;
Winds of evening, full of sadness, whisper,
Where the strong ones revelled and were gay;
Thistles lonely nod, in places seated
Where for shield and spear the boy entreated,
When aloud the war-horn's summons rang,
And to horse and speed the father sprang.

Ashes are the bones of these — the mighty!
Deep they lie within earth's gloomy breast;
Hardly the half-sunken funeral tablets
Now point out the places where they rest!
Many to the winds were long since scattered,

Like their tombs, their memories sunk and shattered!
O'er the brilliant deeds of ages gone
Sweep the cloud-folds of oblivion!

Thus depart life's pageantry and glory!
Thus flit by the visions of vain might!
Thus sinks, in the rapid lapse of ages,
All that earth doth bear, to empty night!
Laurels that the victor's brow encircle,
High deeds that in brass and marble sparkle,
Urns devoted unto Memory,
And the songs of immortality!

All, all, that with longing and with rapture
Here on earth a noble heart doth warm,
Vanishes like sunshine in the autumn,
When the horizon's verge is veiled in storm.
Friends at evening part with warm embraces —
Morning looks upon the death-pale faces;
Even the joys that love and friendship find
Leave on earth no lasting trace behind.

Gentle Love! how all thy fields of roses
Bounded close by thorny deserts lie!
And a sudden tempest's awful shadow
Oft doth darken Friendship's brightest sky!
Vain are titles, honor, might, and glory!
On the Monarch's temples proud and hoary,
And the wayworn pilgrim's trembling head,
Doth the grave one common darkness spread!

— *Translation in The Knickerbocker Magazine.*

MAUPASSANT, Henri René Albert Guy de, a French novelist; born at Miromesnil, Seine Inférieure, France, August 5, 1850; died at Paris, July 6, 1893. He was a descendant of an old Norman noble family, and the nephew and disciple of the great novelist, Gustave Flaubert. His uncle kept him writing for several years before he would consent to his appearing as an author. His first publication was a short story, *Boul-de-Suif*. This was followed by a play, *Histoire du Vieux Temps*, and a volume of naturalistic verse, *Des Vers*, all in 1880. Then came in rapid succession volume after volume for the next ten or twelve years. But in 1892, broken down by constant mental exertion, his mind gave way, and for months before his death he was confined in a private insane asylum. Among his best works are *La Maison Tellier* (1881); *Mademoiselle Fifi* (1882); *Les Sœurs Rondoli* (1884); *Contes du jour et de la nuit* (1885); *Monsieur Parent* (1885); *Bel-Ami* (1885); *La Petite Roque* (1886); *La Horla* (1887); *Mont-Oriol* (1887); *Pierre et Jean* (1888); *La Main Gauche* (1889); *Fort comme la mort* (1889); *L'Inutile Beauté* (1890), and *Notre Cœur* (1890). Maupassant belonged to the naturalistic school of writers.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

The elder son, Pierre, five years older than Jean, felt on leaving college a vocation successively for various professions. He tried half a dozen, one after another, and, quickly disgusted with each, plunged at once into new hopes.

Finally medicine tempted him, and he set to work

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

with such ardor that he received his degree as doctor after a brief course, which was shortened by dispensations, granted by the authorities. He was high-spirited, intelligent, changeable, and tenacious, full of utopian and philosophic ideas.

Jean, as fair as Pierre was dark, as calm as his brother was excitable, as sweet-tempered as his brother was sour, had quietly studied law, and obtained his diploma at the same time that Pierre graduated in medicine.

Both were now taking a holiday with their family, and both had formed the project of establishing themselves at Havre, if they could succeed in doing so satisfactorily.

Still, a vague jealousy — one of those dormant jealousies which grow up almost invisibly between brothers and sisters, till they mature and burst forth on the occasion of a marriage or a piece of good luck happening to one — kept them on the alert in a state of fraternal and inoffensive hostility. They certainly loved each other, but they were spies on each other. Pierre, who was five years old when Jean was born, regarded with the dislike of a spoiled little pet this other little pet, which suddenly appeared in the arms of his father and mother, and which was so caressed and beloved by them.

Jean had been from childhood a model of gentleness, goodness, and even temper; and Pierre gradually became wearied of hearing the continual praise of his brother, for to him his gentleness seemed effeminate, his goodness silly, and his kindness blind. His parents, good, easy people, who dreamed of their sons occupying honorable commonplace positions, reproached him with his indecisions, his enthusiasms, his abortive attempts, his ineffective impulses toward generous ideas and artistic professions.

After he had attained manhood, they no longer said to him, "Look at Jean, and do like him," but whenever he heard, "Jean did this, Jean did that," he understood clearly this hidden illusion, and the sense of the words. — *Pierre and Jean; translation of* HUGH CRAIG.

MOONLIGHT.

Abbe Marignan's martial name suited him well. He was a tall, thin priest, fanatic, excitable, yet upright. All his beliefs were fixed, never oscillating. He believed sincerely that he knew his God, penetrated His plans, desires and intentions.

When he walked with long strides through the avenue of his little country parsonage, he would sometimes ask himself the question: "Why has God done this?" And he would dwell on this with his mind, putting himself in the place of God, and he almost always found the answer. He would never have cried out in a frenzy of pious humility: "Thy ways, O Lord, are past finding out."

He said to himself, "I am God's servant; it is right for me to know the reason of His deeds, or to guess it if I do not know it."

Everything in nature seemed to him to have been created in accordance with an admirable and absolute logic. The "whys" and "becauses" always balanced. Dawn was given to make awakening joyful, the days to ripen the harvest, the rains to moisten it, the evenings for preparation for slumber, and dark nights for sleep.

The four seasons corresponded perfectly with the needs of agriculture, and no suspicion had ever come to the priest of the fact that nature has no intentions; that, on the contrary, everything which exists must adapt itself to the hard exactions of epochs, climates and matter.

But he hated woman — hated her unconsciously and despised her by instinct. He often repeated the words of Christ, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and he would add: "It seems as if God Himself were dissatisfied with this work of His." She was the tempter who had led the first man astray, and who, since then, had been every busy with her work of damnation, the feeble creature, dangerous and forever troubling. And even more than their sinful bodies, he hated their loving hearts.

He had often felt their tenderness directed toward himself, and, though he knew that he was invulnerable, he grew angry at this need of loving that was always trembling in them.

According to his belief, God had created woman for the sole purpose of tempting and proving man. One must not approach her without defensive precautions and fear of possible snares. She was, indeed, just like a snare, with her lips open and her arms stretched out to man.

He had no indulgence except for nuns, whom their vows rendered inoffensive; but he was stern with them all the same, because he felt that at the bottom of their chained and humble hearts the everlasting tenderness was burning brightly — that tenderness which was shown even to him, a priest.

He felt this cursed softness even in their docility, in the low tones of their voices when speaking to him, in their lowered eyes, and in their resigned tears when he reproved them rudely. And he would shake his cassock on leaving the convent doors, and walk off, lengthening his stride as if flying from danger.

He had a niece who lived with her mother in a little house near him. He was bent upon making a sister of charity of her.

She was a pretty, mocking madcap. When the abbé preached she laughed, and when he was angry with her she embraced him tightly, drawing him to her heart, while he sought involuntarily to release himself from this restraint which, nevertheless, filled him with a sweet pleasure, awakening in his depths the sensation of paternity which slumbers in every man.

Often, when walking by her side along the road, between the fields, he spoke to her of God, of his God. She never listened to him, but looked about her at the sky, the grass and flowers, and in her eyes shone the joy of life for every one to see. At times she would spring forward to catch some flying creature, crying out as she brought it back: "Look, uncle, how pretty it is. I want to hug it!" And this desire to "hug" flies or lilac blossoms disquieted, irritated and roused the priest, who saw, even herein, the ineradicable tenderness that is always germinating in women's hearts.

Then there came a day when the sacristan's wife, who kept house for Abbé Marignan, told him with caution, that his niece had a lover.

Almost suffocated by the fearful emotion this news roused in him, he stood there, his face covered with soap, for he was in the act of shaving.

When he had sufficiently recovered to reflect and speak, he cried: "It is not true; you lie, Mêlanie!"

But the peasant woman put her hand on her heart, saying: "May our Lord judge me if I lie, Monsieur le Curé. I tell you she goes to him every night when your sister has gone to bed. They meet by the river side; you have only to go there and see, between ten o'clock and midnight."

He ceased scraping his chin, and began to walk up and down with heavy steps, as he always did in moments of earnest meditation. When he began shaving again he cut himself three times from his nose to his ear.

All day long he kept silent, full of anger and indignation. To his priestly hatred of this invincible love was added the exasperation of her spiritual father, of her tutor and pastor deceived and played with by a child, and the selfish emotion shown by parents when their daughter announces that she has chosen a husband without them and in spite of them.

After his dinner he tried to read a little, but could not, growing more and more angry. When ten o'clock struck he took up his cane, a formidable oak stick, which he was wont to carry in his nocturnal walks when visiting the sick. And he smiled at the enormous club which he twirled menacingly in his strong, country fist. Then he raised it suddenly and, gritting his teeth, brought it down on a chair, the broken back of which fell over on the floor.

He opened the door to go out, but stopped on the sill, surprised by the splendid moonlight, of such brilliance as is seldom seen.

And, as he was gifted with an emotional nature, one such as all the Fathers of the Church should have, those poetic dreamers, he felt suddenly distracted and moved by all the grand and serene beauty of this pale night.

In his little garden, all bathed in soft light, his fruit trees, in a row, cast on the ground the shadow of their slender branches, scarcely clothed with verdure, while

the giant honeysuckle, clinging to the wall of his house, exhaled delicious odors, filling the clear, warm air with a kind of sweetened, perfumed soul.

He began to take long breaths, drinking in the air as drunkards drink wine, and he walked slowly along, enchanted, marveling, almost forgetting his niece.

As soon as he was outside of the garden, he stopped to gaze upon the plain all inundated by the caressing light, bathed in the tender, languishing charm of the serene night. At each moment was heard the short, metallic note of the toad, and distant nightingales poured out their music note by note, their light, vibrating music that sets one dreaming without thinking, made for kisses, for the seduction of moonlight.

The abbé walked on again, his heart failing, though he knew not why. He seemed weakened, suddenly exhausted; he wanted to sit down, to rest there, to contemplate, to admire God in His works.

Down yonder, following the undulations of the little river, a great line of poplars wound in and out. A fine mist, a white vapor that the moonbeams traversed, silvered and made shining, hung about and over the mountains, enveloping all the tortuous course of the water like a kind of light and transparent cotton.

The priest stopped once again, penetrated to the depths of his soul by a growing and irresistible tenderness.

And a doubt, a vague feeling of disquiet came over him; he was asking one of those questions that he sometimes put to himself.

"Why did God make this? Since the night is destined for sleep, unconsciousness, repose, forgetfulness of everything, why make it more charming than day, softer than dawn or evening; and why this seductive planet, more poetic than the sun, that seems destined, so discrete is it, to illuminate things too delicate and mysterious for the great light, that makes so transparent the shadows?

"Why does not the greatest of bird-singers sleep like the others? Why does it pour forth its voice in this mysterious shade?

"Why this half-veil thrown over the world? Why these tremblings of the heart, this emotion of the spirit,

this languishing of the body? Why this display of seductions that men do not see, since they are lying in their beds? For whom is destined this sublime spectacle, this abundance of poetry cast from heaven to earth?"

And the abbé could not understand.

But see, yonder on the edge of the meadow, under the arch of trees bathed in a shining mist, two figures walking side by side.

The man was the taller, and held his arm about his sweetheart's neck and kissed her brow every little while. They imparted life to the motionless landscape that enveloped them as a frame worthy of them. The two seemed but a single being, the being for whom was destined this calm and silent night, and they came toward the priest as a living response, the response his Master sent to his question.

He stood still, his heart beating, all upset, and it seemed to him that he was beholding some Biblical scene, like the loves of Ruth and Boaz, the accomplishment of the will of the Lord, in one of those glorious stories of which the sacred books tell. The verses of the Song of Songs began to ring in his ears, the cries of ardor, all the poetry of this poem of love.

And he said unto himself: "Perhaps God has made such nights as these to veil the ideal of the love of men."

He shrank back from this couple with arms intertwined, that still advanced. Yet it was his niece. But he asked himself now if he would not be disobeying God. And does not God permit love, since He surrounds it with such visible splendor?

And he went back musing, almost ashamed, as if he had penetrated into a temple where he had no right to enter.— *Translation of Virginia Watson.*

MAURICE, John Frederick Denison, an English theologian; born at Normanston, near Lowestoft, Suffolk, August 29, 1805; died at London, April 1, 1872. He studied at Trinity College and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, went to London and engaged in literary work, editing the *Athenæum*. He afterward went to Oxford, where he took his degree in 1831. Three years later he entered the ministry of the Established Church and became chaplain of Guy's Hospital, London. In 1840 he was called to the chair of history and literature in King's College, and to that of divinity in 1846. The publication of his *Theological Essays* caused him to lose his professorships, but he retained the chaplaincy of Lincoln's Inn, and the charge of St. Peter's Church, Vere Street. He was active in efforts for the establishment of the Workingmen's College, and of Queen's College for women. In 1866 he was called to Cambridge as Professor of Moral Philosophy. Among his numerous publications are *Eustace Conway*, a novel (1834); *The Kingdom of Christ* (1838); *Christmas Day, and Other Sermons* (1842); *The Unity of the New Testament* (1844); *The Religions of the World* (1847); *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy of the First Six Centuries* (1848); *Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament* (1853); *The Docrine of Sacrifice* (1854); *Patriarchs and Lawgivers of the Old Testament* (1855); *Mediæval Philosophy* (1856); *The Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven* and *Lectures on St. Luke* (1864); *Conflict of Good and Evil in Our Day* (1865); *The Commandments as Instruments of Na-*

tional Reformation (1866); *The Conscience, Lectures on Casuistry* (1868), and *The Lord's Prayer* (1870).

OUR FATHER.

"*Our Father:*" there lies the expression of that fixed, eternal relation which Christ's birth and death have established between the littleness of the creature and the Majesty of the Creator, the one great, practical answer to the philosopher who would make heaven clear by making it cold; would assert the dignity of the Divine Essence by emptying it of its love, and reducing it into nothingness. Our Father *which art in Heaven*: there lies the answer to all the miserable substitutes for faith by which the invisible has been lowered to the visible; which have insulted the understanding and cheated the heart; which have made united worship impossible, because that can only be when there is One Being, eternal, immortal, invisible, to whom all may look up together, into whose presence a way is opened for all, whose presence is a refuge from the confusions, perplexities, and divisions of this world; that home which the spirits of men were ever seeking, and could not find, till He Who had borne their sorrows and died their death entered within the veil, having obtained eternal redemption for them till He bade them sit with Him in heavenly places.—*The Lord's Prayer.*

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

Such a prayer is not one which men could have dreamed of themselves, but it is one which God himself has taught them. He led his saints in the old time to pray that He would declare his great name; to thank Him for all his past revelations of it; to flee to it as a strong tower, in which they were safe from their enemies. Every new act of His judgment and His mercy was an answer to the cry; in every such act the prophet saw the witness and pledge of a fuller manifestation. The petition, then, was no new one. The disciples had often heard it before that day when our Lord was alone pray-

ing, and when they said, "Teach us as John taught his disciples." But they knew that He had stamped it with a new impression; for though they understood but imperfectly why He had come, and Who He was, their hearts testified that He had certainly come to do that which He bade them ask for. If He brought gifts to men, if He proclaimed forgiveness to men, this was His first gift, this was the ground of His forgiveness, He hallowed the name of God. He showed forth the Father who dwelt in Him, full of grace and truth. Men could see Him after Whose likeness they had been created, in a pure, untroubled mirror. They were not obliged to measure the Eternal Mind by the partial, distorted forms of truth and goodness which they found each in himself. Here was goodness and truth in its primitive form, in its entire fulness. They needed not to reduce goodness and truth into abstractions; here they were exhibited in actual human life; the perfect man reflecting the perfect God. They needed not to dream of qualities which the shock of the Fall had separated in their minds — mercy and justice, freedom and obedience — as having a corresponding conflict in the Eternal Mind; here they were seen working harmoniously in every word and deed. Thus God's name was hallowed for them, thus it has been hallowed for us. This revelation is for all ages; if one has more need of it than another, ours is the one.—*The Lord's Prayer.*

MAURY, MATTHEW FONTAINE, an American naval officer and scientist; born in Spottsylvania County, Va., January 14, 1806; died at Lexington, Va., February 1, 1873. In 1825 he entered the naval service as midshipman; and as such made a voyage round the world in the sloop-of-war *Vincennes.* During this cruise he began his *Treatise*

on Navigation, which was adopted as a text-book in the Navy. In 1836 he was placed in charge of what afterward became the Hydrographical Office at Washington, which subsequently was merged in the National Observatory, of which Maury was made superintendent. In this capacity he prepared a series of "Wind and Current Charts" which were issued by the Observatory, and supplied to all navigators who would undertake to make certain prescribed observations. The result of his hydrographical labors were embodied in his *Physical Geography of the Sea,* first issued in 1856, and afterward much enlarged in numerous editions, up to 1873. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he resigned his commission in the United States Navy and entered the Confederate service, serving in a scientific capacity at home and abroad. After the downfall of the Confederacy he entered the service of Maximilian of Mexico. The empire of Maximilian having been overthrown, Maury returned to the United States, and was made Professor of Physics in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, where he died.

RELATIONS BETWEEN THE ATMOSPHERE AND THE OCEAN.

Whenever I turn to contemplate the works of nature I am struck with the admirable system of "compensation," with the beauty and the nicety with which every department is poised by the others: things and principles are meted out in directions the most opposite, but in proportions so exactly balanced and nicely adjusted, that results the most harmonious are produced. It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit, and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted that at the end of a thousand years the earth, the sun, and moon, and every star in

the firmament is found in its proper place at the proper moment. . . .

Botanists tell us that the constitution of the little "snow-drop" is such as to require that, at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that after this its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different. In that case, the strength of fibre in the snow-drop would have been too much or too little, the plant could not have bowed or raised its head at the right time; fecundation could not have taken place, and its family would have been extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been "in itself," and therefore it could not have reproduced itself.

Now, if we see such perfect adaptation, such exquisite adjustment in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere and the ocean, upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depend not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world.

When the east winds blow along the Atlantic coast for a little while, they bring us air saturated with moisture from the Gulf Stream, and we complain of the sultry, oppressive, heavy atmosphere. The invalid grows worse, and the well man feels ill, because, when he takes the atmosphere into his lungs, it is already so charged with moisture that it cannot take up and carry off that which encumbers his lungs, and which nature has caused his blood to bring and leave there, that respiration may take up and carry it off. At other times the air is dry and hot; he feels that it is conveying off water from the lungs too rapidly; he realizes the idea that it is consuming him, and he calls the sensation "parching."

Therefore, in considering the general laws which govern the physical agents of the universe, and regulate

them in due performance of their offices, I have felt myself constrained to set out with the assumption that if the atmosphere had had a greater or a less capacity for moisture, or if the proportion of land and water had been different — if the earth, air, and water had not been in exact counterpoise — the whole arrangement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would have varied from their present state.

But God chose to make those kingdoms what they are. For this purpose it was necessary, in His judgment, to establish the proportions between the land and water and the desert just as they are; and to make the capacity of the air to circulate heat and moisture just what it is; and to do all its work in obedience to law and in subservience to order. If it were not so, why was power given to the winds to lift up and transport moisture; or the property given to the sea by which its waters may become first vapor, and then fruitful showers or gentle dew? If the proportions and properties of land, and sea, and air were not adjusted according to the reciprocal capacities of all to perform the functions required of each, why should we be told that He "measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" Why did He span the heavens, but that He might mete out the atmosphere in exact proportion to all the rest, and impart to it those properties and powers which it was necessary for it to have in order that it might perform all those offices and duties for which He designed it? Harmonious in their action, the air and sea are obedient to law and subject to order in all their movements. When we consult them in the performance of their offices, they teach us lessons concerning the wonders of the deep, the mysteries of the sky, the greatness and the wisdom and the goodness of the Creator. The investigations into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena connected with the winds of heaven and the waves of the sea are second to none for the good which they do and the lessons which they teach. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky; but does not the right-minded mariner, who looks aloft as

he ponders over these things, hear His voice in every wave of the sea that "claps its hands," and feel His presence in every breeze that blows?—*The Physical Geography of the Sea.*

MAYO, William Starbuck, an American novelist; born at Ogdensburg, N. Y., April 20, 1812; died at New York in 1895. He was educated at Ogdensburg and Potsdam; and studied medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. He was graduated in 1833; and several years later he made the tour of Spain and the Barbary States; and then removed to New York City and devoted himself to literature. In 1844 he published his *Flood and Field,* a collection of tales of warfare on sea and land. His *Kaloolah,* which appeared in 1849, purported to be the story of the wonderful adventures in Africa of Jonathan Romer, written by himself. A similar work to this was *The Berber, or the Mountaineer of the Atlas,* which was published the following year. In 1851 he issued a collection of historical tales under the title *Romance Dust from the Historic Placer;* and in 1873 a novel entitled *Never Again.*

THE LION AND THE BOA.

The lion was just in the act of springing. His huge carcass was even rising under the impulsion of his contracting muscles, when his action was arrested in a way so unexpected, so wonderful, and so startling, that my senses were for the moment thrown into perfect confusion. It seemed as if one of the gigantic creepers

which engirdled the trees had suddenly quitted the leafy canopy above, and, endowed with life and a huge pair of widely distended jaws, had darted with the rapidity of lightning upon the crouching beast. There was a tremendous shaking of the tree-tops, and a confused wrestling and jumping, and whirling over and about, amid a cloud of upturned roots and earth and leaves, accompanied with the most terrific roars and groans.

As I looked again, vision grew more distinct. An immense body, gleaming with purple, green, and gold, appeared convoluted around the majestic branches overhead, and stretching down, was turned two or three times around the struggling lion, whose head and neck were almost concealed from sight within the cavity of a pair of jaws still more capacious than his own.

Gallantly did the lion struggle in the folds of his terrible enemy, whose grasp each instant grew more firm and secure; and most astounding were those frightful yells of rage and fear. The huge body of the snake — fully two feet in diameter where it depended from the tree — presented the most curious appearances, and in such quick succession that the eye could scarcely follow them. At one moment smooth and flexible, at the next rough and stiffened, or contracted into great knots; at one moment overspread with a thousand tints of reflected colors, the next distended so as to transmit through the skin the golden gleam of the animal lightning that coursed up and down within.

Over and over rolled the struggling beast; but in vain all his strength, in vain all his efforts to free himself. Gradually his muscles relaxed in their exertions, his roar subsided to a deep moan, his tongue protruded from his mouth; and his fetid breath, mingled with a strong, sickly odor from the serpent, diffused itself through the air, producing a sense of oppression, and a feeling of weakness like that from breathing some deleterious gas.

I looked around. Kaloolah was on her knees, and the negress insensible upon the ground a few paces behind her. A sensation of giddiness warned me that it was time to retreat. Without a word I raised Kaloolah in

JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

my arms, ran toward the now almost motionless animals; and, turning along the bank, reached the tree against which I had left my gun leaning. Darting back, I seized the prostrate negress, and bore her off in the same way.

By this time both females had recovered their voices — Clefenha exercising hers in a succession of shrieks that compelled me to shake her somewhat rudely, while Kaloolah eagerly besought me to hurry back to the camp. There was now, however, no occasion for hurry. The recovery of my gun altered the state of the case; and my curiosity was excited to witness the process of deglutition on a large scale which the boa was probably about to exhibit. It was impossible, however, to resist Kaloolah's entreaties, and, after stepping up close to the animals for one good look, I reluctantly consented to turn back.

The lion was quite dead, and with a slow motion the snake was uncoiling himself from his prey and from the tree above. As well as I could judge, without seeing him straightened out, he was between ninety and one hundred feet in length — not quite so long as the serpents with which the army of Regulus had its famous battle, or as many of the same animals that I have since seen; but, as the reader will allow, a very respectable-sized snake. I have often regretted that we did not stop until he had at least commenced his meal. Had I been alone I should have done so. As it was, curiosity had to yield to my own sense of prudence, and to Kaloolah's fears.— *Kaloolah.*

D'CARTHY, JUSTIN, an Irish journalist, historian and novelist; born at Cork, November 22, 1830, and educated there at a private school. His first writing was done for the Cork *Examiner* and *Northern Times* of Liverpool, in 1853. Several years later he became parliamentary reporter

of the *Morning Star* of London, and was made foreign editor the following autumn, and chief editor in 1864. This position he held until 1868, when he made a three years' tour of the United States, during which time he contributed to the *Galaxy* a series of papers entitled *Modern Leaders.* Upon his return he joined the editorial staff of the London *Daily News,* which position he resigned in 1886, but afterward resumed. In 1879 he represented Longford, Ireland, in Parliament, to which office he was twice re-elected. In 1880 he was made Vice-President of the Home Rule party in Parliament, and upon the disruption in December, 1890, became chairman of the party opposed to Parnell, which office he held until 1896. Although several times unsuccessful in contesting Londonderry, he was in 1886 made sitting member. He became a zealous Nationalist. He has several times lectured successfully in America, and has contributed to the *North American Review* and other magazines of note. His most important work is a *History of Our Own Times;* it is an account of the British domains from the accession of Queen Victoria to the general election of 1880. *The Epoch of Reform,* one of the series of *The Epochs of History,* and the *Life of Sir Robert Peel* in the *Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria* series appeared in 1882 and 1891, respectively. He has also written *A History of the Four Georges* (1884) and *Prohibitory Legislation in the United States* (1872). In collaboration with Mrs. Campbell-Praed he has issued three novels: *The Right Honorable* (1886); *The Rebel Rose* (1887), and *The Ladies' Gallery* (1888). Other works of fiction by him are *Paul Massie* (1866); *Waterdale Neighbors* (1867); *My Enemy's Daughter* (1869); *Lady Judith* (1871); *A*

Fair Saxon (1873); *Linley Rochford* (1874); *Dear Lady Disdain* (1875); *Miss Misanthrope* (1877); *Donna Quixote* (1879); *The Comet of a Season* (1881); *Maid of Athens* (1883); *Camiola* (1885); *The Dictator* (1892); *Red Diamond* (1893). He has written a volume of critical essays under the title of *Con Amore* (1868), and has also published *The Story of Gladstone's Life* (1897); *Modern England* (1898), and *Reminiscences* (1899).

SIR GEORGE LEWIS.

Sir George Lewis was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was as yet not credited with anything like the political ability which he afterward proved that he possessed. It was the fashion to regard him as a mere book-man, who had drifted somehow into Parliament, and who, in the temporary absence of available talent, had been thrust into the office lately held by Mr. Gladstone. The contrast, indeed, between the style of his speaking and that of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli was enough to dishearten any political assembly. Mr. Gladstone had brought to his budget speeches an eloquence that brightened the driest details, and made the wilderness of figures to blossom like the rose. Mr. Disraeli was able to make a financial statement burst into a bouquet of fireworks. Sir George Lewis began by being nearly inaudible, and continued to the last to be oppressed by the most ineffective and unattractive manner and delivery. But it began to be gradually found out that the monotonous, halting, feeble manner covered a very remarkable power of expression; that the speaker had great resources of argument, humor, and illustration; that every sentence contained some fresh idea or some happy expression. It was not very long before an experienced observer of Parliament declared that Sir George Lewis delivered the best speeches with the worst manner known to the existing House of Commons. After awhile a reaction set in, and the capacity of Lewis ran the risk of being overrated

quite as much as it had been undervalued before. In him, men said, was seen the coming Prime-Minister of England. He was undoubtedly a man of rare ability and refined intellect; an example very uncommon in England of the thinker, the scholar, and the statesman in one. His speeches were an intellectual treat to all with whom matter counted for more than manner. One who had watched Parliamentary life from without and within for many years, said he had never had his deliberate opinion changed by a speech in the House of Commons but twice, and each time it was an argument from Sir George Lewis that accomplished the conversion.—*From History of Our Own Times.*

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CABUL.

The withdrawal from Cabul began. It was the heart of a cruel winter. The English had to make their way through the awful pass of Koord Cabul. This stupendous gorge runs for some five miles between mountain-ranges so narrow, lofty, and grim, that in the winter seasons the rays of the sun can hardly pierce its darkness even at the noontide. Down the center dashed a precipitous mountain-torrent so fiercely that the stern frost of that terrible time could not stay its course. The snow lay in masses on the ground; the rocks and stones that raised their heads above the snow in the way of the unfortunate travellers were slippery with frost. Soon the white snow began to be stained and splashed with blood. Fearful as this Koord Cabul Pass was, it was only a degree worse than the road which for two whole days the English had to traverse to reach it. The army which set out from Cabul numbered more than four thousand fighting-men, of whom Europeans formed but a small proportion; and some twelve thousand camp-followers of all kinds. There were also many women and children. . . .

The winter journey would have been cruel and dangerous enough in time of peace; but this journey had to be accomplished in the midst of something far worse than common war. At every step of the road, every opening

of the rocks, the unhappy crowd of confused and heterogeneous fugitives were beset by bands of savage fanatics, who, with their long guns and long knives, were murdering all they could reach. It was all the way a confused constant battle against a guerilla enemy of the most furious and merciless temper who were perfectly familiar with the ground, and could rush forward and retire exactly as suited their tactics. The English soldiers, weary, weak, and crippled by frost, could make but a poor fight against the savage Afghans. "It was no longer," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic flight." Men, women and children, horses, ponies, camels, the wounded, the dying, the dead, all crowded together in almost inextricable confusion among the snow and amid the relentless enemies. "The massacre," to quote again from Sir J. W. Kaye, "was fearful in this Koord Cabul Pass. Three thousand men are said to have fallen under the fire of the enemy, or to have dropped down paralyzed and exhausted, to be slaughtered by the Afghan knives. And amidst these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls, rode English ladies on horseback or in camel panniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children beneath their eyes, and losing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march."

Was it for this, then, that our troops had been induced to capitulate? Was this the safe-conduct which the Afghan chiefs had promised in return for their accepting the ignominious conditions imposed on them? Some of the chiefs did exert themselves to the utmost to protect the unfortunate English. It is not certain what the real wish of Akbar Khan may have been. He protested that he had no power to restrain the hordes of fanatical Ghilzyes, whose own immediate chiefs had not authority enough to keep them from murdering the English whenever they got a chance. The force of some few hundred horsemen whom Akbar Khan had with him were utterly incapable, he declared, of maintaining order among such a mass of infuriated and lawless savages. Akbar Khan constantly appeared on the scene during this journey of terror. At every opening or break of the

long straggling flight he and his little band of followers showed themselves on the horizon, trying still to protect the English from utter ruin, as he declared; come to gloat over their misery and to see that it was surely accomplished some of the unhappy English were ready to believe. Yet his presence was something that seemed to give hope of protection.

Akbar Khan at length startled the English by a proposal that the women and children who were with the army should be handed over to his custody, to be conveyed by him in safety to Peshawur. There was nothing better to be done. The only modification of his request, or command, that could be obtained was that the husbands of the married ladies should accompany their wives. With this agreement the women and children were handed over to the care of this dreaded enemy, and Lady Macnaghten had to undergo the agony of a personal interview with the man whose own hand had killed her husband. Akbar Khan was kindly in his language, and declared to the unhappy widow that he would give his right arm to undo, if it were possible, the deed that he had done.

The women and children and the married men whose wives were among this party were taken from the unfortunate army and placed under the care of Akbar Khan. As events turned out, it was the best thing that could have been done. Not one of these women and children could have lived through the horrors of the journey which lay before the remnant of what had once been a British force. The march was resumed; new horrors set in; new heaps of corpses stained the snow; and then Akbar Khan presented himself with a fresh proposition. In the treaty made at Cabul between the English authorities and the Afghan chiefs there was an article which stipulated that "the English force at Jellalabad shall march for Peshawur before the Cabul army arrives, and shall not delay on the road." Akbar Khan was especially anxious to get rid of the little army at Jellalabad at the near end of the Kyber Pass. He desired above all things that it should be on the march home to India; either that it might be out of his way, or that he might

have a chance of destroying it on his way. It was in great measure as a security for its moving that he desired to have the women and children under his care. It is not likely that he meant any harm to the women and children; it must be remembered that his father and many of the women of his family were under the control of the British Government as prisoners in Hindostan. But he fancied that if he had the English women in his hands the army at Jellalabad could not refuse to obey the condition set down in the article of the treaty. Now that he had the women in his power, however, he demanded other guarantees, with openly acknowledged purpose of keeping these latter until Jellalabad should have been evacuated. He demanded that General Elphinstone, the commander, with his second in command, and also one other officer, should hand themselves over to him as hostages. He promised if this were done to exert himself more than before to restrain the fanatical tribes and also to provide the army in the Koord Cabul Pass with provisions. There was nothing for it but to submit; and the English general himself became, with the women and children, a captive in the hands of the inexorable enemy.

Then the march of the army, without a general, went on again. Soon it became the story of a general without an army; before long there was neither general nor army. It is idle to lengthen a tale of mere horrors. The struggling remnant of an army entered the Jugdulluk Pass — a dark, steep, narrow, ascending path between crags. The miserable toilers found that the fanatical, implacable tribes had barricaded the pass. All was over. The army of Cabul was finally extinguished in that barricaded pass. It was a trap; the British were taken in it. A few mere fugitives escaped from the scene of actual slaughter, and were on the road to Jellalabad, where Sale and his little army were holding their own. When they were within sixteen miles of Jellalabad the number was reduced to six. Of these six, five were killed by straggling marauders on the way. One man alone reached Jellalabad to tell the tale. Literally one man, Dr. Brydon, came to Jellalabad out of a moving host which had num-

bered in all some sixteen thousand when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling with the suggestions of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad, to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame.—*History of Our Own Times.*

McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLEY, a British journalist, poet and dramatist; born at Liverpool in 1860. He is a son of Justin McCarthy, journalist and novelist. He was graduated from University College in 1881, and three years later was elected to Parliament. Like his father he is a prolific and versatile writer. His published works include *Outline of Irish History* (1883); *Scrapion, and Other Poems* (1883); *England Under Gladstone* (1884); *Camiola, a Girl with a Fortune* (1885); *History of the French Revolution* (1897); *Marjorie* (1901); *The Proud Prince* (1903); *An Irishman's Story* (1904); *The Dryad* (1905), and *The Lady of Loyalty House* (1905). Mr. McCarthy's plays include *The Candidate; The White Carnation*, and *If I Were King.*

MY BOOKS.

On level lines of woodwork stand
My books obedient to my hand;
And Caesar pale against the wall
Smiles sternly Roman over all.
Within the four walls of this room
Life finds its prison, youth its tomb:

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

For here the minds of other men
Prompt and deride the laboring pen;
And here the wisdom of the wise
Dances like motes before the eyes.
Outside, the great world spins its way,
Here studious night dogs studious day.
A mighty store of dusty books,
Little and great, fill all the nooks,
And line the walls from roof to floor;
And I who read them o'er and o'er,
Am I much wiser than of old,
When sunlight leaped like living gold
Into my boyhood's heart, on fire
With fervid hope and wild desire;
And when behind no window bars,
But free as air I served the stars?

McCLELLAN, GEORGE BRINTON, an American scientist, soldier and statesman; born at Philadelphia, December 3, 1826; died at Orange, N. J., October 29, 1885. He was educated at West Point, where he was graduated with high honors in 1846, and joined the army as second lieutenant of engineers. He took an active part in the Mexican War, where he distinguished himself and was brevetted first lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco." He was afterward brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. At the end of the war he was appointed to an assistant professorship at West Point, and translated from the French a *Manual of Bayonet Exercises*. He superintended the construction of Fort

Delaware, and was one of three American officers sent to observe the campaign in the Crimea. On his return to America he resigned his commission, and became director of the Illinois Central Railway. In 1861 he was appointed major-general of the Ohio militia; but was tendered by President Lincoln the position of major-general in the army. After a successful campaign in Western Virginia he was made commander-in-chief, and reorganized the Army of the Potomac, defeated at Bull Run. In the summer of 1862 he invaded Virginia, by the peninsula of James River, and advanced near to Richmond; but, after a series of sanguinary battles, was compelled to retreat. After the defeat of General Pope, he met General Lee at South Mountain, and at Antietam, defeating him, and compelling him to recross the Potomac. He was removed from the command, November 7, 1862. In 1864 he was Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and in the same year he resigned his commission in the army. He was Governor in New Jersey from 1878 to 1881. His published works include a *Report on the Organization and Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac* (1864) and *McClellan's Own Story* (1887).

BLENKER'S DIVISION.

There was no part of the ground near Washington that I did not know thoroughly. The most entertaining of my duties were those which sometimes led me to Blenker's camp. As soon as we were sighted, Blenker would have the "officers' call" blown to assemble his polyglot collection, with their uniform as varied and brilliant as the colors of the rainbow. Wrapped in his scarlet-lined cloak, his group of officers ranged around him, he would receive us with the most formal and pol-

ished courtesy. Being a very handsome and soldierly looking man himself, and there being many equally so among his surroundings, the tableau was always very effective.

In a few minutes he would shout, "*Ordinanz numero cins!*" whereupon champagne would be brought in great profusion, the bands would play, sometimes songs would be sung. It was said that Blenker had been a non-commissioned officer in the German contingent serving under King Otho of Greece.

His division was very peculiar. So far as the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" were concerned, it certainly outshone all the others. Their drill and bearing were also excellent; for all the officers, and probably all the men, had served in Europe. The regiments were all foreign and mostly of Germans; but the most remarkable of all was the Garibaldi regiment. Its colonel, D'Utassy, was a Hungarian, and was said to have been a rider in Franconi's Circus, and terminated his public American career in the Albany penitentiary. His men were from all known and unknown lands, from all possible and impossible armies: Zouaves from Algiers, men of the "Foreign Legion," Zephyrs, Cossacks, Garibaldians of the deepest dye, English deserters, Sepoys, Turcos, Croats, Swiss, beer-drinkers from Bavaria, stout men from North Germany, and no doubt Chinese, Esquimaux, and detachments from the Army of the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein.

Such a mixture was probably never before seen under any flag, unless, perhaps, in such bands as Holk's Jägers of the Thirty Years' War, or the free-lances of the middle ages.

I well remember that in returning one night from beyond the picket-lines I encountered an outpost of the Garibaldians. In reply to their challenge I tried English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Indian, a little Russian and Turkish; all in vain, for nothing at my disposal made the slightest impression upon them, and I inferred that they were perhaps gypsies or Esquimaux or Chinese.

McCLINTOCK, JOHN, an American educator; born at Philadelphia, October 27, 1814; died at Madison, N. J., March 4, 1870. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1836 he became Professor of Mathematics in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., and four years afterward exchanged this chair for that of Greek and Latin, in the same college. In 1848 he was elected editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review,* which he conducted for eight years. In 1857 he became pastor of St. Paul's Church in New York, and in 1860 of the American Chapel in Paris, where he published a translation of De Gasparin's book, *The Uprising of a Great People.* On his return to the United States he was again appointed pastor of St. Paul's Church, but soon resigned the pastorate on account of failing health. While connected with Dickinson College, Dr. McClintock began, in conjunction with the Rev. George R. Crooks, a series of text-books on the Greek and Latin languages. In 1853, with the Rev. Dr. James Strong, he began a *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature,* of which the first volume was published in 1867, and the fourth at the time of his death. The work was continued by Dr. Strong alone. Dr. McClintock also published *An Analysis of Watson's Theological Institutes* (1850); *Sketches of Eminent Methodist Ministers* (1852); *The Temporal Power of the Pope* (1853); a translation, conjointly with Professor Carolus E. Blumenthal, of Neander's *Life of Christ* (1847), and a translation of Bungener's *History of the Council of Trent* (1855).

In 1870 appeared *Living Words,* a volume of Dr. McClintock's sermons, and in 1873 *Lectures on Theological Encyclopædia and Methodology.*

REDEEMING THE TIME.

We should redeem the time because we know not how little of it we may have to redeem. The past, the present, and the future, that is all we can say about it. We must divide it into these three, and there is nothing else. The past, what is it? It is gone, and will never be back again. You have no control over it, none whatever. And the future, what do you know of that? It is not, and may never be, for you; you have no control of that. What is left? The present. It is gone as I have uttered it; it is gone, gone with the breath of my mouth. We have only a second at a time. Ah, this infinitely precious time, which God gives us, He gives it thus as a magic diamond, glittering, shining, and sparkling for the moment, and then gone forevermore. Precious as it is, it is gone, and we cannot hold it. We can only hold it by giving it to God! If we do not do this the sparkling gem is dust — it is worse than dust. It is laid up against us to condemn us hereafter for the waste of it. I do not know anything finer in the Old Testament than the story told of David when he was in the Cave of Adullam, when the Philistines were encamped at Rephaim, and at the end of the plain. David had had nothing to drink for twenty-four hours, and, as he lay panting in the cave with his men of arms about him, he said, "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate!" It was an ejaculation which fierce thirst wrung from him. There were three brave men who at once determined to gratify his wish, and they went over the plain, where the arrows were raining down upon them; but through the midst of these hurtling arrows and flying javelins they went to the well of Bethlehem and got the water, and brought a gourd full of it to the king, to slake his thirst. I know nothing richer or grander in the Old Testament, nor in

the history of man, than David's conduct then. He would not drink of it, but poured it out as a libation to the Lord; and why? "My God forbid it me that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it!" Do you see the application I would make of this? Every hour of your human life and mine, every drop of this precious time, which God gives us in drops, was purchased with a dearer blood and more fearful peril of sacrifice than this. . . . Shall we drink up these hours that Christ has purchased, and waste them as they come? Oh, no! Say, rather, I will pour them out to the Lord; I will glorify Him with this time that He has purchased for me.—*Living Words.*

McCOSH, JAMES, a Scottish-American philosopher and educator; born in Ayrshire, April 1, 1811; died at Princeton, N. J., November 16, 1894. He was educated at the universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and was ordained minister at Arbroath in 1835. In 1839 he went to Brechin, and took an active part in the organization of the Free Church of Scotland in 1843. From 1851 to 1867 he was Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast. In 1868 he was elected President of the College of New Jersey at Princeton. He occupied this position, with marked ability, until 1888, when he resigned it, but retained the chair of philosophy. Among his works are *The Laws of Discursive Thought* (1869); *Christianity and Positivism* (1871); *The Scottish Philosophy* (1874); *The Emotions* (1880); *Psychology* (1886); *Realistic Philosophy* (1887); *The Religious Aspects of Evolution* (1888).

THE PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY.

There is a sense in which it may be said that there are beautiful objects, and that there is beauty in the object; there is a proportion, harmony, or benignancy, and it is the business of science to discover what this is. But there is a sense in which the beauty is in the mind; for it is when these high qualities are perceived that the feeling is evoked. There is a sense in which the æsthetic taste is a derivative and a complete one, implying intellectual and emotive powers, and a process. There is a sense in which it is simple and original, for the idea is suggested spontaneously, and calls forth the feeling naturally in all men.

By this theory we can account for the sameness and yet diversities of æsthetic taste among mankind. There are faculties in all men which tend toward the production of a sense of beauty, a pleasure felt in certain sounds, shapes, and colors, the disposition to observe relations, and to discover mind in them, and an emotion ready to use. These things give an æsthetic capacity to all men, and lead to a certain community of taste.

But, on the other hand, each of these implied elements may differ in the case of different individuals. This arises from the absence or presence of the various elements, and from their relative measure of strength. A man without a musical ear can have no relish for tunes, but may have a strong passion for colors. The man of dull capacity may not be able to discern the harmonies that enter into the higher forms of beauty in art and nature. The man of low moral tone may not be capable of forming elevating ideas. The man of heavy temperament may never rise to rapture on any subject.

Then different individuals have, fortunately, a taste for different objects. Some can enjoy beauty of art, but not beauty of scenery. Some love flower-painting, but have no pleasure in gazing on historical paintings. Some discover a beauty in this man or that woman which others cannot discern. This difference of taste arises mainly from the relative strength of the elements which produce

the sentiment, from the nature of the organism in some cases, and the aptitude to observe or not to observe certain relations, or to rise or not to rise to noble ideas.

The sense of beauty differs at different periods of the age of the individual, and of the race. The fact is, the mind requires to be educated up to the perception of the higher kinds of beauty. Mere physical beauty may be felt by all who have the appropriate bodily organ, by the child, the boor, the savage. But the recognition of nobler forms of loveliness implies intelligence and, possibly, a careful training.—*Psychology of the Motive Powers.*

McCUTCHEON, George Barr, an American journalist and novelist; born in Tippecanoe County, Ind., July 26, 1866. He was educated at Purdue University and began his newspaper career as a reporter on the Lafayette *Journal* in 1889. In 1903 he was city editor of the Lafayette *Courier*. He has published *Graustark* (1900); *Castle Craneycrow* (1902); *The Sherrods* (1903); *Brewster's Millions* (1904); *The Day of the Dog* (1904); *The Purple Parasol* (1905); and *Nedra* (1905).

Mr. McCutcheon knows how to be entertaining, and his popularity rests on the fact that people of great diversity of tastes choose his books for a railway journey, for a quiet evening, or whenever a few hours are to be spent pleasantly, with the confident expectation of being entertained. In *The Purple Parasol* the mystifications, disappointments and final delight which come to the hero through the agency of a parasol make a story which is quite as clever and interesting as any the author has written.

A critical review of *The Sherrods* says that the novel is a love story of lowly life, and the story of a weakling. The review follows:

THE SHERRODS.

Enacted as most of it is in the heart of an Indiana village, perhaps the yokels of that district are exact prototypes of Mr. McCutcheon's yokels. However, they strike the uninitiated as being thrown into the story in shoals, so to speak, purely for the sake of "atmosphere." Half of them seem to have nothing to do except to stand around and tell, in a dialect formed by the generous employment of the useful little apostrophe, what has already been told in the course of the story. It is true there is one man, Gene Crawley, who, after making some most compromising threats against Justine because she chose the wrong man and not himself, developed beneath the reforming influence of her scorn into her guardian angel. It was Gene who was incredulous of the first tidings of Jud's success which reached his old home. "Fifteen dollars a week," he said. "You mean a month. Why, I only make $18 a month, and I'm a heap the better farmer."

Jud Sherrod's chief fault lay in loving "not wisely, but too well." Justine Van ought to have satisfied any man, for her creator is warm in her praise. They were poor, but their wants were few, and they would ramble about the country hand in hand, Jud making little sketches of the places they knew and loved. It was while he was thus engaged that a young lady, a symphony in gray, burst upon them. She came, she saw, and she was conquered. Without hesitation she tore $50 hurriedly from her purse, dropped it into the hands of the astonished young man, and then, while rushing off with the little sketch to catch her train, laughingly suggested that he give the money to his pretty companion on their wedding day. They did not have time to tell her that they were already married or to do more than pick up the bit of pasteboard she threw them whereon her name, Miss Wood, was inscribed.

As she had mentioned Chicago in her hurried remarks, they imagined that she had hailed from the breezy city.

This beautiful creature sowed the seeds of unrest and ambition in Jud's breast, and it was left for poor Justine to reap the whirlwind. Jud goes to Chicago and begins his mad toboggan down the "road to ruin" by buying a dress suit and a top hat, and hiding the fact of his marriage from his friends for fear of their sneers at his inability to properly support a wife. Although Chicago is amazingly near Indiana, especially that part of the country near Fort Wayne, where Justine lives, she never hears of his marriage to Miss Wood, and, indeed, only vague rumors reach the town at all. It is only when, fearing that he is ill, Justine decided to go to Chicago in search of him that she discovers the disagreeable facts. She and Miss Wood, after painful explanations, both providentially lose consciousness. Jud, coming into the room at the moment, is naturally surprised to find the two ladies vis-à-vis and unconscious. He is to be commended for his perfect fairness and impartiality to the last.

Celeste was lying on the floor. . . . He stretched forth his arms to lift her, and his eyes fell upon the upturned face of the woman in the chair. . . . "Justine!" A shriek of terror burst in his throat, and the sound did not reach his lips. . . . The faces of the unconscious girls were deathlike. Justine's drawn with pain, Celeste's white and weak. Unconsciously his hand touched Justine's face, then her breast. She did not move, but her heart was beating. With the same mechanical calmness he dropped on one knee and half raised Celeste's head, expecting her eyes to open. . . . In a fever of haste lest either woman should revive before he could be hidden he pressed cold lips to their lips . . . and then dashed blindly from the room and up the broad staircase.

When they found him he had cut all matrimonial ties by pressing a little dagger to his heart, leaving them to straighten things out as they pleased. First, however, he had carefully written the words "Forgive me," which, not being "addressed to either of the loved ones, it was left

for each to take to her heart and in secrecy hold it as hers alone — cherishing it if she could."

And this being an eminently satisfactory solution, both ladies adopted it. Since all Jud's earthly chattels belonged to his wife — and since Celeste's heart had been his — it was transferred to the disconsolate widow, and after they had divided his memory and his funeral rites — share and share alike — they both took a hand in lavishing affection upon Justine's baby, and traveling in foreign parts.— *New York Times Book Review.*

McGEE, THOMAS D'ARCY, an Irish-Canadian journalist, statesman and poet; born at Carlingford, Ireland, April 13, 1825; died at Ottawa, Ontario, April 7, 1868. He was connected with the Young Ireland party and was obliged to flee to the United States at 17, where he engaged in journalism. In 1845 he returned to Ireland, but his journalistic writings compelled him to again escape to the United States in 1848. McGee then edited the New York *Nation* for two years, after which he became a Royalist and went to Canada, where he was editor of *The New Era.* He entered Parliament in 1857 and was a member until his assassination, which was the result of his opposition to the Fenian movement. He published: *History of Ireland* (1862); *Speeches and Addresses on the British American Union* (1865), and several volumes of verse.

TO MY WISHING-CAP.

Wishing-cap, Wishing-cap, I would be
Far away, far away o'er the sea
Where the red birch roots

Down the ribbed rock shoots,
In Donegal the brave,
And white-sail'd skiffs
Speckle the cliffs,
And the gamet drinks the wave.

Wishing-cap, Wishing-cap, I would lie
On a Wicklow hill, and stare the sky,
Or count the human atoms that pass
The thread-like road through Glenmacnass,
Where once the clans of O'Byrne were;
Or talk to the breeze
Under sycamore trees,
In Glenart's forests fair.

Wishing-cap, Wishing-cap, let us away
To walk in the cloisters, at close of day,
Once trod by friars of orders gray
In Norman Selskar's renowned ablaze,
And Carmen's ancient town;
For I would kneel at my mother's grave,
Where the plumy churchyard elms wave,
And the old war-walls look down.

THE WILD GEESE.

(This name was given to those Irish soldiers, who, after the capitulation of Limerick, went over to France and formed the celebrated Irish Brigade.)

"What is the cry so wildly heard,
Oh, mother dear, across the lake?"
"My child, 'tis but the northern bird
Alighted in the reedy brake."

"Why cries the northern bird so wild?
Its wail is like one baby's voice."
"'Tis far from its own home, my child,
And would you have it, then, rejoice?"

"And why does not the wild bird fly
Straight homeward through the open air?
I see no barriers in the sky —
Why does she sit lamenting there?"

"My child, the laws of life and death
Are written in four living books;
The wild bird reads them in the breath
Of winter, freezing up the brooks —

"Reads and obeys — more wise than man —
And meekly steers for other climes,
Obeys the providential plan,
And humbly waits for happier times.

"The spring, that makes the poet's sing,
Will whisper in the wild bird's ear,
And swiftly back, on willing wing,
The wild bird to the north will steer."

"Will *they* come back, of whom that song
Last night was sung, that made you weep?"
"Oh! God is good, and hope is strong;—
My son, let's pray, and then to sleep."

McINTOSH, MARIA JANE, an American novelist; born at Sunbury, Ga., in 1803; died at Morristown, N. J., February 25, 1878. She was educated in her native town, and in 1835 she removed to New York. Her fortune was lost in the financial crisis of 1837, and she adopted authorship as a means of support. Her first story, *Blind Alice,* published in 1841, was afterward included with others of her short stories under the title *Aunt Kitty's Tales* (1847). Others of her works are *Conquest and Self-*

Conquest (1844); *Praise and Principle* (1845); *Two Lives: To Seem and to Be* (1846); *Charms and Counter-Charms* (1848); *Women in America* (1850); *The Lofty and the Lowly* (1852); *Emily Herbert* (1855); *Violet, or the Cross and Crown* (1856); *Meta Gray* (1858), and *Two Pictures* (1863).

TRUE GENEROSITY.

New to the trials of life, Isabel and Grace could not dismiss Mrs. Brown and her sad condition from their minds, at least without attempting to do something more for her relief than merely paying for her labors in advance. "She said the poor children had no clothes," suggested Grace; "suppose we buy some flannel to make petticoats for them — the weather is getting quite cold — and some calico for frocks."

Isabel readily agreed to this proposal, and they examined their purses to ascertain how far their contents would go toward the gratification of their generous desires. Together they had a little over fourteen dollars.

"Now, how shall we get the things? Who will buy them for us?" asked Isabel. These were questions not easily answered. They had never walked out in New York alone, and they felt almost intuitively that Mrs. Elliot was not the best agent to be employed in the purchase of coarse flannel and calico for poor children.

Before they had decided what should be done, they heard Mrs. Elliot's voice calling for them. They had promised to accompany her in her morning drive, and the carriage was ready. The picture of Mrs. Brown and her scantily clothed children faded into indistinctness, as, seated in one of the most splendid carriages in the city, Isabel and Grace rolled leisurely through Broadway, looking out upon the gayly dressed and busy multitude that thronged its sidewalks, and upon its shop-windows draperied with the most costly and elegant articles of merchandise. The carriage drew up at a milliner's, and they entered her room, already crowded with

the fair votaries of fashion, among whom lounged a few idle gentlemen.

"See here, young ladies!" said a young attendant to Grace and Isabel, "here are some beautiful second-mourning cravats and ribbons for the waist. Nothing in mourning was ever so elegant; just see how splendidly the cravats are embroidered, and the ribbons match them exactly."

"Oh, they are beautiful!" cried one of their young acquaintances, who paused near, to examine the cravats. "If I were in mourning, I would have one directly."

"Put up a cravat and ribbon for me," said Grace.

"Ah, you are a fortunate girl," said the young lady who had just spoken, "you can get whatever you want. Now I am dying for that blue and salmon cravat, and I cannot get it."

"I always like to deal with Miss Elliot, she never even asks the price of anything," said the milliner's apprentice, already versed in the arts of flattery; "shall I put up a cravat and ribbon for you? I dare say I can find one exactly like this," she added, turning to Isabel with an insinuating air, which changed to an expression almost contemptuous, as she declined her offer.

"What do I owe you?" asked Grace as she received the little package.

"Only two dollars."

Grace handed her the money.

"*Only* two dollars!" cried the young lady who was dying for the blue and salmon cravat, "and I cannot coax mamma out of seven shillings for the cravat."

Grace lingered behind her, laid down the seven shillings, received the coveted prize and followed her with it, amid exclamations of "How generous! I like to deal with such generous people," from the obsequious attendant.

Isabel was ashamed to feel the color rising in her cheek, as she caught a look which showed that this girl was contrasting the cousins in her mind. The color deepened, as she heard the voice of the young lady to whom Grace had presented the cravat exclaiming:

"Oh, Grace! this is too kind; just see, mamma, what

a beautiful cravat Miss Elliot has given me, she is so generous!"

"Come here, Isabel," cried Mrs. Elliot, before she had time to recover her self-possession. "Here is a subscription paper for those poor people that were burnt out in — Where did you say, Miss ——?"

"Havannah."

"Oh, yes! Havannah: how much shall I put down for you? Do not say more than you have in your purse, for you must pay at once; how much have you?"

"I — I am very sorry ——"

"But how much are you sorry? as the Frenchman asked," persisted Mrs. Elliot gayly, rather pleased at the attention which the little dialogue had attracted from the ladies around, and she felt sure that her nieces would do her credit by their liberality.

"I want a *brown* ribbon," sounded near Isabel, and her failing resolution was nerved again, for Mrs. Brown with all her train of miseries was before her.

"I have nothing to give, aunt."

"Nothing to give! Why your purse does not seem by any means empty."

"But I must give this money for — for ——"

"If it be for anything you have purchased here, Miss —— shall charge it to me."

"No, no, it is for nothing I have bought, I only want ——"

"Pray do not stammer, and look so dreadfully confused. I will not force you to give anything," said Mrs. Elliot coldly.

Isabel turned away with tears in her eyes, ashamed to meet the looks which she fancied bent on her, and anxious only to hide herself and her purse from everyone.

"Here, Grace!" cried Mrs. Elliot, "have you any money for these poor sufferers in Havannah? Will you subscribe?"

"You do it for me, aunt."

"But how much shall I say? It must not be more than you have in your purse, for the money will be called for this afternoon."

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

"There's my purse; I do not know exactly how much there is in it."

Mrs. Elliot turned out the contents, there were five dollars and a half.

"There," said she, putting back the half, "I will not leave you penniless."

"Take it, aunt, I do not want it; I would rather give it to those poor people."

"Mrs. Brown," whispered Isabel.

"I can't help her now, for you see all my money is gone, and these poor people, I suppose, want it just as much; besides, it would have looked so mean to refuse."

Grace did not know that Isabel had refused.—*Two Lives: To Seem and to Be.*

McKINLEY, WILLIAM, an American statesman, twenty-fourth President of the United States; born at Niles, Trumbull County, O., January 29, 1843; died at Buffalo, N. Y., September 14, 1901. He was graduated from Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., in 1861, and soon after enlisted as private in a regiment of Ohio volunteer infantry. He served throughout the Civil War, participated in many battles, and was made a brevet major in 1865. He studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1867, and in 1877 was elected to Congress. He was three times re-elected, then defeated, again elected, and in 1890 was defeated for the second time. He was one of the foremost orators in Congress. From 1892 to 1896 he was governor of Ohio. In the latter year he received the Republican nomination for president, and was elected by a plurality of 600,000 over W. J. Bryan (*q.v.*). In 1900 he was re-elected president by a plu-

rality of nearly 1,000,000 over Mr. Bryan. On September 5, 1901, while at Buffalo, N. Y., he was shot by Leon Czolgosz, an anarchist, and died on September 14.

President McKinley's speeches and addresses were collected and published in two volumes, one in 1893, and another in 1900. A characteristic example of his oratory is given herewith.

OUR NEW RELATIONS.

I do not know why, in the year 1899, this Republic has unexpectedly had placed before it mighty problems which it must face and meet. They have come and are here, and they could not be kept away. Many who were impatient for the conflict a year ago, apparently heedless of its larger results, are the first to cry out against the far-reaching consequences of their own act. Those of us who dreaded war most, and whose every effort was directed to prevent it, had fears of new and grave problems which might follow its inauguration.

The evolution of events which no man could control has brought these problems upon us. Certain it is that they have not come through any fault on our own part, but as a high obligation, and we meet them with clear conscience and unselfish purpose, and with good heart resolve to undertake their solution.

It is a trust we have not sought; it is a trust from which we will not flinch. The American people will hold up the hands of their servants at home to whom they commit its execution, while Dewey and Otis and the brave men whom they command will have the support of the country in upholding our flag where it now floats, the symbol and assurance of liberty and justice.

What nation was ever able to write an accurate program of the war upon which it was entering, much less decree in advance the scope of its results? Congress can declare war, but a higher Power decrees its bounds and fixes its relations and responsibilities. The President can direct the movements of soldiers on the field and fleets

upon the sea, but he cannot foresee the close of such movements or prescribe their limits. He cannot anticipate or avoid the consequences, but he must meet them. No accurate map of nations engaged in war can be traced until the war is over, nor can the measure of responsibility be fixed till the last gun is fired and the verdict embodied in the stipulations of peace.

No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought, and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag. They are wrought in every one of its sacred folds, and are indistinguishable as its shining stars.

> "Why read ye not the changeless truth,
> The free can conquer but to save."

If we can benefit these remote peoples, who will object? If in the years of the future they are established in government under law and liberty, who will regret our perils and sacrifices? Who will not rejoice in our heroism and humanity? Always perils, and always after them safety; always darkness and clouds, but always shining through them the light and the sunshine; always cost and sacrifice, but always after them the fruition of liberty, education and civilization.

I have no light or knowledge not common to my countrymen. I do not prophesy. The present is all-absorbing to me, but I cannot bound my vision by the blood-stained trenches around Manila, where every red drop, whether from the veins of an American soldier or a misguided Filipino, is anguish to my heart; but by the broad range of future years, when that group of islands, under the impulse of the year just past, shall have become the gems and glories of those tropical seas; a land of plenty and of increasing possibilities; a people redeemed from savage indolence and habits, devoted to the arts of peace, in touch with the commerce and trade of all nations, enjoying the blessings of freedom, of civil and religious liberty, of education and of homes, and whose children and children's children shall for ages hence bless the

American republic because it emancipated and redeemed their fatherland and set them in the pathway of the world's best civilization.

McLELLAN, Isaac, an American poet; born at Portland, Me., May 21, 1806; died at Greenport, N. Y., August 20, 1899. He was graduated from Bowdoin in 1826; and practiced law for several years in Boston, contributing prose and verse to various journals. In 1851 he removed to New York, where he divided his time between literary work and field sports; and has been styled "the poet-sportsman." His principal books are *The Fall of the Indian* (1830); *The Year* (1832); *Mount Auburn* (1843); *Poems of the Rod and Gun*, edited, with a sketch of the author, by Frederick E. Pond (1886).

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

New England's dead! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field strife made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the Northern hill,
And on the Southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought
And holy where they fell;

For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band
The honored saviors of the land!
Oh, few and weak their numbers were —
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer
And rushed to battle then.
The God of Battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garnered, on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
To right those wrongs, for weal or woe,
To perish, or o'ercome the foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
Oh, where are ye to-day?
I call — the hills reply again,
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground
The grass grows green, the harvest bright
Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they not heed its roar.
The starry flag 'neath which they fought,
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not;
For they have passed away.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

Well do I love those varied harmonies
That ring so gayly in Spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the Summer-time,
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.
If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir;
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mourn'st the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land,
To which we all do pass — gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike —
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest-birds.
How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half-hid
Amid the lowly dog-wood's snowy flowers;
And the blue-jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill sounding and unsteady cry.
With the sweet airs of Spring the robin comes,
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's, in constant chime.
In the days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves, then peals abroad
The black-bird's mellow chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree

Close at the cornfield's edge.
Lone whip-poor-will,
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthems when the world is still.

McMASTER, GUY HUMPHREY, an American jurist and poet; born at Clyde, N. Y., January 31, 1829; died at Bath, N. Y., September 13, 1887. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1847, and early contributed to magazines. His *Carmen Bellicosum,* generally cited as *The Old Continentals,* was written at the age of nineteen. He practiced at the bar in Steuben County from 1852 until 1863, when he was appointed County Judge and Surrogate. Besides many occasional poems, he published a *History of Steuben County* (1849). His best known poems are *A Dream of Thanksgiving Eve* (1864); *The Professor's Guest Chamber* (1880), and *The Commanders* (1887).

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the Grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,

From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers,
And the "villanous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce discordant metre
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-adrift,
With hot, sweeping anger, came the Horse-guards clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
His broad-sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet-loud.

Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-
pounder,
Hurling death.

McMASTER, JOHN BACH, an American historian; born at Brooklyn, N. Y., June 29, 1852. He was graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1872, taught grammar there for several years; was appointed Professor of Civil Engineering at Princeton in 1877, and in 1883 Professor of American History in the University of Pennsylvania. In 1873 he began writing his *History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War,* for which he had been gathering materials for several years. Of this work, four volumes have appeared, bringing the *History* down to the Missouri Compromise (1821). Mr. McMaster treats history in the same way as did Green, the English historian — he writes the *whole* history of a people — not merely its wars and politics. He has also written many magazine articles, and the *Life of Benjamin Franklin* in the "Men of Letters" series (1887); *The Monroe Doctrine* (1897); *School History of the United States* (1897); *Life of Daniel Webster* (1902), and a *Brief History of the United States* (1903).

In the opening chapter of his *History* McMaster sets forth its proposed scope, much as Macaulay has done for his *History of England;* but Macaulay

planned a work which he could never hope to live to complete. What he did covers hardly a tenth part of the period — while Mr. McMaster's expectation that he will complete his work in two or three more volumes seems a hope reasonably sure of fulfilment.

THE REPUBLIC IN 1783.

The Americans who, toward the close of 1873, celebrated with bonfires, with cannon, and with bell-ringing, the acknowledgment of independence and the return of peace, lived in a very different country from that with which their descendants are familiar. Indeed, could we, under the potent influence of some magician's drugs, be carried back through one hundred years, we should find ourselves in a country utterly new to us. Rip Van Winkle, who fell asleep when his townsmen were throwing up their hats and drinking their bumpers to good King George, and awoke when a generation that knew him not were shouting the names of men and parties unknown to him, did not find himself in a land more strange.

The area of the republic would shrink to less than half its present extent. The number of the States would diminish to thirteen, nor would many of them be contained in their present limits, or exhibit their present appearance. Vast stretches of upland, which are now an endless succession of wheatfields and cornfields and orchards, would appear overgrown with dense forests abandoned to savage beasts and yet more savage men. The hamlets of a few fishermen would mark the sites of wealthy havens now bustling with innumerable masts, and the great cities would dwindle to dimensions scarcely exceeding those of some rude settlement far to the west of the Colorado River.

Of the inventions and discoveries which abridge distance, which annihilate time, which extend commerce, which aid agriculture, which save labor, which transmit speech, which turn the darkness of night into the brilliancy of day, which alleviate pain, which destroy dis-

ease, which lighten even the infirmities of age — not one existed. Fulton was still a portrait-painter; Fitch and Ramsey had not yet begun to study the steam-engine; Whitney had not yet gone up to college; Howe and Morse, McCormick and Fairbanks, Goodyear and Colt, Dr. Morton and Dr. Bell, were yet to be born.

MEADE, ELIZABETH THOMASINA ("MRS. L. T. MEADE"), a British novelist; born at Brandon, County Cork, Ireland, in 1856. Her father was Rev. R. T. Meade, rector of Nohoval. She wrote her first story at the age of seventeen, then removed to London, and for a time was attached to the British Museum. For six years she was the editor of *Atalanta,* a magazine for young people. She has written a large number of books for girls. These include *Scamp and I; Daddy's Boy; A World of Girls; The Medicine Lady; Stories from the Diary of a Doctor; Adventures of a Man of Science; The Way of a Woman; A Master of Mysteries; Stories of the Red Cross; Under the Dragon Throne; Bad Little Hannah; Wild Kitty; A Handful of Silver; A Girl in Ten Thousand; Bashful Fifteen; Girls New and Old; Red Rose and Tiger Lily; The Children of Wilton Chase; Drift,* and *All Sorts.* She has also written *The Cleverest Woman in London* (1898).

MOTHER LOVE.

Mrs. Staunton was lying propped up high by pillows. The powerful opiate had soothed her, but the image of George still filled all her horizon. When she saw him come into the room, she smiled, and stretched out her

weak arms to clasp him. He came over, knelt by her, and, taking her hot hands, covered his face with them.

"You've come back, my boy!" she said. "I'm not very well to-day, but I'll soon be better. Why, what is it, George? What are you doing? You are wetting my hands. You — you are crying? What is it, George?"

"I have come back to tell you something, mother. I'm not what you think me — I'm a scoundrel, a rascal. I'm bad, I'm not good. I — I've been deceiving you — I'm a thief."

"Hush!" interrupted Mrs. Staunton. "Come a little closer to me. You're not well, my dear boy — let me put my arm round your neck. You're not well, my own lad; but if you think ——"

"I'm as bad as I can be, mother," said George, "but it isn't bodily illness that ails me. I said I'd make a clean breast of it. It's the only thing left for me to do."

A frightened look came into Mrs. Staunton's eyes for a moment, but then they filled with satisfaction as they rested on the dark head close to her own.

"Whatever you've done, you are my boy," she said.

"No, no; a thief isn't your boy," said George. "I tell you I'm a thief," he added fiercely, looking up at her with two bloodshot eyes. "You've got to believe it. I'm a thief, I stole fifty pounds from Gering yesterday — and I was bad before that. I won money at play — I've won and lost, and I've lost and won. Once Lawson gave me two hundred and fifty pounds to invest, and I stole it to pay a gambling debt, and Effie got it back for me — she borrowed it for me. My father wouldn't have given you to me if he had known that. I had it on my conscience when I was kneeling by his deathbed, but I couldn't tell him then; and when he gave you to me, I felt that I never could tell. Then we came to London, and I began to deceive you. I told you a false story about that rise of salary — I never had any rise; and I took your fifty pounds two days ago out of the bank, and I stole money to pay it back again. That's your son

George, mother — your *true* son in his *real* colors. Now you know everything."

George stepped a pace or two away from the bed as he spoke. He folded his arms.

Mrs. Staunton was looking at him with a piteous, frightened expression on her face. Suddenly she broke into a feeble and yet terrible laugh.

"My son George," she said. "That explains everything. My son still — still my son!" She laughed again.

There came a knock at the outer door.

"Don't go, George," said his mother.

"George, you're wanted," said Agnes. "Effie is here, and Mr. Gering — they want to see you. Come at once."

"Mr. Gering!" exclaimed the mother. "He was the man you took the money from. He's coming to — to punish you, to ——. George, you're not to go. Stay here with me. I — I'll hide you. You're not to go, George — I won't let you, I won't let you!"

"Dear mother! dear, dearest mother! you must let me — I must take the punishment. I've deserved it, and I'm determined to go through with it. Just say a wonderful thing to me before I go, and I'll be strong enough to bear it — and to — to come back to you when it's over. Say you love me still, mother."

"*Love* you!" exclaimed Mrs. Staunton.

"Yes, mother, although I'm a thief."

"Bless the boy! that has nothing to do with it. You're my boy, whatever you are."

"Then you do still love me?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Of course I love the lad!"

George went straight to the door and opened it. He walked straight into the other room.

"I'm ready to take the punishment, sir," he said, going straight up to Mr. Gering.

His manner and the look on his face amazed his late employer.

"Eh — eh — well, young sir," he said, backing a step or two. "And so you confess that you robbed me."

"I do."

"And you know what lies before you?"

"Yes."

"Have you been deceiving that mother of yours again?"

"No; I've been telling her the truth at last."

"Effie, Effie!" called Mrs. Staunton from the bedroom. Effie ran to her mother.

"Do you know, young man," said Mr. Gering, "that you have got a very remarkable sister?"

"Do you mean Effie? Oh, I always knew she was a girl in a thousand."

"A girl in *ten* thousand, more like. Do you know, young rascal, that she has been pleading with me for you, and — 'pon my word, it's true — melting my old heart till I don't know what I'm doing? In short, I've made her a promise."

"A promise! Oh, sir, what?"

"A promise that I'll let you off — all but the moral punishment. That, of course, you'll have to bear."

"Mr. Gering, is this true?"

"Yes, it's true. I'm doing it all on account of your sister. You may come back to the office to-morrow, and consider that you've got a fresh start."— *A Girl in Ten Thousand.*

MEAGHER, Thomas Francis, an Irish-American soldier, orator and author; born at Waterford, Ireland, August 3, 1823; died near Fort Benton, Mont., July 1, 1867. He was educated at the Jesuit College, Kildare, and at Stonyhurst College, England. He was one of the leading orators of the Young Ireland party, which aimed at independence through armed revolution. In 1848 he was arrested for sedition and was sentenced to death. This sentence was commuted to life banishment, and he was

removed to Tasmania in July, 1849. In 1852 he escaped to the United States, where in 1856 he was admitted to the New York bar. In the Civil War he was promoted to brigadier-general for bravery in action. In 1865 he was appointed secretary of Montana territory. He wrote *The Independence of Ireland* (1852), published several volumes of orations, and was well known as a contributor to the magazines and reviews.

PATRIOTISM.

Bereft of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul; society will degenerate, and the mean and vicious triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime, its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hills of Scotland the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new Senate-Hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium, the daring hand of Geefs has reared a monument full of glorious meaning to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution.

By the soft, blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied cantons. From the prows hang the banners of the republic, and, as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant the hymns of their old poetic land. Then bursts

forth the glad *Te Deum,* and Heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains which, five centuries since, pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

At Innspruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol, who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festive day all through his quiet, noble land. In that old cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar; his image appears in every house; his victories and virtues are proclaimed in the songs of the people; and when the sun goes down a chain of fires, in the deep red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry, proclaims the glory of the chief, whose blood has made has native land a sainted spot in Europe. Shall not all join in this glorious worship? Shall not all have the faith, the duties, the festivities of patriotism?—*From an Oration Delivered in New York City.*

MEGERLE, Ulrich, a German satirical poet; born at Krähenheimstetten, near Messkirch, Baden, July 2, 1644; died at Vienna, December 1, 1709. At the age of twenty he entered the Augustine Order of Barefoot Friars, and adopted the religious name Abraham a Sancta Clara. He acquired such fame by his sermons that about 1670 he was made preacher to the Imperial Court of Vienna. The discourses of Sancta Clara abound in all sorts of conceits, sometimes bordering upon the burlesque; but underlying them is a substratum of deep earnestness. Court preacher as he was, he was unsparing in his ridicule and denunciation of the follies and vices of the rich

and the noble. He wrote *Judas, the Arch-Rogue,* a satirico-religious romance (1686), *Gack, Gack, Gack a Ga of a Marvellous Hen in the Duchy of Bavaria, or a Detailed Account of the Famous Pilgrimage of Maria Stern in Taxa* (1687). His collected works fill twenty-one volumes. The following are from one of his discourses, which bears the title, "Mark, Rich Man!"

THE MIGHT OF GOLD.

If it were allowed Samson to propound a riddle for the delectation of his guests, it will perhaps not be ill-taken in me to question my hearers as follows: What is it? — It hath not feet, yet travelleth through the whole world; it hath no hands, yet overmasters whole armies; it hath no tongue, yet discourses more eloquently than Batolus or Balbus; it hath no sense, yet is more mighty than all the wise men of the earth. 'Tis a thing the name of which comes near to "God." Well, now, what is it? Crack me this nut if you can.— It is nothing else than *Gold.* Take away the letter "*l*" from it, and you have *God;* and in Latin *Numen* is God; and *Nummus* is money — which two names are very near akin.

NOAH'S DOVE.

In the days of Noah, when the weary waters were deluging the world, the patriarch sent forth a dove to see how the waters stood upon the earth. This pious and simple bird, more obedient than the raven, returned speedily, and lighted on the ark. After awhile Noah sent her forth again, and she returned with an olive-branch in her mouth. And here the Holy Book doth not say that Noah this time laid hands on her, and took her into the ark; whence it is reasonable to conclude that she flew in the second time of her own accord — wherein lies no small mystery. The first time, Noah was obliged to draw her into the ark by force; the second time, she flew freely in. Reason: The first time

the dovelet had nothing; the dovelet was a poor devil, and durst not venture into the ark. The second time, it had an olive-branch, and flew straight in, well knowing that the door and portal stand open to him that bringeth anything.

If Sancta Clara was not a poet, he was a clever versifier. The following is from his *Judas, the Arch-Rogue:*

SAINT ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

Saint Anthony at church was left in the lurch;
So he went to the ditches, and preached to the fishes.
They wriggled their tails;
In the sun glanced their scales.

The Carps, with their spawn, are all hither drawn,
And open their jaws, eager for each clause:
No sermon beside
Had the Carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted Pikes, who kept fighting like tikes,
Swam up harmonious to hear Saint Antonius:
No sermon beside
Had the Pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish, who loves fast-days — the Cod-fish
(The Stock-fish I mean), at the sermon was seen:
No sermon beside
Had the Cods so edified.

Good Eels and Sturgeon, which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way to hear preaching that day:
No sermon beside
Had the Eels so edified.

Crabs and Turtles also, who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom, as if the devil had got 'em:
No sermon beside
Had the Crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small, lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher like a reasonable creature:
At God's word
They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended, each turned and descended:
The Eels went on eeling, the Pikes went on stealing:
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

The Crabs are backsliders, the Stock-fish thicksiders,
The Crabs are sharp-set; all the sermon forget:
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

MELANCHTHON, PHILIPP, a German reformer; born at Bretten, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, February 16, 1497; died at Wittenberg, April 19, 1560. The name by which he is known, *Melanchthon,* is merely a translation into Greek of his German patronymic *Schwarzerd,* "Black-earth." He was the son of a well-to-do armorer, studied at the universities of Heidelberg and Tübingen, taking his degree as Master of Arts at the age of seventeen. Two years later Erasmus wrote of him: "My God! what expectations does Philipp Melanchthon excite, who is yet a youth — yea, we may say a mere boy — and has already attained to equal eminence in the Greek and Latin literature. What acu-

men in demonstration, what purity and elegance of style, what comprehensive reading, what tenderness of feeling and refinement of his extraordinary genius!" In 1518 he was called to the professorship of Greek in the newly founded University of Wittenberg, and thus became a colleague of Luther, with whose views he was already in sympathy, and their close intimacy continued until the death of Luther, twenty-eight years later. Among the German Reformers Melanchthon stands next to Luther. Although the most profound theologian of his time, he never took orders, but remained a married layman.

The works of Melanchthon include a Greek and Latin Grammar, commentaries on the Bible and on several classic authors, doctrinal and ethical treatises, and a very extensive correspondence. Several editions of his *Works*, more or less complete, have been published; the earliest of Basel (5 vols. folio, 1541). The best is that contained in the *Corpus Reformatorum* of Bretschneider and Bindsell (1834–60). Soon after the death of Luther, Melanchthon wrote a preface for an edition of the works of Luther, published at Wittenberg in 1551, which closes thus:

LUTHER AND HIS WORKS.

Let us therefore give thanks unto God, the eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who willed that, by ministry of His servant Martin Luther, the mire and poison should again be cast out of the fountains of Evangelical Truth, and the pure doctrine be restored to the Church. Wherefore it becomes us and all good men throughout the world to think of this and to unite in prayers and desires, and to cry unto God, with fervent hearts, that He would confirm in us what He has thus wrought, for His holy temple's sake; this, O living and true God, eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

the author of all things in Thy Church — this Thy word and promise: "For Mine own sake will I have mercy upon you: for Mine own sake will I have mercy upon you; for Mine own sake — even for Mine own sake — will I do it, that My name be not blasphemed."

I cry unto Thee, with my whole heart, that for Thine own glory, and for the glory of Thy dear Son, that Thou wouldst never cease to gather unto Thyself from among us, by the preaching of the Gospel, an eternal Church; and that, for the sake of Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Lord — who was crucified for us, and rose again, our Mediator and Intercessor — Thy Holy Spirit may in all things rule our hearts, that we may call upon Thee in truth, and serve Thee acceptably.

And since Thou hast created mankind to the end that Thou mightest be acknowledged and called upon by all men; and hast for that intent manifested Thyself in so many eminent testimonies who have borne witness of Thee, suffer not this army of witnesses to fail, from whom Thy word of truth sounds forth. And since Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, just before His final agony, prayed for us, saying, "Father, sanctify them through Thy truth, for Thy word is truth" — to these prayers of our High Priest we desire to join ours, and to entreat Thee, together with Him, that Thy word of truth may ever shine among men.

And these were the prayers that we used to hear Luther also put up daily; and it was in the midst of such prayers as these that his peaceful soul, about the sixty-third year of his age, was called away from the mortal body.

Posterity possesses many monuments both of his doctrine and of his piety. He published, first, his Doctrinal Works, concerning all the principal articles of that doctrine which must be set forth and maintained in the Church. He published his Works of Refutation, in which he disproved and exposed many errors prejudicial to men. He published, moreover, his Works of Exposition, in which even his enemies confess that he surpasses all the commentaries extant.

That these are works of great merit, all good men

well know. But for utility and labor, all these Works together are surpassed by his version of the Old and New Testament, in which there is so much clearness that the German reading of itself supplies the necessity of a commentary. Which version, however, is not quite alone: there are attached to it annotations of great learning, together with descriptions of the subject-heads, which give a summary of the Divine doctrine contained in them, and instruct the reader in the kind of language which is there used; so that the honest and good heart may draw the firmest testimonies of the true doctrine from its very foundation. For it was the great aim of Luther not to let any rest in his own writings, but to lead all to the fountain-head. He would have us all to hear the voice of God. He wished to see, by that voice, the fire of genuine faith, and calling upon God, kindled in man; that God might be worshipped in truth and that many might be made heirs of eternal life.

This anxious desire of his, therefore, and these his labors, it becomes us to spread abroad with grateful hearts; and taking him for an example, to remember that it behooves each of us to strive to adorn, according to his ability, the Church of God. For to these ends especially the whole of our life — its studies and designs — should be directed: First, to promote the glory of God; and, secondly, to profit His Church. Concerning the former, St. Paul says: "Do all for the glory of God;" concerning the latter, it is said in Psalm cxxii: "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." To which exhortation there is added in the same verse, "They shall prosper that love Thee."

These commands and promises from above invite all to receive the true doctrine of the Church, to love the ministers of the Gospel and wholesome teachers, and to unite in desires and devoted endeavors to spread abroad the doctrine of the truth, and to promote the concord of the true Church of God.— Reader, farewell. — *Translation of* HENRY COLE.

MELEAGER, a Greek epigrammatic poet; born at Gadara, in Palestine; lived under the last Seleucus; died 94 B.C. He was a disciple of Menippus; and his earlier cynical essays and satirical dialogues were very popular. He is best known, however, as the author of short love-poems, and as the compiler of *The Wreath,* a collection of little pieces from about forty other poets. His works formed the nucleus of the Greek *Anthology.* They were edited separately by Manso in 1786; by Meineke in 1789, and by Graefe in 1811.

Andrew Lang has, from time to time, translated fugitive poems by Meleager, and they are all marked by that sunny, out-door love of light, air, the sea, the smiling harvest, that we have learned to link with Theocritus.

THE VOW.

In holy night we made the vow;
  And the same lamp which long before
Had seen our early passion grow
  Was witness to the faith we swore.

Did I not swear to love her ever;
  And have I ever dared to rove?
Did she not own a rival never
  Should shake her faith, or steal her love?

Yet now she says those words were air,
  Those vows were written all in water,
And by the lamp that saw her swear
  Has yielded to the first that sought her.

—*Translation of* J. H. MERIVALE.

MELVILLE, HERMAN, an American novelist; born at New York, August 1, 1819; died there, September 28, 1891. At the age of eighteen he shipped as a sailor before the mast, for a voyage to Liverpool, and four years later set out upon a whaling voyage in the South Pacific. On account of the abuse of the captain he ran away from the ship at one of the Marquesas Islands. After many adventures, which he narrates in his *Typee,* he made his escape, on board a whaler, which happened to touch at the island. About 1850 he took up his residence at Pittsfield, Mass., but subsequently removed to New York, where he was appointed to a place in the Custom-House. His works are *Typee, a Peep at Polynesian Life* (1846); *Omoo, a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas* (1847); *Mardi, and a Voyage Thither* (1848); *Redburn* (1848); *White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-War* (1850); *Pierre, or the Ambiguities* (1852); *Moby Dick, or the White Whale* (1855); *Israel Potter, His Fifty Years of Exile* (1855); *The Piazza Tales* (1856); *The Confidence Man* (1857); *Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War,* a volume of poems (1866); *Clarel, a Pilgrimage in the Holy Land,* a poem (1876); *John Marr and Other Sailors,* a story (1888); and *Timoleon,* poems (1891).

A GENTLEMAN'S SON IN THE FORECASTLE.

What reminded me most forcibly of my ignominious condition was the widely altered manner of the captain toward me. I had thought him a fine funny gentleman, full of mirth and good-humor, and one who could not fail to appreciate the difference between me and the rude sailors among whom I was thrown. Indeed, I made

no doubt that he would in some special manner take me under his protection, and prove a kind friend and benefactor to me; as I had heard that some sea-captains are fathers to their crew: and so they are; but such fathers as Solomon's precepts tend to make — severe and chastising fathers, fathers whose sense of duty overcomes the sense of love.

Yes, and I thought that Captain Riga would be attentive and considerate to me, and strive to cheer me up, and comfort me in my loneliness. I did not even deem it at all impossible that he would invite me down to the cabin of a pleasant night, to ask me questions concerning my parents and prospects in life, besides obtaining from me anecdotes concerning my great-uncle, the illustrious Senator; or give me a slate and pencil, and teach me problems in navigation; or perhaps engage me at a game of chess. I even thought he might invite me to dinner on a sunny Sunday, and help me plentifully to the nice cabin fare, as knowing how distateful the salt beef and pork and hard biscuit of the forecastle must at first be to a boy like me, who had always lived ashore and at home.

When two or three days had passed without the captain's speaking in any way, or sending word into the forecastle that he wished me to drop into the cabin and pay my respects, I began to think whether I should not make the first advances; and whether indeed he did not expect it of me, since I was but a boy, and he a man, and that might have been the reason why he had not spoken to me yet — deeming it more proper and respectful for me to address him first.

So one evening, a little before sundown, in the second dog-watch, when there was no more work to be done, I concluded to call and see him. After drawing a bucket of water, and having a good washing to get off the chicken-coop stains, I went down into the forecastle to dress myself as neatly as I could. I put on a white shirt in place of my red one, and got into a pair of cloth trousers instead of my duck ones, and put on my pumps; and then carefully brushing my shooting-jacket, I put that on over all, so that upon the whole I made quite a

genteel figure, at least for a forecastle, though I would not have looked so well in a drawing-room.

When the sailors saw me thus employed they did not know what to make of it, and wanted to know whether I was dressing to go ashore. I told them no, for we were then out of sight of land; but that I was going to pay my respects to the captain. At that they all laughed and shouted, as if I were a simpleton; though there seemed nothing so simple in going to make an evening call upon a friend. Then some of them tried to dissuade me, saying I was "green" and "raw;" but Jackson, who sat looking on, cried out with a hideous grin, "Let him go, let him go, men — he's a nice boy. Let him go; the captain has some nuts and raisins for him."

As I was about leaving the forecastle I happened to look at my hands, and seeing them stained all over of a deep yellow — for that morning the mate had set me to tarring some strips of canvas for the rigging — I thought it would never do to present myself before a gentleman in that way; so, for want of kids, I slipped on a pair of woollen mittens which my mother had knit for me to carry to sea. As I was putting them on, Jackson asked me whether he shouldn't call a carriage; and another bade me not to forget to present his best respects to the skipper. I left them all tittering, and coming on deck was passing the cook-house, when the old cook called after me, saying I had forgot my cane.

But I did not heed their impudence, and was walking straight to the cabin-door, on the quarter-deck, when the chief mate met me. I touched my hat, and was passing him, when, after staring at me till I thought his eyes would burst out, he all at once caught me by the collar, and with a voice of thunder wanted to know what I meant by playing such tricks aboard a ship that he was mate of. I told him to let go of me, or I would complain to the captain, whom I intended to visit that evening. Upon this he gave me such a whirl round that I thought the Gulf Stream was in my head, and then shoved me forward, roaring out I know not what.

The day following I happened to be making fast a rope on the quarter-deck, when the captain suddenly

made his appearance, promenading up and down, and smoking a cigar. He looked very good-humored and amiable, and it being just after his dinner, I thought this was just the chance I wanted. I waited a little while, thinking he would speak to me himself; but as he did not, I went up to him and began by saying it was a very pleasant day, and hoped he was very well. I never saw a man fly into such a rage; I thought he was going to knock me down; but, after standing speechless for a while, he all at once plucked his cap from his head and threw it at me. I don't know what impelled me, but I ran to the lee-scuppers, where it fell, picked it up, and gave it to him with a bow. Then the mate came running up, and thrust me forward again; and after he had got me as far as the windlass he wanted to know whether I was crazy or not; for if I was, he would put me in irons right off, and have done with it.

But I assured him I was in my right mind, and knew perfectly well that I had been treated in the most rude and ungentlemanly manner both by him and Captain Riga. Upon this he rapped out a great oath, and told me if I ever repeated what I had done that evening, or ever again presumed so much as to lift my hat to the captain, he would tie me into the rigging, and keep me there until I learned better manners. "You are very green," said he, "but I'll ripen you."

I thought this strange enough — to be reprimanded and charged with rudeness for an act of common civility. However, seeing how matters stood, I resolved to let the captain alone for the future, particularly as he had shown himself so deficient in the ordinary breeding of a gentleman. And I could hardly credit it, that this was the same man who had been so very civil and polite and witty when Mr. Jones and I called upon him in port.— *Redburn.*

MENDELSSOHN, Moses, a Jewish philosopher and metaphysician; born at Dessau, Germany, September 6, 1729; died at Berlin, January 4, 1786. His father was a teacher of a Hebrew day-school and a transcriber of the Pentateuch. Moses left home at the age of fourteen and went to Berlin, where he made the acquaintance of a wealthy Jew, Mr. Bernard. This gentleman had heard of his talents and good moral character, and took him into his family as an instructor for his children. Not long after, Mr. Bernard, discovering his mathematical ability, made him successively clerk, cashier, and manager in his large silk manufactory, and subsequently a partner. From this time his days were given to business and a large part of his nights to study. In 1744 he made the acquaintance of Lessing, and the friendship then formed between these two great men lasted until broken by death. He is the original of Lessing's *Nathan*.

Mendelssohn, though a firm believer in his own religion, which he earnestly and ably defended, yet did very much by his writings and his example toward liberalizing the Jews and eradicating their religious prejudices.

Among his principal works are *On Evidence in Metaphysics* (1763); *Phædon*, a dialogue on the immortality of the soul, after the style of Plato (1767); *Jerusalem, a Defence of Judaism* (1783); and *Morgenstunden*, essays in refutation of Pantheism and Spinozism (1785).

CHRISTIANITY AND JUDAISM.

If it be true that the corner-stones of my house are failing, and the tenement threatens to fall down, am I then right in shifting my effects from the lower story to the upper? Shall I be any safer there? Now Christianity, you know, is built on Judaism, and when this falls down, that must necessarily become one heap of ruins with it. You say my conclusions undermine the foundation of Judaism, and you proffer me, for safety, your upper story. Must I suppose that you are mocking me? When there is the appearance of a contradiction between one truth and another, between Scripture and reason, a Christian, in earnest about "right and light," will not challenge a Jew to a controversy, but, conjointly with him, seek to discover the groundlessness of the discrepancy. Both their causes are concerned in it. Whatever else they have to settle between themselves may be deferred to another time. For the present, they must use their joint endeavors to avert the danger, and either discover the false conclusion, or show that it was nothing but a paradox which frightened them. —*Jerusalem.*

POWER AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

It has been remarked, in a former place, that paganism had even more tolerable notions of the *power* of the Godhead than of its *goodness.* A common man takes goodness and easy reconcilableness for weakness; he envies everyone the least pre-eminence in power, wealth, beauty, honor, etc., but not pre-eminence in goodness. Indeed, how should he; since it mostly depends on himself to arrive at that degree of gentleness which he thinks enviable? It requires some thinking to comprehend that rancor and vindictiveness, envy and cruelty, are, in the main, nothing but weakness, nothing but the effect of fear. Fear, combined with chance and precarious predominance, is the parent of all those barbarous feelings. Fear only renders man severe and implacable.

He who is fully conscious of his superiority, feels far greater happiness in leniency and forgiveness.

When we have once learned to see this, we can no longer feel any hesitation in considering mercy, at least, as sublime a quality as power; in thinking the Supreme Being, to whom we attribute omnipotence, capable also of love; and in acknowledging in the God of power also the God of mercy. But how far was paganism from being thus refined! You do not find in the whole of its mythology, in the poems and other remains of the ancient world, a trace of their having attributed to any one of their deities also love and clemency toward the children of men. . . .

In Homer himself, in his gentle and benign soul, the thought had not yet kindled that the gods forgive out of love; and that without beneficence they would know no bliss in their empyreal abode.— *Jerusalem.*

MENDÈS, CATULLE, a French poet, dramatist and novelist; born at Bordeaux, May 22, 1841. At the age of eighteen he went to Paris, and began the publication of *La Revue Fantaisiste*, in which he wrote a poem entitled *Le Roman d'une Nuit*, for which he was condemned to a month's imprisonment and a fine of 500 francs. He became allied to a little group of literary men called Parnassians. M. Mendès has the curious, and scarcely enviable, distinction of having done nearly everything, in literature, nearly as well as everybody. His earlier verse, in the manner of Hugo, is really hardly to be distinguished from genuine Hugo; his Parnassian verse is so pre-eminently Parnassian that it may almost be taken as the type of that manner; when he tired of doing implacable Leconte de Lisle, he did faultless Banville

and almost deceptive Verlaine. And, indeed, he may be said to have invented some of his masters, whom (M. François Coppée, for instance) he certainly started on the road of letters. In prose, he has written novels which partake of the *roman à clef,* the *succés, de scandale,* and the *document humain* — novels which are, at all events, written in beautiful French, a little subtle and perverse, but full of surprising and delicious graces. And he has done the most elegantly improper short stories that can be conceived; he has invented adorable ballets, written librettos more musical than the music to which they are set; and he has given to all the worthier of his contemporaries the most just and ungrudging praise of any contemporary critic. He is one of the best talkers in Paris; at sixty he looks like his own younger brother; in life and in literature he is one of the successes of the day. And, undoubtedly, his success is deserved; for, in his way, he is a true man of letters. His misfortune is to be a man of letters who has nothing to say, or, in other words, who can say everything.

His published works include: Poems: *Philolema* (1864); *Hesperus* (1869); *Contes épiques* (1870); *Poésies* (1872); Romances: *Les Folies amoureuses* (1877); *Le Roi vierge* (1881); *Monstres Parisiens* (1882); *Jupe courte* (1884); *Le Fin du Fin* (1885); *Le Confessional* (1890); Dramatic Works: *La Part du Roi* (1872); *La Capitaine Fracasse* (1872); *Les Mères ennemis* (1882); *Isoline* (1888); *Fiammette* (1889).

QUEEN COELIA.

Coelia is queen of a chimerical kingdom, perhaps on the borders of the Forest of Arden, perhaps on the shores of

the Isle of Avalon. In one of the hundred boudoirs of her palace, where climbing roses flower the silk of the hangings — while the birds of the garden fly through the open windows to quarrel with those held captive behind the light wires of golden cages —she speaks to her ladies-in-waiting, who are playing draughts, or pouring pearl and beryl necklaces in open coffers. "It is true," says Queen Coelia, "that the young student allowed himself to die of hunger, last year in the capital of my kingdom; but you have not been told the whole story. For a long time he had been sad, because of a dream, and often he was seen in melancholy attitudes under the window of the oratory where, of evenings, I play on the clavichord. Then his fellow-students saw him no more. Nobody knew in what solitude, in what silence, he had concealed his languor. One day some people who entered his lodging found him extended upon his disordered bed, very pale, and yet with a smile on his lips. He was dead, but none the less fair. A leech having been summoned, ascertained that the poor youth had died for want of food."

"That is all the more strange," said one of the ladies-in-waiting, "that they found on the bed, on the table, on the carpet, a number of gold coins bearing the effigy of Your Majesty, and of which one alone would have sufficed to pay for the most costly feast."

"That is true," said Coelia. "But," she added, as a tear fell from her eyelids and rolled down her cheek till it moistened her smile, "the poor student had died in preference to parting from a single one of the beautiful gold coins."

THE TRIAL OF THE ROSES.

In the garden of the hospital, where flutters in the sun the winged snow of the butterflies, the young lunatic wanders alone. He is pale, with an air of softness. And what sadness in his vague eyes! He stops before a sweetbrier, culls a brier-rose; stops between two rose-bushes, culls from one a tea-rose, from the other a moss-rose.

On a wooden bench at the turn of the path he places the three flowers that he has culled

He says to the brier-rose:

"Brier-rose, answer! You are accused of having abandoned without pity, when you were a young girl, a poor and sorrowful child who adored you, in favor of an old man who was rich. What have you to say in your defence?"

He awaits the answer.

He continues:

"The cause is heard. I condemn you."

He says to the tea-rose:

"Tea-rose, answer! You are accused of having, when you were a worldly young woman, driven to despair, and tortured by the infamous play of your deceitful smiles and of your retracted consents, a miserable young man whose heart, alas! beat only for you ardently. What have you to say in your defence?"

He awaits the answer.

He continues:

"The cause is heard. I condemn you."

He says to the moss-rose:

"Moss-rose, answer! Thou art accused of having, when thou wert a fair girl selling thy smiles and thy kisses, crazed by thy caresses, ruined and dishonored an unfortunate man who sought in thy love the oblivion of his ancient despair? What hast thou to say in thy defence?"

He awaits the answer.

He continues:

"The cause is heard. I condemn thee."

Having pronounced these sentences, he pulls from his pocket a pretty, complicated instrument made of aromatic woods and of shining steel; it is a little guillotine, which he has fashioned while dreaming during his hours of leisure.

One after the other, upon the tiny bascule, he places the eglantine, the tea-rose, the moss-rose. One after the other, beneath the blade that slides and cuts, the flowers, separated from their stems, fall in the gravel on the path.

He picks them up and gazes at them long.

He walks towards the shadowy part of the garden, where nobody passes, digs with his fingers a little grave in the earth, lays in it together the three executed flowers, covers them with gravel and with acacia-leaves.

Then he kneels down and weeps till evening over the grave of the guilty roses.

MENKEN, Adah Isaacs, an American actress and poet; born near New Orleans, June 15, 1835; died at Paris, France, August 10, 1868. Her name was originally Dolores Adios Fuertes, but upon her marriage to Alexander I. Menken, she became a devotee of the Hebrew faith and changed her name to Adah Isaacs. She made her stage début at the New Orleans French Opera House, where she was received with marked favor. Later she visited Cuba and Mexico. Upon her return to New Orleans she taught French and Latin in a school for girls. In 1863 she went to England, and, assuming the rôle of Mazeppa, won great popularity. She played for 100 nights in Paris, and later in Berlin and Vienna.

The history of Adah Isaacs Menken is the story of a heart full of longing and unsatisfied desires. The best introduction to the story of her life, blighted and crossed at every turn, is contained in one of her earliest poems:

ONE YEAR AGO.

In feeling I was but a child,
  When first we met — one year ago;
As free and guileless as the bird
  That roams the dreary woodland through.

We met — we loved — one year ago,
  Beneath the stars of summer skies;
Alas! I knew not then, as now,
  The darkness of life's mysteries.

I gave to you — one year ago —
  The only jewel that was mine;
My heart took off her lonely crown,
  And all her riches gave to thine.

You loved me, too, when first we met;
  Your tender kisses told me so.
How changed you are from what you were
  In life and love — one year ago!

You robbed me of my faith and trust
  In all Life's beauty, Love and Truth;
You left me nothing — nothing save
  A hopeless, blighted, dreamless youth.

Strike, if you will, and let the stroke
  Be heavy as my weight of woe;
I shall not shrink; my heart is cold;
  'Tis broken since one year ago!

The critics will say, "The lines are faulty." So they are, but never was the minor wail of a broken heart more distinctly heard in any poem. Perhaps the critics will like best her *Dreams of Beauty,* as they have more of the true lyric form:

DREAMS OF BEAUTY.

Visions of Beauty, of Light and of Love,
  Born in the soul of a Dream,
Lost, like the phantom bird under the dove
  When she flies over a stream.

And ye are so fleeting. All vainly I strive
  Beauties like thine to portray;

Forth from my pencil the bright picture starts,
And — ye have faded away.

Like to a bird that soars up from the spray,
When we would fetter its wing;
Like to a song that spurns Memory's grasp
When the voice yearneth to sing.

But let me think of ye Visions of Light,
Not as the tissue of dreams,
But as realities destined to be
Bright in Futurity's beams.

ANSWER ME.

In from the night —
The storm is lifting his black arms up to the sky.
Friend of my heart, who so gently mark'st out the life track for me, draw near to-night.
Forget the wailing of the low-voiced wind:
Shut out the moanings of the freezing and the starving and the dying, and bend your head low to me.
Clasp my cold, cold hands in yours;
Think of me tenderly and lovingly.
Look down into my eyes the while I question you; and, if you love me, answer me —
Oh! answer me!

Is there not a gleam of peace on all this tiresome earth?
Does not one oasis cheer all this desert-world?
When will all this toil and pain bring me the blessing?
Must I ever plead for help to do the work before me set?
Must I ever stumble and faint by the dark way-side?
Oh! the dark lonely way-side, with its dim-sheeted ghosts peering up through their shallow graves! —
Must I ever tremble and pale at the great Beyond?
Must I find rest only in your bosom, as now I do?
Answer me —
Oh! answer me!

Speak to me tenderly —
Think of me lovingly.

Let your soft hands smooth back my hair;
Take my cold tear-stained face up to yours.
Let my lonely life creep into your warm bosom, knowing no other rest but this.
Let me question you, while sweet Faith and Trust are folding their white robes around me.
Thus am I purified, even to your love, that came like John the Baptist in the wilderness of Sin.
You read the starry heavens, and led me forth.
But tell me if, in this world's Judea, there comes never quiet when once the heart awakes?
Why must I ever hush love back?
Must it only labor, strive and ache?
Has it no reward but this?
Has it no inheritance but to bear — and break?
Answer me —
Oh! answer me!

The storm struggles with the darkness.
Folded away in your arms, how little do I heed their battle!
The trees clash in vain their naked swords against the door.
I go not forth while the low murmur of your voice is drifting all else back to silence.
The Darkness presses his black forehead close to the window-pane, and beckons me without.
Love holds a lamp in this little room, that hath power to blot back Fear.
But will the lamp ever starve for oil?
Will its blood-red flame ever grow faint and blue?
Will it uprear itself to a slender line of light?
Will it grow pallid and motionless?
Will it sink rayless to the everlasting death?
Answer me —
Oh! answer me!

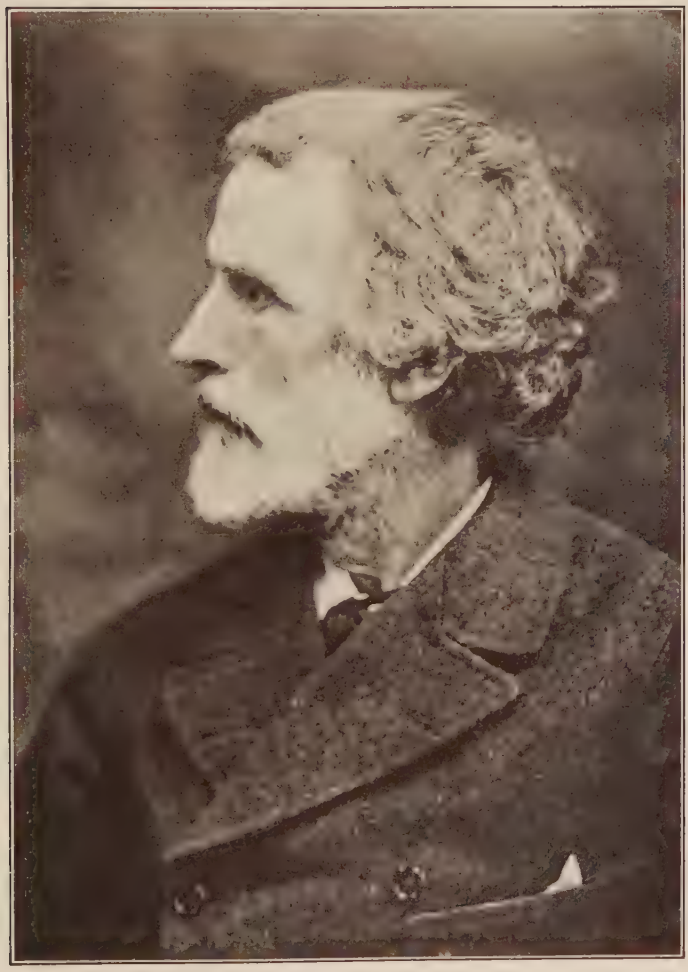
Look at these tear drops:
See how they quiver and die on your open hands.
Fold these white garments close to my breast, while I question you.

Would you have me think that from the warm shelter of your heart I must go to the grave?
And when I am lying in my silent shroud, will you love me?
When I am buried down in the cold wet earth, will you grieve that you did not save me?
Will your tears reach my pale face through all the withered leaves that will heap themselves upon my grave?
Will you repent that you loosened your arms to let me fall so deep, and so far out of sight?
Will you come and tell me so when the coffin has shut out the storm?
Answer me —
Oh! answer me!

— *Infelice.*

The poems of Adah Isaacs Menken were published in a volume entitled *Infelice.* The poet-actress is buried in the Jewish Cemetery at Paris, and on the little stone which marks her grave are inscribed, at her own request, the simple words, "Thou Knowest."

MEREDITH, George, an English novelist and poet; born in Hampshire, February 12, 1828. His parents died in his childhood, and he became a ward in Chancery. Until he was fifteen years old he was educated in Germany. He studied law, but preferred literature, to which he soon devoted himself. His first volume, of *Poems,* was published in 1851. It was followed by *The Shaving of Shagpat,* a burlesque poem, in 1855, and by a short story, *Farina, a Legend of Cologne,* in 1857. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,* his first novel, appeared in 1859, since which time his fame has slowly but steadily in-



GEORGE MEREDITH.

creased. Besides the works mentioned, he has written *Evan Harrington,* published in book form in 1861; *Modern Love: Poems and Ballads* (1862); *Emilia in England* and *Sandra Belloni* (1864); *Rhoda Fleming* (1865); *Beauchamp's Career* and *Vittoria* (1866); *The Adventures of Harry Richmond* (1871); *The Egotist* (1879); *The Tragic Comedians* (1881); *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of the Earth* (1883); *Diana of the Crossways* (1885); *Poems and Ballads of Tragic Life* (1887); *A Reading of Earth* (1888); *One of Our Conquerors* (1890); *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* (1894); *The Tale of Chloe* (1895); *The Empty Purse,* poems (1892); *The Amazing Marriage* (1895), and *Poems* (1899).

THE BLOSSOMING SEASON.

Richard had no special intimate of his own age to rub his excessive vitality against, and wanted none. His hands were full enough with Tom Bakewell. Moreover, his father and he were heart in heart. The boy's mind was opening, and turning to his father affectionately reverent. At this period, when the young savage grows into higher influences, the faculty of worship is foremost in him. At this period Jesuits stamp the future of their chargeling flocks; and all who bring up youth by a System, and watch it, know that it is the malleable moment. Boys possessing any mental or moral force to give them a tendency then predestinate their careers; or, if under supervision, take impress that is given them: not often to cast it off, and seldom to cast it off altogether.

In Sir Austin's Note-book was written: "Between Simple Boyhood and Adolescence — The Blossoming Season — on the threshold of Puberty, there is one Unselfish Hour — say, Spiritual Seed-Time."

He took good care that good seed should be planted in Richard, and that the most fruitful seed for a youth,

namely, Example, should be of a kind to germinate in him the love of every form of nobleness.

"I am only striving to make my son a Christian," he said, answering them who persisted in expostulating with the System. And to these instructions he gave an aim: "First be virtuous," he told his son, "and then serve your country with heart and soul." The youth was instructed to cherish an ambition for statesmanship, and he and his father read history and the speeches of British orators to some purpose; for one day Sir Austin found him leaning cross-legged, and with his hand to his chin, against a pedestal supporting the bust of Chatham, contemplating the hero of our Parliament, his eyes streaming with tears.

People said the baronet carried the principle of Example so far that he only retained his boozing dyspeptic brother Hippias at Raynham in order to exhibit to his son the woful retribution nature wreaks upon a life of indulgence, poor Hippias having now become a walking complaint. This was unjust, but there is no doubt he made use of every illustration to disgust or encourage his son that his neighborhood afforded him, and did not spare his brother, for whom Richard entertained a contempt in proportion to his admiration of his father, and was for flying into penitential extremes which Sir Austin had to soften.

The boy prayed with his father morning and night.

"How is it, sir," he said one night, "I can't get Tom Bakewell to pray?"

"Does he refuse?" Sir Austin asked.

"He seems to be ashamed to," Richard replied. "He wants to know what is the good? and I don't know what to tell him."

"I'm afraid it has gone too far with him," said Sir Austin, "and until he has had some deep sorrows he will not find the divine want of Prayer. Strive, my son, when you represent the people, to provide for their education. He feels everything now through a dull, impenetrable rind. Culture is half-way to Heaven. Tell him, my son, should he ever be brought to ask how he may know the efficacy of Prayer, and that his prayer

will be answered, tell him (he quoted The Pilgrim's Scrip):

"'Who rises from Prayer a better man, his prayer *is* answered.'"

"I will, sir," said Richard, and went to sleep happy.

Happy in his father and in himself the youth now lived. Conscience was beginning to inhabit him, and he carried some of the freightage known to men; though in so crude a form that it overweighed him, now on this side, now on that. . . .

Life was made very pleasant to him at Raynham, as it was part of Sir Austin's principle of education that his boy should be thoroughly joyous and happy; and whenever Adrian sent in a satisfactory report of his pupil's advancement, which he did pretty liberally, diversions were planned, just as prizes are given to diligent school-boys, and Richard was supposed to have all his desires gratified while he attended to his studies. The System flourished. Tall, strong, bloomingly healthy, he took the lead of his companions on land and water, and had more than one bondsman in his service besides Ripton Thompson — the boy without a Destiny! Perhaps the boy with a Destiny was growing up a trifle too conscious of it. His generosity to his occasional companions was princely, but was exercised something too much in the manner of a prince; and, notwithstanding his contempt for business, he would overlook that more easily than an offence to his pride, which demanded an utter servility when it had once been rendered susceptible. If Richard had his followers he had also his feuds. The Papworths were as subservient as Ripton, but young Ralph Morton, the nephew of Mr. Morton, and a match for Richard in numerous promising qualities, comprising the noble science of fisticuffs, this youth spoke his mind too openly; and, moreover, would not be snubbed. There was no middle course for Richard's comrades between high friendship or absolute slavery. He was deficient in those cosmopolite habits and feelings which enable boys and men to hold together without caring for each other; and, like every insulated mortal, he attributed the deficiency, of which he was quite aware,

to the fact of his possessing a superior nature. Young Ralph was a lively talker: therefore, argued Richard's vanity, he had no intellect. He was affable: therefore he was frivolous. The women liked him: therefore he was a butterfly. In fine, young Ralph was popular, and our superb prince, denied the privilege of despising, ended by detesting him. . . .

And now, as he progressed from mood to mood, his ambition turned toward a field where Ralph could not rival him, and where the Bonnet was etherealized, and reigned glorious mistress. A check to the pride of a boy will frequently divert him to the path where lie his subtlest powers. Richard gave up his companions, servile or antagonistic: he relinquished the material world to young Ralph, and retired into himself, where he was growing to be lord of kingdoms: where Beauty was his handmaid, and History his minister, and Time his ancient harper, and sweet Romance his bride; where he walked in a realm vaster and more gorgeous than the great Orient, peopled with the heroes that have been. For there is no princely wealth, and no loftiest heritage, to equal this early one that is made bountifully common to so many, when the ripening blood has put a spark to the imagination, and the earth is seen through rosy mists of a thousand fresh-awakened nameless and aimless desires; panting for bliss and taking it as it comes; making of any sight or sound, perforce of the enchantment they carry with them, a key to infinite, because innocent, pleasure. The passions then are gambolling cubs; not the ravaging gluttons they grow to. They have their teeth and their talons, but they neither tear nor bite. They are in counsel and fellowship with the quickened heart and brain. The whole sweet system moves to music.

Something akin to the indications of a change in the spirit of his son which were now seen Sir Austin had marked down to be expected, as due to his plan. . . . So far, certainly, the experiment had succeeded. A comelier, braver, better boy was nowhere to be met. His promise was undeniable. The vessel, too, though it lay now in harbor and had not yet been proved by

the buffets of the elements on the great ocean, had made a good trial-trip, and got well through stormy weather, as the records of the Bakewell Comedy witnessed at Raynham. No augury could be hopefuller. The Fates must indeed be hard, the Ordeal severe, the Destiny dark, that could destroy so bright a Spring! But bright as it was, the baronet relaxed nothing of his vigilant supervision. He said to his intimates: "Every act, every fostered inclination, almost every thought, in this Blossoming Season, bears its seed for the Future. The living Tree now requires incessant watchfulness." And, acting up to his light, Sir Austin did watch. The youth submitted to an hour's examination every night before he sought his bed; professedly to give an account of his studies, but really to recapitulate his moral experiences of the day. He could do so, for he was pure. Any wildness in him that his father noted, any remoteness or richness of fancy in his expressions, was set down as incidental to the Blossoming Season. The Blossoming Season explained and answered for all. There is nothing like a theory for binding the wise. Sir Austin, despite his rigid watch and ward, knew less of his son than the servant of his household. And he was deaf, as well as blind. Adrian thought it his duty to tell him that the youth was consuming paper. Lady Blandish likewise hinted his mooning propensities. Sir Austin, from his lofty watch-tower of the System, had foreseen it, he said. But when he came to hear that the youth was writing poetry, his wounded heart had its reasons for being much disturbed.

"Surely," said Lady Blandish, "you knew he scribbled."

"A very different thing from writing poetry, madam," said the baronet. "No Feverel has ever written poetry."

"I don't think it's a sign of degeneracy," the lady remarked. "He rhymes very prettily to me."

A London phrenologist, and a friendly Oxford professor of poetry, quieted Sir Austin's fears.

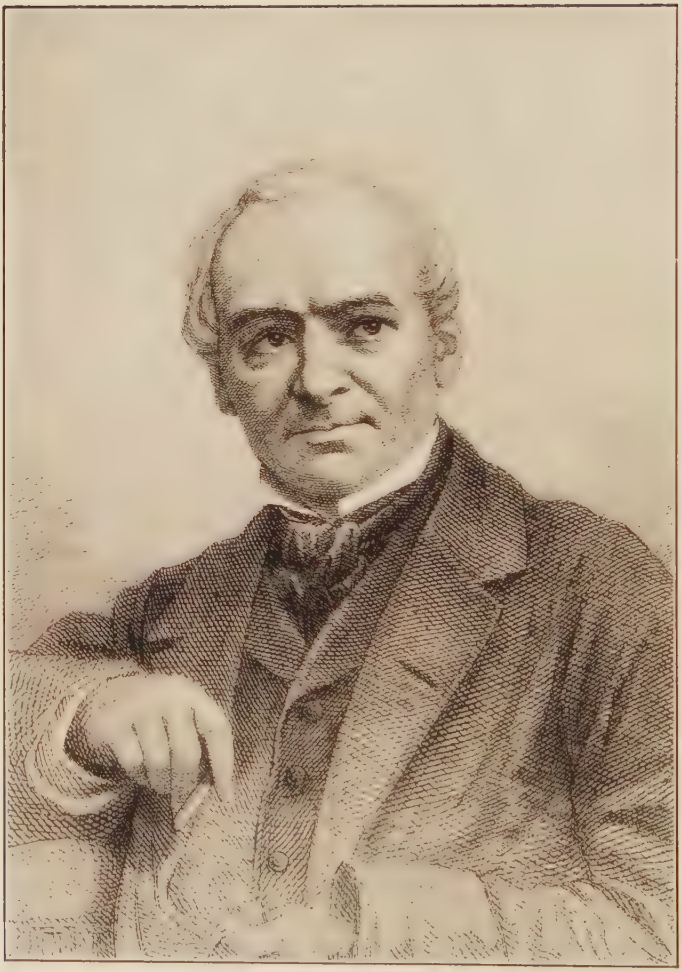
The phrenologist said he was totally deficient in the imitative faculty; and the Professor, that he was equally so in the rhythmic, and instanced several consoling false

quantities in the few effusions submitted to him. Added to this, Sir Austin told Lady Blandish that Richard had, at his best, done what no poet had ever been capable of doing: he had, with his own hands, and in cold blood, committed his virgin manuscript to the flames: which made Lady Blandish sigh forth, "Poor boy!"

Killing one's darling child is a painful imposition. For a youth in his Blossoming Season, who fancies himself a poet, to be requested to destroy his first-born, without a reason (though to pretend a reason cogent enough to justify the request were a mockery), is a piece of abhorrent despotism, and Richard's blossoms withered under it. A strange man had been introduced to him, who traversed and bisected his skull with sagacious, stiff fingers, and crushed his soul while, in an infallible voice, declaring him the animal he was: making him feel such an animal! Not only his blossoms withered, his being seemed to draw in its shoots and twigs. And when, coupled thereunto (the strange man having departed, his work done), his father, in his tenderest manner, stated that it would give him pleasure to see those same precocious, utterly valueless, scribblings among the cinders, the last remaining mental blossoms spontaneously fell away. Richard's spirit stood bare. He protested not. Enough that it could be wished! He would not delay a minute in doing it. Desiring his father to follow him, he went to a drawer in his room, and from a clean-linen recess, never suspected by Sir Austin, the secretive youth drew out bundle after bundle: each neatly tied, named and numbered; and pitched them into the flames. And so Farewell, my young Ambition! And with it Farewell all true confidence between Father and Son.—*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.*

MEN AND MAN.

Men the Angels eyed;
And here they were wild waves,
And there as marsh descried.
Men the Angels eyed,



PROSPER MERIMEE.

And like the picture best
Where they were greenly dressed
In brotherhood of graves.

Man the Angels marked:
He led a host through murk,
On fearless seas embarked.
Man the Angels marked;
To think without a nay,
That he was good as they,
And help him at his work.

Man and angels, ye
A sluggish few shall drain,
Shall quell a warring sea.
Man and angels, ye,
Whom stain of strife befouls,
A light to kindle souls
Bear radiant in the stain.

—*Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life.*

MÉRIMÉE, PROSPER, a French novelist, historian and critic; born at Paris, September 28, 1803; died at Cannes, September 23, 1870. He was the son of the painter Jean François Mérimée. He was educated at the College of Charlemagne, studied law, and entered public life, serving under the Minister of Foreign Affairs and under the Minister of Commerce. He was then appointed inspector of historic monuments, a position for which he was peculiarly fitted both by study and inclination. He was elected to the French Academy in 1844, and soon after to the Academy of Inscriptions. In 1853 he was made a senator, in 1858 president of the com-

mission appointed to reorganize the Imperial Library, and in 1860 Commander of the Legion of Honor.

His successes in public life did not interfere with his success as an author. He first published, in 1825, *Le Théâtre de Clara Gazul,* in which he appeared simply as the translator and editor of the comedies of an unknown Spanish actress. His next work was *La Guzla,* purporting to be a collection of Illyrian popular songs by one Hyacinthe Maglanovitch; *Jacquerie* (1828) and *La Chronique du Temps de Charles IX.* (1829) followed. He now contributed to *La Revue de Paris* and *La Revue des Deux Mondes* a series of vigorous romantic stories written in his peculiarly clear, realistic style. Among them are *Tamango; La Vase Etrusque; La Vision de Charles XI.; Mateo Falcone; La Prise de la Redoute; La Vénus d'Ille,* and *Colomba,* a tale of Corsica. In his position as inspector of historic monuments, Mérimée made numerous excursions, and his reports are of literary value. Among them may be mentioned *Voyage dans le Midi de la France* (1835); *Voyage en Auvergne et dans le Limousin* (1838), and *Voyage en Corse* (1840).

From romance and archæology he turned to history. In 1841 he published *Essai sur la Guerre Sociale,* and in 1844 *La Conjuration de Catalina;* in 1848 *L'Histoire de Don Pedro,* in 1854 *Les Faux Demetrius,* an episode in Russian history. His novels, *Arsène Guillot; Carmen;* and *Les Deux Héritages,* were published between 1847 and 1853, and a collection of his contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1855, under the title *Mélanges Historiques et Littéraires.* Among his later writings are *Les Cosaques d'Autrefois* (1865); *Lokis* (1869), and *Lettres à une Inconnue,* published in 1873.

A SUSPICIOUS COMPANION.

The last morsels of bread and ham had been eaten; we had each smoked a second cigar; I ordered the guide to bridle the horses, and I was about to take leave of my new acquaintance, when he asked me where I intended to pass the night. Before I could attend to a sign from my guide, I had replied that I was making for the Venta del Cuervo.

"A bad lodging for such a person as you, sir. I am going thither, and if you will permit me to accompany you we will go together."

"Very willingly," I replied as I mounted my horse. My guide, who was holding the stirrup, made me another sign. I replied to it by shrugging my shoulders, as if to assure him that I was quite easy in my mind; and then we started.

The mysterious signs of Antonio, his uneasiness, the few words that escaped the unknown, particularly the account of the thirty-league ride, and the by no means plausible explanation which he had offered, had already formed my opinion concerning my traveling companion. I had no doubt whatever that I had to do with a *contrabandista,* perhaps with a brigand. What matter? I knew enough of the Spanish character to be certain that I had nothing to fear from a man who had eaten and smoked with me. His very presence was a protection against all untoward adventures. Morover, I was rather glad to know what a brigand was like. One does not meet them every day, and there is a certain charm in finding one's self in company with a dangerous person, particularly when one finds him gentle and subdued.

I hoped to lead the unknown to confide in me by degrees, and, notwithstanding the winks of my guide, I led the conversation to the bandits.

Of course I spoke of them with all respect. There was at that time a famous bandit in Andalusia named José-Maria, whose exploits were in everyone's mouth. "Suppose I am in the company of José-Maria!" I said to myself. I told all the anecdotes of this hero that I

knew — all those in his praise, of course, and I loudly expressed my admiration of his bravery and generosity.

"José-Maria is only a scamp," replied the stranger, coldly.

"Is he doing himself justice, or is it only modesty on his part?" I asked myself; for, after considering my companion carefully, I began to apply to him the description of José-Maria which I had read posted up on the gates of many towns of Andalusia. Yes, it is he, certainly. Fair hair, blue eyes, large mouth, good teeth, small hands, a fine shirt, a velvet vest with silver buttons, gaiters of white skin, a bay horse. No doubt about it. But let us respect his *incognito!*

We arrived at the Venta. It was just what he had described it — that is to say, one of the most miserable inns that I had ever seen. One large room served for kitchen, parlor, and bedroom. A fire was burning on a flat stone in the middle of the room, and the smoke went out through a hole in the roof, or rather it stopped there and hung in a cloud some feet above the ground. Beside the wall, on the floor, were extended five or six horse-cloths, which were the beds for travelers. About twenty paces from the house — or rather from the single room which I have described — was a kind of shed, which did duty for a stable. In this delightful retreat there was for the time being no other individual besides an old woman and a little girl of ten or twelve years old, both as black as soot, and in rags.

"Here," thought I, "are all that remain of the population of the ancient Munda Bætica. O Cæsar, O Sextus Pompey, how astonished you would be if you were to return to this mundane sphere!"

When she perceived my companion the old woman uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Ah! Señor Don José!" she cried. Don José frowned and raised his hand with a gesture of command which made the old woman pause. I turned to my guide, and with a sign imperceptible to José made Antonio understand that I needed no information respecting the man with whom I had to pass the night. The supper was better than I had anticipated. They served up upon a small table

about a foot high an old cock fricasseed with rice and pimentoes, then pimentoes in oil, and lastly, *gaspacho*, a kind of pimento salad. Three such highly seasoned dishes obliged us often to have recourse to the flask of Montilla, which we found delicious. Having supped, and perceiving a mandolin hanging against the wall — there are mandolins everywhere in Spain — I asked the little girl who waited on us if she knew how to play it.

"No," she replied, "but Don José plays it very well."

"Will you be so good as to sing something?" I said to him. "I passionately love your national music."

"I can refuse nothing to so polite a gentleman who gives me such excellent cigars," replied Don José good-humoredly, and being handed the mandolin, he sang to his own accompaniment. His voice was harsh, but rather agreeable: the air was sad and wild; as for the words, I did not understand one of them.

"If I am not mistaken," I said, "that is not a Spanish air which you have just sung. It strikes me as resembling the *zorzicos* which I have heard in the provinces, and the words seem to be in the Basque tongue."

"Yes," replied José, with a sombre air. He placed the mandolin on the ground, and sat contemplating the dying embers with a singularly sad expression. Illumined by the lamp placed on the little table, his face, at once noble and ferocious, recalled Milton's Satan. Like him, perhaps, my companion was thinking of a heaven he had quitted — of the exile to which his sin had condemned him. I endeavored to engage him in conversation, but he did not reply, so absorbed was he in his sad reflections.— *Carmen.*

MERIVALE, CHARLES, an English clergyman and historian; born at Barton Place, Devonshire, in 1808; died at Ely, December 27, 1893. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1830. He was Select Preacher before the University, 1838-40, Hulsean Lecturer, 1851, Boyle Lecturer, 1854. In 1848 he became Rector of Lawford, and Dean of Ely in 1869. His principal historical works are *History of the Romans Under the Empire* (1850–52); *General History of Rome from 753 B.C. to 476 A.D.* (1875), and *Lectures on Early Church History* (1879).

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

In stature he hardly exceeded the middle height; but his person was lightly and delicately formed; and its proportions were such as to convey a favorable and even a striking impression. His countenance was pale, and testified to the weakness of his health, and almost constant bodily suffering; but the hardships of military service had imparted a swarthy tinge to a complexion naturally fair, and his eyebrows, meeting over a sharp and aquiline nose, gave a serious and stern expression to his countenance. His hair was light, his eyes were blue and piercing; he was well pleased if anyone on approaching him looked on the ground and affected to be unable to meet their dazzling brightness.

It was said that his dress concealed many imperfections and blemishes on his person; but he could not disguise all the infirmities under which he labored. The weakness of the forefinger of his right hand, and the lameness in the left hip, were the results of wounds he incurred in battle with the Lapydæ in early life. He suffered repeated attacks of fever of the most serious kind, especially in the course of the campaign of Philippi, and that against the Cantabrians; and again, two years

after, at Rome, when his recovery was despaired of. From that time, although constantly liable to be affected by cold and heat, and obliged to nurse himself with the care of a valetudinarian, he does not appear to have had any return of illness so serious as the preceding; and, dying at the age of seventy-four, the rumor obtained popular currency that he was prematurely cut off by poison administered by the empress.

As the natural consequence of this bodily weakness and sickly constitution, Octavian did not attempt to distinguish himself by active exertion or feats of personal prowess. The splendid examples of his uncle, the dictator, and of Antoninus, his rival, might have early discouraged him from attempting to shine as a warrior and a hero. He had not the vivacity and natural spirits necessary to carry him through such exploits as theirs; and, though he did not shrink from exposing himself to personal danger, he prudently declined to allow a comparison to be instituted between himself and rivals whom he could not hope to equal. Thus necessarily thrown back upon other resources, he trusted to caution and circumspection, first to preserve his own life, and afterward to obtain the splendid prizes which had hitherto been carried off by daring adventure and the good fortune which is so often its attendant.

His contest, therefore, with Antoninus and Sextus Pompeius was the contest of cunning with bravery. But from his youth up he was accustomed to overreach not the bold and reckless only, but the most considerate and wily of his contemporaries, such as Cicero and Cleopatra. He succeeded in the end in deluding the Senate and the people of Rome in the establishment of his tyranny; and finally deceived the expectations of the world, and falsified the lessons of the Republican history, in reigning forty years in disguise, and leaving a throne to be claimed without a challenge by his successors for fourteen centuries.

But although emperor in name, and in fact absolute master of his people, the manners of the Cæsar, both in public and private life, were those of a simple citizen. On the most solemn occasion he was distinguished by

no other dress than the robes and insignia of the offices which he exercised. He was attended by no other guards than those which his consular dignity rendered customary and decent. In his court there was none of the etiquette of modern monarchies to be recognized; and it was only by slow and gradual encroachment that it came to prevail in that of his successors.— *History of the Romans Under the Empire.*

MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, JEAN HENRI, a Swiss clergyman and historian; born near Geneva, August 16, 1794; died at Geneva, October 20, 1872. The name of his paternal grandmother was D'Aubigné, and he appended this to his own patronymic. Hence he is not unfrequently spoken of as "Aubigné" or "D'Aubigné." After studying at Geneva and Berlin, he was ordained in 1817, and for the ensuing six years was pastor of the French Calvinistic Church at Hamburg. In 1823 he removed to Brussels, where he was for seven years pastor of a Protestant congregation. In 1830 he returned to Geneva, accepting the chair of Professor of Ecclesiastical History in a theological institution recently founded in that city, where the remaning years of his life were mainly passed, although he made several visits to Great Britain.

Merle d'Aubigné's principal work is the *Histoire de la Reformation au XVI.e Siècle* (1835–53), which was soon translated into several languages, and attained a wide estimation, especially in several English versions. This work dwelt mainly upon what may be called "The Lutheran Reformation"; and he proposed

to follow it by a similar work upon a still larger scale, on "The Calvinistic Reformation." This work was unfinished at his death, although five volumes of it were published at Paris (1852–68) under the title *Histoire de la Reformation au Temps de Calvin.* The other notable works of Merle d'Aubigné are *Le Protecteur, la République d'Angleterre aux Jours de Cromwell* (1848); *Germany, England, and Scotland, or Recollections of a Swiss Minister* (1848); *Trois Siècles de Luttes en Écosse* (1850); *Le Concile et l'Infaillibilité* (1870).

THE DOWNFALL OF WOLSEY.

Whilst pious Christians were being cast into the prisons of England the great antagonist of the Reformation was disappearing from the stage of the world. The Cardinal, who had been confined at Esher, fallen from the height of his greatness, was seized with panic-terror, which men who in their day of power have made a whole people tremble have often felt after their fall. He fancied he saw an assassin behind every door. "Last night," he wrote one day to Thomas Cromwell, "I was nearly dead. Ah! if I could, I would go to London, were it even on foot, so much do I want to speak to you. Gain Anne Boleyn's favor by every imaginable means."

Consequently Cromwell, a couple of days after his entry into Parliament, hastened off to Esher, and Wolsey, trembling from head to foot, grasped his hand, and told him his fears. "Norfolk, Suffolk, Lady Anne, perhaps, desire his death. Did not Thomas à Becket — archbishop like himself — did not his blood stain the altar-steps?" Cromwell reassured him, and, touched by the old man's fears, he asked Henry VIII., and obtained from him an order for Wolsey's protection.

Wolsey's enemies did in fact desire his death; but it was from a decree of the Three Estates, and not from an assassin's dagger, that they demanded it. The House

of Lords commissioned Sir Thomas More, Norfolk, Suffolk, and fourteen others of its members, to proceed against the Cardinal-legate on the charge of high-treason. They forgot nothing: the proud formula, "*Ego et Rex meus*," which Wolsey had frequently employed; the infringing the laws of the kingdom; his appropriation of ecclesiastical revenues; the flagrant acts of injustice he had committed — for example, throwing John Stanley into prison to force him to surrender his lease to the son of a woman by whom the Cardinal had children; several families ruined in order to satisfy his avarice; treaties concluded with foreign powers without the King's order; executions that had impoverished England; foul diseases, and infected breath which he had blown upon his Majesty's face. These were some of the forty-four charges presented against him to the King by the Peers, and which Henry sent down to the Commons for examination.

At first it was supposed that no member of the House of Commons would attempt to defend Wolsey; and it was thought he would have been handed over, as the Bill demanded, to the axe of the executioner. But, to the surprise of all, a member stood up and prepared, though alone, to justify the Cardinal. This was Thomas Cromwell. The members asked each other who this unknown individual was. The unknown individual soon made himself known. His knowledge of the facts, his knowledge of the laws, the force of his eloquence, and moderation of his language astonished the House. Scarcely did Wolsey's adversaries aim a blow than already it was parried by his defender. If an accusation was brought forward which he was unable to reply to, he demanded an adjournment to the following day; then, after the sitting, started for Esher to confer with Wolsey; and, coming back the same night, was in his place in the Commons next morning, armed with new weapons.

Cromwell carried the House; the impeachment failed; and Wolsey's advocate took his place among the statesmen of England. This victory — one of the greatest Parliamentary triumphs of the period — satisfied both the ambition and the gratitude of Cromwell. He was

now firmly established in the King's favor, respected by the House of Commons, and admired by the People. From this vantage-ground he was able to compass the final emancipation of the Church of England.

The Ministry — composed of Wolsey's enemies — were indignant at the affair. On hearing this, Wolsey relapsed into his former agony. He lost his appetite, lost his sleep, and was seized with fever during the Christmas festival. "He will be dead in four days," said his physician to Henry, "if you and Lady Anne do not comfort him." "Not for twenty thousand pounds would I have him die," exclaimed the King. He wished to have Wolsey in reserve, in the very possible contingency of his old minister's consummate ability being necessary to him. Henry sent his portrait through the physician; and Anne, at Henry's request, sent him tablets mounted in gold which she was in the habit of carrying in her waistband. Wolsey was in ecstacy; he placed the gifts upon his bed, and in contemplating them he felt his strength revive. He was transferred from the old manor-house of Esher to the royal residence at Richmond, and was soon able to get down to the park, where in the evenings he read his breviary.

Hope and ambition returned with life. If the King meant to destroy the Papacy in England, would not the proud Cardinal be able to save it? What Thomas à Becket had done under Henry II. could not Wolsey do under Henry VIII.? His archbishopric of York, the ignorance of the priests, the superstition of the people, the discontent of the nobles, were all in his favor; and, in fact, six years later on, forty thousand men were up in arms in York, at a moment's notice, in defence of the Roman cause. Wolsey, strong in the support of the English nation — this, at least, was his opinion — and backed by the Pope and the Continental Powers, would dictate the law to Henry VIII., and would trample out the Reformation! The King, having accorded him permission to go to York, Wolsey asked him for an augmentation of his archiepiscopal revenues, which were nevertheless £4,000 sterling. Henry granted him 1,000 marks; and the Cardinal, shortly before

the Easter of 1530, set out with a retinue of one hundred and sixty persons. He believed this was the beginning of his triumphs.

Wolsey took up his abode in one of his castles in Yorkshire, with this numerous household, and at once set about gaining the favor of the people. The prelate, once "the haughtiest man that lived," says his equerry, Cavendish, who knew him best, and served him best, "now became a model of affability, kept open table, distributed abundant alms, said mass in the villages, dined with the country gentlemen, gave magnificent entertainments, and wrote to several princes imploring aid." It is even said he asked the Pope for a bull to excommunicate Henry VIII. All being thus prepared, he thought he might make his solemn entry into York; and for this purpose fixed on Monday, November 5.

The Court was informed of his every movement; each action of his was commented on, and its importance exaggerated. "We thought we had him down," they said, "and there he is up again." Henry himself was alarmed. "The Cardinal, by his detestable intrigues," said he, "is conspiring against my crown, and is plotting both at home and abroad." The King even added where and how. Wolsey's ruin was resolved on.

The day after All Saints' Day, Friday, November 2, the Earl of Northumberland, with a numerous escort, arrived at Cawood Castle, where the Cardinal was stopping. This was the identical Percy whose affection for Anne Boleyn Wolsey had thwarted. It is possible that Henry VIII. had some design in selecting him. The Cardinal eagerly advanced to meet his unexpected guest; and, impatient to know the purpose of his visit, conducted him to his room, under pretext of allowing him to change his apparel. The two remained some time standing before the window without uttering a word; the Earl was agitated and embarrassed, while Wolsey strove to repress his own emotion. At last, making a desperate effort, Northumberland laid his hand upon the arm of his former master, and said to him in a low, slow voice, "My Lord, I arrest you upon the charge of high-treason."

The Cardinal was dumb with consternation. He was confined, a prisoner, in his room.

It is by no means certain that the Cardinal was guilty of the crime imputed to him. That he had at heart the triumph of the Papacy in England, even at the cost of Henry's ruin, we believe; but this, perhaps, was all. Now a thought or a wish was not a conspiracy, however speedily it may become one. Upward of 3,000 people, drawn not by hatred — as were the mob in London, when Wolsey left Whitehall — but by enthusiasm, assembled the next day in front of the castle to take leave of the Cardinal. "God save your Grace!" was shouted on all sides, and an immense crowd escorted him all that night; some carried torches, and all filled the air with their cries.

D'Aubigné's hope that he might supplement his great work was but partially realized, and the words that close his *History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century* have long had a melancholy interest to scholars and readers the world over. We give the passage below:

THE CALVINISTIC REFORMATION.

Here we stop. We have related the history of the Reformation during the heroic times of Luther; another figure now presents itself — that of Calvin. When we begin to occupy ourselves with the Doctor of Geneva, whence he acted with such power, with God's aid, in advancing the cause of Evangelical Reform among such a diversity of peoples, we begin a new series of our labors, and consequently we consider we should consecrate it to a new work. Up to this we have navigated upon many waters, among different countries — in Germany, Switzerland, France, England. If we here interrupt our navigation, it is only — if it please God — that we may resume it. We shall pursue our journey, spreading our

sails to the same breath of heaven; the only difference will be in our having a new pilot, and in the wind impelling us toward new lands.

MERRICK, James, an English poet: born at Reading in 1720; died there in 1769. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow in 1744. He took holy orders, but his health did not enable him to execute clerical functions. He published several works which promised more than they fulfilled. Among these are *The Messiah, a Divine Essay* (1734), published when the author was but fourteen years old; a translation of the poem of Tryphiodorus on the "Capture of Troy" (1739); *Poems on Sacred Subjects* (1753); *The Psalms Translated or Paraphrased in English Verse* (1755), and *Annotations on the Psalms* (1768). The one thing which gives him a claim to remembrance is the pretty fable *The Chameleon.*

THE CHAMELEON.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post.
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times better than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The traveled fool your mouth will stop;—
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow —
I've seen, and sure I ought to know."

So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
Two travelers in such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that;
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature:
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And that a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue —
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"
"Hold there!" the other quick replies:
"'Tis green — I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the summer ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."
"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue.
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."
"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye!"
"Green!" cries the other in a fury;
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"—
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always use you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they came almost to blows;
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your bother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,

And viewed it o'er by candle-light;
I marked it well: 'twas black as jet.
You stare: but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it."— "Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't think him black, I'll eat him."
He said; then full before their sight
Produced the beast: and lo! 'twas white.
Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise.
"My children," the chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong.
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you,
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

MESSINGER, Robert Hinckley, an American poet; born at Boston in 1811; died at Stamford, Conn., October 1, 1874. He studied at the Latin School in his native city, and then removed to New York, where he was for many years known as a merchant. His poetical efforts were contributed to the New York *American*, in which they appeared at intervals from 1827 to 1832. His famous poem, *A Winter Wish*, was first printed in the *American*, April 26, 1838. It was suggested by the old saying, attributed to Alphonso of Castile, "Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends

to talk with." He afterward lived in New London, a village of New Hampshire. He was an intimate friend of the poet Halleck.

"Our cleverest writers of verse," says Griswold, "in many cases have never collected the waifs they have given to magazines and newspapers, and some of the best fugitive pieces thus published have a periodical currency without the indorsement of a name; or their authors, having written for the love of writing rather than for reputation, have permitted whoever would to run away with the honors to which they were entitled — and Mr. Messinger is an example of this class."

A WINTER WISH.

Old wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe.
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter —
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring, too, a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A fagot, too, perhaps,

Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbèd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Morte d'Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie —
Nor leave behind
The holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring Walter good,
With soulful Fred, and learned Will,
And thee, my alter ego (dearer still
For every mood).
These add a bouquet to my wine!
These add a sparkle to my pine!
If these I tine,
Can books, or fire, or wine be good?

— *New York American, April 26,*

METASTASIO, Pietro Antonio, an Italian poet; born at Rome, January 3, 1698; died at Vienna, April 12, 1782. He was of humble parentage; but his boyish improvisations attracted the notice of Gravina, the jurisconsult, who adopted him. changed his original name of Trapassi into its equivalent Greek Metastasio, and, dying, left him a fortune. In 1724 he published *La Didone,* a drama, which with *Il Catone* and *Il Siroe,* gave him European celebrity. In 1730 he was made poet laureate to the Imperial Court of Vienna. While in that city he composed his *Giuseppe Riconoscinto; Il Demofonte,* and the *Olimpiade.* His complete works, of which there are several editions, comprise sixty-three dramas, about fifty cantatas, and a vast number of elegies, canzonettes, sonnets, and translations.

Metastasio was distinguished for the generosity, integrity, and candor of his nature, the sincerity of his friendships, and the disinterested warmth of his sentiments. His writings enjoy unexampled popularity among all grades of his countrymen; in their pure classical subjects and forms the educated student finds instruction and delight; while their facile musical grace and verbal simplicity adapt them to the popular appreciation of the artless beauties of poetry.

THE PRAISE OF TITUS.

Chorus.

O guardian gods! in whom we trust
To watch the Roman fate;
Preserve in Titus, brave and just,
The glory of the state!

Forever round our Cæsar's brows
The sacred laurel bloom;
In him, for whom we breathe our vows,
Preserve the weal of Rome!
Long may your glorious gift remain
Our happy times to adorn:
So shall our age the envy gain
Of ages yet unborn!

Publius.

This day the Senate style thee, mighty Cæsar
The father of thy country; never yet
More just in their decree.

Annius.

Thou art not only
Thy country's father but her guardian god:
And since thy virtues have already soared
Beyond mortality, receive the homage
We pay to Heaven! The Senate have decreed
To build a stately temple, where thy name
Shall stand enrolled among the powers divine,
And Tiber worship at the fane of Titus.

Publius.

These treasures, gathered from the annual tribute
Of subject provinces, we dedicate
To effect this pious work: disdain not, Titus
This public token of our grateful homage.

Titus.

Romans, believe that every wish of Titus
Is centered in your love; but let not, therefore,
Your love, forgetful of its proper bounds,
Reflect disgrace on Titus, or yourselves.
Is there a name more dear, more tender to me,
Than father of my people? Yet even this

I rather seek to merit than obtain.
My soul would imitate the mighty gods
By virtuous deeds, but shudders at the thought
Of pious emulation. He who dares
To rank himself their equal forfeits all
His future title to their guardian care.
Oh, fatal folly, when presumptuous pride
Forgets the weakness of mortality!
Yet think not I refuse your proffered treasures:
Their use alone be changed. Then hear my purpose.
Vesuvius, raging with unwonted fury,
Pours from her gaping jaws a lake of fire,
Shakes the firm earth, and spreads destruction round
The subject fields and cities; trembling fly
The pale inhabitants, while all who 'scape
The flaming ruin meagre want pursues.
Behold an object claims our thoughts! dispense
These treasures to relieve your suffering brethren;
Thus, Romans, thus your temple build for Titus.

Annius.

Oh, truly great!

Publius.

How poor were all rewards,
How poor were praise, to such transcendent virtue!

Chorus.

O guardian gods! in whom we trust
To watch the Roman fate;
Preserve in Titus, brave and just,
The glory of the state!

— *From the Drama of Titus; translation of* JOHN HOOLE.

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI, an Italian painter, sculptor, architect and poet; born at Caprese, Tuscany, March 6, 1475; died at Rome, February 18, 1564. Of his great works as artist and architect we do not here speak, as they do not properly come within the scope of a strictly literary work; but a curious instance of the universality of his genius has lately come to light in the Vatican Library. The man who was a great poet, painter, architect, found time and interest to write a paper on the treatment and cure of sore eyes, giving numerous rules and recipes. This unique fragment has been printed in modern Italian, with a German commentary, by Dr. Berger, the discoverer of the manuscript. His poems, which are mainly in the somewhat conventional form of sonnets or canzione, rank high among works of their class, and many of them have been well translated into English and other languages. While living in Florence he enjoyed the society of eminent literary men, one of whom, Angelo Poliziano, became his intimate friend. Some of his literary work and a good biography were published by Tiraboschi in *Storia della Litteratura Italiana Moderna* (1871). A great deal of material from his pen and much of interest concerning him was added to his bibliography by the publications in the 400th year after Michelangelo's birth of the whole body of his letters, preserved in the Buonarotti archives, entitled *Lettre di Michelangelo Buonarotti* (1875).

The pious, accomplished, and high-souled Vittoria Colonna, as is well known, was the chief inspirer of the poetry of Michelangelo. "The main themes of

his writings, along with his praises," says Professor Colvin, "are the Christian religion, the joys of Platonic love, and the power and mysteries of art. His poetic style is strenuous and concentrated. He wrote with labor and much self-correction; we seem to feel him flinging himself on the material of language with the same overwhelming energy and vehemence — the same impetuosity of temperament, combined with the same fierce desire of perfection — with which contemporaries describe him as flinging himself on the material of marble."

IMMORTAL LOVE.

Yes! hope may with my stronge desire keep peace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed:
For if our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have than that, in loving thee,
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid
Who such divinities to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour:
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.
— *Translation of* WORDSWORTH.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

Oh, blessed ye who find in Heaven the joy,
The recompense of tears, earth cannot yield!
Tell me, has Love still power over you,
Or are ye freed by Death from his constraint?
The eternal rest, to which we shall return
When time has ceased to be is a pure love,
Deprived of envy, loosed from sorrowing:

Then is my greatest burden still to live,
If, whilst I love, such sorrows must be mine.
If heaven's indeed the friend of those who love,
The world their cruel and ungrateful foe,
Oh, wherefore was I born with such a love? —
To live long years? 'Tis this appalleth me:
Few are too long for him who serveth well.
— *Translation of* J. E. TAYLOR.

A SUPPLICATION.

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray.
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of itself can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may.
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it. Father, Thou must lead:
Do Thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.
— *Translation of* WORDSWORTH.

MICHELET, JULES, a French historian; born at Paris, August 21, 1798; died at Hyéres, February 9, 1874. In 1838 he was appointed to the chair of History in the Collége de France. His works in the historical department were very numerous, the most important of which is the *Histoire de France*, the first volume of which was published in 1833, the sixteenth and last in 1867. He finally re-

tired from official life after the *coup d' état* of 1851, when he refused to take the oath to the new government of Napoleon III. He, however, was thereafter busy with his pen. Among his later works are *L'Oiseau* (1856); *L'Insecte* (1857); *L'Amour* (1858); *La Femme* (1859); *La Sorcière* (1862); *La Bible de l'Humanite* (1864); *La Montagne* (1868); *Nos Fils* (1869; *Histoire du XIX.e Siècle* (1872).

Michelet was one of the most remarkable and voluminous writers France has produced. In his literary style he presented some of the characteristics of Lamennais and an occasional reminder of Bossuet, but he is mostly quite original, and entirely different from the orderly architecture of French classical prose of his time. In the exclamatory style of his sentences he somewhat resembles Carlyle.

The following passages are from his *History of France,* as translated by G. H. Smith:

THE MEDIÆVAL POETRY OF CHIVALRY.

The poetry of chivalry had to resign itself to death. What had it done for humanity during all these ages? Man — whom it had been pleased, in its confidence, to take, still simple, still ignorant, mute as Perceval, brutal as Roland or Renaud, and had promised to conduct through the different steps of chivalrous imitation up to the dignity of Christian hero — it left weak, discouraged, miserable. From the cycle of Roland to that of the Grail his sadness had gone on increasing. He had been led wandering through forests, in pursuit of giants and monsters, with woman ever in view. His have been the labors of the ancient Hercules, and his weaknesses as well. The poetry of chivalry has scarcely developed its hero, and has retained him in a state of infancy, like the thoughtless mother of Perceval, who prolongs the imbecility of her son's early age. And therefore he quits this mother

of his, just as Gérard of Roussillon throws up chivalry, and turns charcoal-burner; and Renaud of Montauban turns mason, and carries stones on his back to help to build Cologne Cathedral.

THE MEDIÆVAL MAN AND THE CHURCH.

The Knight turns Man — turns one of the people; devotes himself to the Church; for in the Church alone resides at this time manly intellect, his true life, his repose. Whilst this Foolish Virgin of the chivalrous epopée hastes over mountains and valleys, mounted on the crupper behind Lancelot and Tristan, the Wise Virgin of the Church keeps her lamp lighted, waiting for the great awakening. Seated near the mysterious manger, she watches over the infant People who grow up between the ox and the ass during her Christmas Night. Presently kings will come to worship her.

The Church is herself People. Together they play the great drama of the world — the combat of Soul and Matter, of Man and of Nature: the Sacrifice, the Incarnation, the Passion. The chivalrous and aristocratic epopée was the poetry of Love, of the Human Passion, of the pretended happy of this world. The ecclesiastical drama — otherwise called Worship — is the poetry of the People, the poetry of those who suffer, of the suffering — the Divine Passion.

The Church was at this time the real domicile of the people. A man's house — the wretched masonry to which he returns in the evening — was only a temporary shelter. To say truth, there was but one *house* — the House of God. Not in vain had the Church her right of asylum. She was now the universal asylum. Social life altogether sought refuge with her. Men prayed there; there the Commune held its deliberations. The bell was the voice of the city; she summoned to the labors of the field, to civil affairs, sometimes to the battle of liberty. In Italy it was in the churches that the Sovereign People assembled. It was at St. Mark's that the deputies of Europe sought from the Venetians a fleet for the fourth Crusade. Trade was carried on around the Church; the

places of pilgrimage were fairs; the articles of merchandise received the priestly blessing; even cattle were brought to receive benediction.

MICKLE, William Julius, a Scottish poet; born at Langholm, Dumfriesshire, September 28, 1735; died at Forest Hill, October 28, 1788. He was the son of a clergyman named Meikle, and changed the spelling of his name without apparent reason. In 1763 he went to London in search of literary employment. After two years of disappointment and vicissitude, he became corrector for the Clarendon Press at Oxford. His first volume of poems, *Providence, or Arandus and Emilie,* had been published in 1762. In 1765 he published *The Concubine,* a poem in two cantos, the title of which was afterward changed to *Syr Martyn.* It appeared anonymously, and received much praise. Between 1771 and 1775 he completed his great work, the translation of Camöens's poem, *The Lusiad.* In 1779 he visited Lisbon, where he was received with enthusiasm. While there he wrote a poem, *Almada Hill,* published in 1781. *The Prophecy of Queen Emma* appeared in 1782. His most popular poems are *Cumnor Hall,* and *The Mariner's Wife,* better known as *There's nae Luck aboot the Hoose.*

CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall,
  The moon — sweet regent of the sky —
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
  And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies —
The sounds of busy Life were still —
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grave,
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appall.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court-ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,

The sweetest beauty will decay:
What floweret can endure the storm?

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

"'Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild-flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

"But, Leicester — or I much am wrong —
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead —
The injured surely may repine —
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay;
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simply nymphs! they little know
How far more happy is their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;
To be content, than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say:
'Countess, prepare — thy end is near.'

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear
And many a body seems to say:
'Countess, prepare — thy end is near.'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aërial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;

Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

MIDDLETON, THOMAS, an English dramatist; born, probably in London, about 1570; died at Newington Butts in 1627. Little is known of his life. Besides working in conjunction with Dekker, Rowley, and other dramatists, he produced about twenty plays. He was also known as a satirist. In 1620 he was appointed chronologer or city poet of London. His plays date from 1602 to 1626. Among them are *The Old Law; The Mayor of Queensborough; The Michaelmas Term, A Trick to Catch the Old One; Your Five Gallants; The Witch; A Mad World; My Masters; The Roaring Girl* (said to be a true picture of London life at that time); *A Fair Quarrel; More Dissemblers Besides Women; A Chaste Maid in Cheapside; The Changeling; The Spanish Gypsy; A Game at Chess; Anything for a Quiet Life;* and *Women Beware Women.* In *The Changeling, The Spanish Gypsy,* and *A Fair Quarrel,* he was assisted by Rowley. Among his other compositions not dramatic are *The Black Book* and *Father Hubberd's*

Tales. The latest edition of Middleton's work is Bullen's, published in 8 vols., in 1886.

Middleton's language generally proclaims him an admiring disciple of Shakespeare, and in his lofty confidence in the use of words he, of all the dramatists of the time, comes nearest the tone of the master. Charles Lamb's comparison of Middleton's witches with those of Shakespeare is one of Lamb's most exquisite bits of criticism. He says: "The power of his witches was in some measure over the mind, but they are creatures to whom man or woman, plotting some dire mischief, might resort for occasional consultation."

WEDDED LOVE.

Leantio.— How near am I to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:
The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house:
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet's bed not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odors; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair-house built by a ditch-side. . . .
Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose.
— *Women Beware Women.*

THE SINS OF THE GREAT.

The Duke. Enter the Cardinal and Servants.
Duke.—Our noble brother, welcome!

Car.— Set those lights down:
Depart till you be called. [*Exeunt Servants.*
Duke.— There's serious business
Fix'd in his look; nay, it inclines a little
To the dark color of a discontentment.— [*Aside.*
Brother, what is't commands your eye so powerfully?
Speak, you seem lost.
Car.— The thing I look on seems so,
To my eyes lost forever.
Duke.— You look on me.
Car.— What a grief 'tis to a religious feeling,
To think a man should have a friend so goodly,
So wise, so noble, nay, a duke, a brother,
And all this certainly damn'd!
Duke.— How: ——
Car.—'Tis no wonder,
If your great sin can do't: dare you look up
For thinking of a vengeance? dare you sleep
For fear of never waking but to death?
And dedicate unto a strumpet's love
The strength of your affections, zeal, and health? . . .
How more unfortunate you stand in sin
Than the low, private man: all his offences,
Like enclos'd grounds, kept but about himself,
And seldom stretch beyond his own soul's bounds;
And when a man grows miserable, 'tis some comfort
When he's no further charg'd than with himself,
'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness; but, great man,
Every sin thou committ'st shows like a flame
Upon a mountain; 'tis seen far about,
And, with a big wind made of popular breath,
The sparkles fly through cities; here one takes,
Another catches there, and in short time
Waste all to cinders, but remember still,
What burnt the valleys first came from the hill:
Every offence draws his particular pain,
But 'tis example proves the great man's bane,
The sins of mean men lie like scatter'd parcels
Of an unperfect bill; but when such fall,
Then comes example, and that sums up all:
And this your reason grants; if men of good lives,

Who by their virtuous actions stir up others
To noble and religious imitation,
Receive the greater glory after death,
As sin must needs confess, what may they feel
In height of torments and in weight of vengeance,
Not only they themselves not doing well,
But sets a light up to show men to hell?
— *Women Beware Women.*

MILBURN, WILLIAM HENRY, an American clergyman; born at Philadelphia, September 26, 1823; died at Santa Barbara, Cal., April 10, 1903. When about five years old he received an injury in one eye by which the sight was totally destroyed; inflammation ensued in the other eye, which became almost blind. In the course of time this eye also lost its sight, and after about 1860 he was totally blind. His father removed to Illinois in 1838; Milburn became a student at Illinois College, joined the Methodist Conference, and in 1843 was appointed to a "circuit." In 1845 he happened, while on board a steamer, to fall in company with a number of Western members of Congress, who were so much pleased with the young man of two-and-twenty that they procured his election as Chaplain to Congress. To this position he was subsequently elected in 1853, 1885, and 1887. Meanwhile his life had undergone many changes. From 1848 to 1853 he officiated as minister at several places in the South, after which he went to New York, which was his home for many years, he devoting himself especially to lecturing throughout the country. He wrote *Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-Bags; Symbols*

of Western Character and Civilization (1856); *Ten Years of Preacher-Life; Chapters from an Autobiography* (1858); *The Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi Valley,* originally delivered as lectures some years before (1860).

BLINDED IN CHILDHOOD.

Well do I remember how fair the earth and heavens appeared to me — a child of nearly five years old — on a bright summer morning in the year 1828. The sun, fast going down in the western sky, threw his slanting beams along the narrow streets and alleys, and over the quaint old houses which met my eye as I stood in one of the oldest portions of the city of Philadelphia. It was at the end of my father's garden, approached from the house by a long gravel-walk, lined on each side by beds of flowers, whispering to the childish ear, even in the heart of a great city, sweet tales of green fields, while over them as sentinels stood two old lombardy poplars, their tall, stately forms almost reaching, as it seemed to me, the very sky. Very beautiful to me was that little garden when over it stretched so bright a sky, and the soft winds rustled through the branches of the trees. I recollect the hue and aspect of all as vividly as if I had seen it but yesterday. And with good reason do I recollect it; for never again was this brave show to appear to me on earth. A single blow blotted out for me the celestial beauty of the outer world.

I was playing with a boy of about my own age, when, raising his arm to throw a piece of glass or oyster-shell, and not seeing me behind him, the missile entered my left eye, as he drew his hand back, and laid open the ball just below the pupil. The sharp agony of pain, and the sight of dropping blood, alarmed me, and I fled like a frightened deer to find my mother. Then followed days and weeks of silence and darkness, wherein a child lay with bandaged eyes upon his little couch, in a chamber without light, and which all entered with stealthy steps and muffled tones.

At last there came a morning when I was led into a room where the bright sunshine lay upon the carpet; and, though dimmer than it used to be, never had I been so glad to behold it. But my gladness was suddenly checked when I found several strange gentlemen seated there, among whom was our family physician — a tall, stern, cold man, of whom I had always been afraid. What they were going to do I could not tell; but a shudder of horror ran through me when, seated on my father's knee, my head resting on his shoulder, the doctor opened the wounded eye, and he and the other surgeons examined it. They said that the cut had healed, and that all now needed to restore the sight entirely was the removal of the scar with caustic. How fearful was the fiery torture that entered the eye, and burned there for days, I need not attempt to describe.

Then came once more the darkened chamber and long imprisonment, until I was led a second time into the light room, and the presence of the same men, who seemed to be my enemies, coming only to torment me. I shrank back from them, and cried aloud to my father to save me. The doctor caught me between his knees, threw my head upon his shoulder, thrust the caustic violently through the eye — and the light went out of it forever.

Matters were now worse than ever. Not only was a live coal placed in the socket of one eye, but it was feared that inflammation would destroy the other. Furiously did the inflammation rage, in spite of all that skill and kindness could do. My third imprisonment lasted two years. Living in a little chamber, where brooded the blackness of darkness; undergoing bleeding, leeching, cutting: besides swallowing drugs enough to dose a hospital, until the round, childish form shrank to a skeleton, and the craving of appetite was but tantalized with boiled rice, and mush, without milk as an alternative. Was not this a sad way for a child to spend his life between the age of five and seven?

My weary confinement — like all other things in this world of change — came to an end, and I stood once more in the breezy air, beneath the sunny sky. True, there seemed a shadow on the day. The delicate hues

of flowers and foliage, the light of stars, and that divine light which shines through the human face, had faded into nothingness; but I knew the rapture of liberty. It was like a relapse from the thraldom of the grave. Frequently afterward I had to return to the bondage of my prison-house as a protection from the glare of the summer's sun and the winter's snow; but never more than a few weeks at a time.— *Autobiography.*

SEEING AND HEARING.

The eye is a haven at which the treasure-fleets that sail through the ocean of light are unlading, and their stores deposited in the vaults of the intellect; but it is through the whispering-gallery of the ear that man reaches the heart of his fellow-man most quickly and surely. Light and knowledge are for the eye, love and music for the ear. Hearing oftentimes seems to be a nobler sense than sight, with richer benedictions attendant on it; with tender and holier offices assigned to it. Man's voice, tuned by sympathy, moving to the modulations of intelligence and love, may perform the sweetest and holiest ministry of human life. Do you wonder, then, that with books and with friendly talk I learned to bear my affliction cheerfully? — *Autobiography.*

MILL, JAMES, an English economist, historian and utilitarian philosopher; born at Northwater Bridge, Forfarshire, April 6, 1773; died at Kensington, June 23, 1836. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and was licensed to preach in 1798, but he at length rejected, his son says, "not only the belief in revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called natural religion." In 1800 he removed to London, contributed to magazines, and

edited the *Literary Journal.* His *History of British India,* published in 1818, though setting forth the errors of the East Indian Company, obtained for him the management of that company's Indian correspondence in the revenue branch of its administration. In 1821–22 he published *Elements of Political Economy,* and in 1829 an able *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind.* A volume of his contributions to the *Westminster* and other reviews appeared in 1828.

HINDU PENANCES.

"A total fast for twelve days and nights, by a penitent, with his organs controlled, and his mind attentive, is the penance named *paraca,* which expiates all degrees of guilt." He who for a whole month eats no more than thrice eighty mouthfuls of wild grains, as he happens by any means to meet with them, shall attain the same abode with the regent of the moon. "Sixteen suppressions of the breath, while the holiest of the texts is repeated with the three mighty words, and the triliteral syllable, continued each day for a month, absolve even the slayer of a Brahmin from his hidden faults." "A priest who shall retain in his memory the whole Rig-Veda would be absolved from guilt, even if he had slain the inhabitants of the three worlds, and had eaten food from the foulest hands." To such a degree are fantastic ceremonies exalted above moral duties; and so easily may the greatest crimes be compensated, by the merit of ritual and unmeaning services.

But the excess to which religion depraves the moral sentiments of the Hindus is most remarkably exemplified in the supreme, the ineffable merit which they ascribe to the saint who makes penance his trade.

Repairing to a forest, with no other utensils or effects than those necessary in making oblations to consecrated fire: and leaving all property, and all worldly duties behind him, he is there directed to live on pure food, on certain herbs, roots, and fruit, which he may collect

in the forest, to wear a black antelope's hide, or a vesture of bark, and to suffer the hairs of his head, his beard, and his nails to grow continually. He is commanded to entertain those who may visit his hermitage with such food as he himself may use, to perform the five great sacraments, to be constantly engaged in reading the Veda; patient of all extremities, universally benevolent, with a mind intent on the Supreme Being; a perpetual giver, but no receiver of gifts; with tender affection for all animated bodies. "Let him not eat the produce of ploughed land, though abandoned by any man, nor fruits and roots produced in a town, even though hunger oppress him.— Either let him break hard fruits with a stone, or let his teeth serve as a pestle.— Let him slide backward and forward on the ground; or let him stand a whole day on tiptoe; or let him continue in motion, rising and sitting alternately; but at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, let him go to the waters and bathe. In the hot season let him sit exposed to five fires, *four blazing around him with the sun above;* in the rains let him stand uncovered, *without even a mantle,* where the clouds pour *the heaviest* showers; in the cold season, let him wear humid vesture; and, enduring harsher and harsher mortifications, let him dry up his bodily frame. Let him live without external fire, without a mansion, wholly silent, feeding on roots and fruit, sleeping on the bare earth, dwelling at the roots of trees. From devout Brahmins let him receive alms to support life, or from other housekeepers of twice-born classes, who dwell in the forest. Or, *if he has any incurable disease,* let him advance in a straight path, toward the invincible *northeastern* point, feeding on water and air, till his mortal frame totally decay, and his soul become united with the Supreme."— *History of British India.*

MILL, JOHN STUART, an English political economist and philosopher; born at London, May 20, 1806; died at Avignon, France, May 8, 1873. He was the son of James Mill, and until his fourteenth year was educated solely by his father, in a manner strikingly at variance with popular systems of education. He learned the Greek alphabet at three years of age, read Greek authors before he was eight, and then began the study of Latin, geometry, and algebra. When twelve years old he was introduced to logic, and when thirteen, to political economy. Up to this time he had been the constant companion of his father, who had inspired him with a desire to labor for the public good. He was now sent to France, where he spent the most of his fifteenth year. On his return, in 1821, he began the study of law, which he relinquished in 1823, to enter the examiner's office in the India House. In 1828 he was promoted to the position of assistant examiner, and from 1856 to the dissolution of the Company he was at the head of the office.

His enthusiasm for reform was aroused soon after his entrance into the India House, by the perusal of Dumont's *Traité de Législation*. With a few youthful friends he formed the "Utilitarian Society." He also contributed articles to the *Traveler*, *The Chronicle*, and, later, to the *Westminster Review* and other periodical publications. In 1827 he edited Bentham's *Rationale of Judicial Evidence*. In 1835 he became the editor of the London *Review*, which was finally merged into the *Westminster*. His *System of Logic* appeared in 1843; *Essays on Some Unsettled Ques-*

JOHN STUART MILL.

tions in Political Economy in 1844; *Principles of Political Economy* in 1848. His contributions to the Edinburgh and Westminster *Reviews* were published collectively in 1859, 1867, and 1874, under the title, *Dissertations and Discussions Political, Philosophical and Historical.* In 1851 he married Mrs. Taylor, a lady who had long been the object of his deepest affection and veneration. During the seven years of an ideally happy marriage he wrote *Liberty* and *The Subjection of Women;* but they were not published until 1859 and 1869, respectively.

In 1865 Mill was elected to Parliament. While connected with that body he presented a petition for woman suffrage. In 1867 he was elected Rector of the University of St. Andrews. Among his works not previously mentioned are *Considerations on Representative Government* (1861); *Utilitarianism* (1862), and *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy* (1865).

EQUALITY OF TAXATION.

For what reason ought equality to be the rule in matters of taxation? For the reason that it ought to be so in all the affairs of government. A government ought to make no distinction of persons or classes in the strength of their claims on it. If anyone bears less than his fair share of the burden, some other person must suffer more than his share. Equality of taxation, therefore, as a maxim of politics, means equality of sacrifice. It means apportioning the contribution of each person toward the expenses of government so that he shall feel neither more nor less inconvenience from his share of the payment than every other person experiences from his. There are persons, however, who regard the taxes paid by each member of the community as an equivalent for value received, in the shape of service to himself; and

they prefer to rest the justice of making each contribute in proportion to his means upon the ground that he who has twice as much property to be protected receives, on an accurate calculation, twice as much protection, and ought, on the principles of bargain and sale, to pay twice as much for it. Since, however, the assumption that government exists solely for the protection of property is not one to be deliberately adhered to, some consistent adherents of the *quid pro quo* principle go on to observe that protection being required for persons as well as property, and everybody's person receiving the same amount of protection, a poll-tax of a fixed sum per head is a proper equivalent for this part of the benefits of government, while the remaining part, protection to property, should be paid for in proportion to property. But, in the first place, it is not admissible that the protection of persons and that of property are the sole purposes of government. In the second place, the practice of setting definite values on things essentially indefinite, and making them a ground of practical conclusions, is peculiarly futile in the false views of social questions. It cannot be admitted that to be protected in the ownership of ten times as much property is to be ten times as much protected. If we wanted to estimate the degrees of benefit which different persons derive from the protection of government, we should have to consider who would suffer most if that protection were withdrawn; to which question, if any answer could be made, it must be, that those would suffer most who were weakest in mind or body, either by nature or by position.

Setting out, then, from the maxim that equal sacrifices ought to be demanded from all, we have next to inquire whether this is in fact done, by making each contribute the same percentage on his pecuniary means. Many persons maintain the negative, saying that a tenth part taken from a small income is a heavier burden than the same fraction deducted from one much larger; and on this is grounded the very popular scheme of what is called a graduated property-tax, viz., an income-tax in which the percentage rises with the amount of the income.

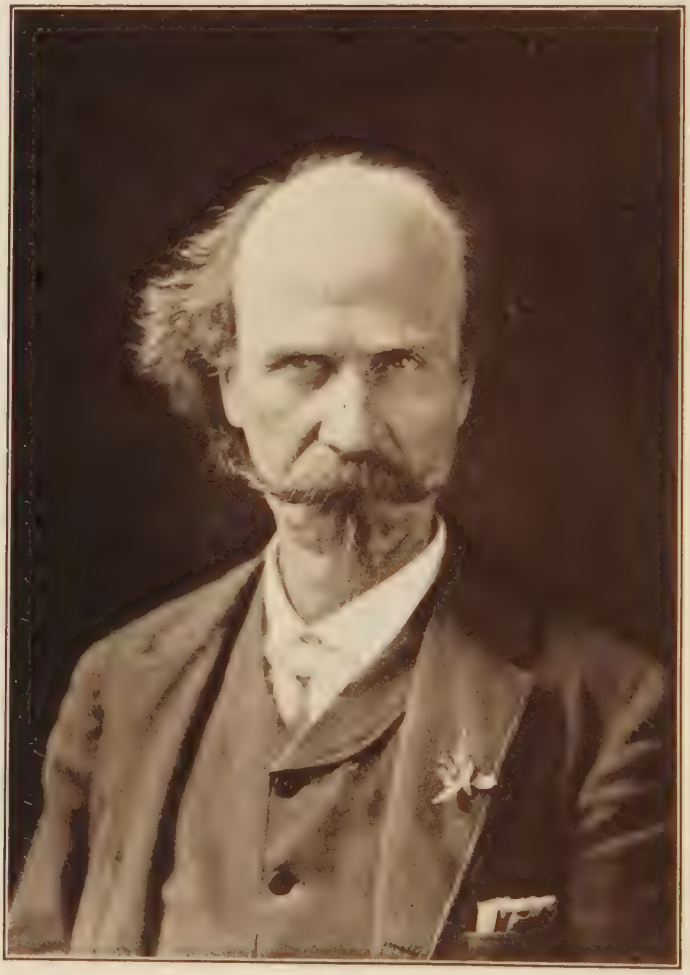
On the best consideration I am able to give to this question, it appears to me that the portion of truth which the doctrine contains arises principally from the difference between a tax which can be saved from luxuries and one which trenches, in ever so small a degree, upon the necessaries of life. To take a thousand a year from the possessor of ten thousand would not deprive him of anything really conducive either to the support or to the comfort of existence; and, if such *would* be the effect of taking five pounds from one whose income is fifty, the sacrifice required from the last is not only greater than, but entirely incommensurable with, that imposed upon the first. The mode of adjusting these inequalities of pressure which seems to be the most equitable is that recommended by Bentham, of leaving a certain minimum of income, sufficient to provide the necessaries of life, untaxed.— *Principles of Political Economy.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIBERTY TO GENIUS.

It will not be denied by anybody, that originality is a valuable element in human affairs. There is always need of persons not only to discover new truths, and point out when what were once truths are true no longer, but also to commence new practices, and set the example of more enlightened conduct, and better sense and taste in human life. This cannot well be gainsaid by anybody who does not believe that the world has already attained perfection in all its ways and practices. It is true that this benefit is not capable of being rendered by everybody alike: there are but few persons, in comparison with the whole of mankind, whose experiments, if adopted by others, would be likely to be any improvement on established practice. But these few are the salt of the earth; without them, human life would become a stagnant pool. Not only is it they who introduce good things which did not before exist; it is they who keep the life in those which already existed. If there were nothing new to be done, would human intellect cease to be necessary? Would it be a reason why those who do the old things should forget why

they are done, and do them like cattle, not like human beings? There is only too great a tendency in the best beliefs and practices to degenerate into the mechanical; and unless there were a succession of persons whose ever-recurring originality prevents the grounds of those beliefs and practices from becoming merely traditional, such dead matter would not resist the smallest shock from anything really alive, and there would be no reason why civilization should not die out, as in the Byzantine Empire. Persons of genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow. Genius can only breathe freely in an *atmosphere* of freedom. Persons of genius are, *ex vi termini,* more individual than any other people — less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of moulds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these moulds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace to point at with solemn warning as "wild," "erratic," and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara River for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.

I insist thus emphatically on the importance of genius, and the necessity of allowing it to unfold itself freely both in thought and in practice, being well aware that no one will deny the position in theory, but knowing also that almost everyone, in reality, is totally indifferent to it. People think genius a fine thing if it enables a man to write an exciting poem, or paint a picture. But in its true sense, that of originality in thought and action, though no one says that it is not a thing to be admired, nearly all, at heart, think that they can do very well without it. Unhappily this is too natural to be wondered at. Originality is the one thing which unoriginal minds can-



JOAQUIN MILLER.

not feel the use of. They cannot see what it is to do for them: how should they? If they could see what it would do for them, it would not be originality. The first service which originality has to render them, is that of opening their eyes: which being once fully done, they would have a chance of being themselves original.— *Liberty.*

MILLER, CINCINNATUS HEINE ("JOAQUIN MILLER"), an American poet; born in Wabash District, Ind., November 10, 1841. In 1854 he went with his parents to Oregon. His adventures in the mining regions of California and Oregon were varied with legal studies and editorial efforts. A paper, the *Democratic Register,* edited by him at Eugene, Ore., in 1863, was suppressed for disloyalty. From 1866 to 1870 he was county judge of Grant County, Ore. He then went abroad. His first volume of verse published in England attracted much attention and won high praise from English critics. He afterward lived in Washington, but in 1887 moved to Oakland, Cal. His books of poetry are *Songs of the Sierras* (1871); *Songs of the Sunland* (1873); *Songs of the Desert* (1875); *Songs of Italy* (1878); *Collected Poems* (1882), and *Songs of the Mexican Seas* (1887). In prose he has published *The Baroness of New York* (1877); *The Danites in the Sierras* and *Shadows of Shasta* (1881); *Memorie and Rime* (1884); *'49; or, the Gold-Seekers of the Sierras* (1884); *My Own Story* (1890); *Building of the City Beautiful* (1893). He has also written much for periodicals.

SUNRISE IN VENICE.

Night seems troubled and scarce asleep;
Her brows are gathered in broken rest.
A star in the east starts up from the deep!
Sullen old lion of loved Saint Mark,
Lord of the deep, high-throned in the dark!
'Tis morn, new-born, with a star on her breast,
White as my lilies that grow in the West!

Hist! Men are passing me hurriedly,
I see the yellow wide wings of a bark
Sail silently over my morning star,
And on and in to an amber sea.
I see men move in the moving dark,
Tall and silent as columns are,
Girded and patient as Destiny;
Great, sinewy men that are good to see,
With hair pushed back, and with open breasts;
Barefooted fishermen, seeking their boats,
Brown as walnuts and hairy as goats —
Brave old water-dogs, wed to the sea,
First to their labors and last to their rests.

Ships are moving! I hear a horn —
A silver trumpet it sounds to me,
Deep-voiced and musical, far at sea —
Answers back, and again it calls.
'Tis the sentinel boat that watches the town
All night, as mounting her watery walls,
And watching for pirate or smuggler. Down
Over the sea, and reaching away
And against the east, a soft light falls,
Silvery soft as the mist of morn,
And I catch a breath like the breath of day.

The east is blossoming! Yea, a rose,
Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,
Sweet as the presence of woman is,
Rises and reaches, and widens and grows

Large and luminous up from the sea,
And out of the sea, as a blossoming tree.
Richer, and richer, so higher and higher,
Deeper and deeper it takes its hue;
Brighter and brighter it reaches through
The space of heaven and the place of stars,
Till all is as rich as a rose can be,
And my rose-leaves fall into billows of fire.
Then beams reach upward as arms from a sea;
Then lances and arrows are aimed at me.
Then lances and spangles and spars and bars
Are broken and shivered and strewn on the sea;
And around and about me tower and spire
Start from the billows like tongues of fire.

—*Songs of Italy.*

THROUGH THE DESERT.

What scenes they pass'd, what camps at morn,
What weary columns kept the road;
What herds of troubled cattle low'd,
And trumpeted like lifted horn;
And everywhere, or road or rest,
All things were pointing to the west;
A weary, long, and lonesome track,
And all led on, but one look'd back. . . .

They pitch'd the tent where rivers run,
As if to drown the falling sun.
They saw the snowy mountains roll'd
And heaved along the nameless lands
Like mighty billows; saw the gold
Of awful sunsets; saw the blush
Of sudden dawn, and felt the hush
Of heaven when the day sat down,
And hid his face and dusky hands.

The long and lonesome nights! The tent
That nestled soft in sweep of grass;
The hills against the firmament,
Where scarce the moving moon could pass;

The cautious camp, the smother'd light,
The silent sentinel at night!

The wild beasts howling from the hill;
The troubled cattle bellowing;
The savage prowling by the spring,
Then sudden passing swift and still,
And bended as a bow is bent.
The arrow sent; the arrow spent
And buried in its bloody place,
The dead man lying on his face!

The clouds of dust, their cloud by day;
Their pillar of unfailing fire
The far North Star. And high, and higher—
They climb'd so high it seem'd eftsoon
That they must face the falling moon,
That like some flame-lit ruin lay
Thrown down before their weary way.

They learn'd to read the sign of storms,
The moon's wide circles, sunset bars,
And storm-provoking blood and flame;
And, like the Chaldean shepherds, came
At night to name the moving stars.
In heaven's face they pictured forms
Of beasts, of fishes of the sea,
They mark'd the Great Bear wearily
Rise up and drag his clinking chain
Of stars around the starry main.

What lines of yoked and patient steers!
What weary thousands pushing west!
What restless pilgrims seeking rest,
As if from out the edge of years!
What great yoked brutes with briskets low,
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,
That turn'd so slow and sad to you,
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,
That seem'd to plead and make replies

The while they bow'd their necks and drew
The creaking load, and look'd at you.
Their sable briskets swept the ground,
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.

Two sullen bullocks led the line,
Their great eyes shining bright like wine;
Two sullen captive kings were they,
That had in time kept herds at bay,
And even now they crush'd the sod
With stolid sense of majesty,
And stately stepp'd and stately trod,
As if 'twas something still to be
Kings, even in captivity.

—*The Ship in the Desert.*

DRIFTING SOULS.

Ah! there be souls none understand;
Like clouds they cannot touch the land.
Drive as they may, by field or town;
Then we look wise at this and frown,
And we cry, "Fool," and cry, "Take hold
Of earth, and fashion gods of gold."

Unanchor'd ships, they blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown.
Poor drifting dreamers sailing by,
They seem to only live to die.

Call these not fools! The test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth.
Lo! there be gentlest souls sea-blown
That know not any harbor known.
Now it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this.

—*The Ship in the Desert.*

TO RUSSIA.

(On Her Persecution of the Jews.)

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth?"—*Bible.*

Who tamed thy lawless Tartar blood?
What David bearded in her den
The Russian bear in ages when
You strode your black, unbridled steed,
A skin-clad savage of the steeps?
Why, one who now sits low and weeps,
Why, one who now wails out to you—
The Jew; the homeless, hated Jew.

Who girt the thews of your young prime?
Why, who but Moses shaped your course
And bound your fierce, divided force
United down the grooves of Time?
Your mighty millions all to-day
The hated, homeless Jews obey.
Who taught all histories to you?
The Jew; the hated, homeless Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales
Of honey-lands, of milk and wine?
Of happy, peaceful Palestine?
Of Jordan's holy harvest-vales?
Who gave the patient Christ? I say,
Who gave you Christian creed? Yea, yea,
Who gave your very God to you?
The Jew! The Jew! The hated Jew!

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

From out the golden doors of dawn
The wise men came, of wondrous thought,
Who knew the stars. From far upon
The shoreless East they kneeling brought
Their costly gifts of inwrought gems and gold
While, cloudlike, incense from their presence rolled.

Their sweets of flower-fields, their sweet
  Distilments of most sacred leaves
They laid, low bending, at His feet,
  As reapers bend above their sheaves —
As strong-armed reapers bending clamorous
To give their gathered full sheaves kneeling thus.

And kneeling so, they spoke of when
  God walked his Garden's fragrant sod,
Nor yet had hid His face from men,
  Nor yet had man forgotten God.
They spake. But Mary kept her thought apart.
And, silent, "pondered all things in her heart."

They spake in whispers long, they laid
  Their shaggy heads together, drew
Some stained scrolls breathless forth, then made
  Such speech as only wise men knew —
Their high red camels on the huge hill set
Outstanding, like some night-hewn silhouette.

LITTLE BILLIE PIPER.

Nobody knew when he came. Perhaps nobody cared. He was the smallest man in the camp. In fact, he was not a man. He was only a boyish, girlish-looking creature that came and went at will. He was so small he crowded no one, and so no one cried out about him, or paid him any attention, so long as they were all busily taking possession of and measuring off the new Eden.

What a shy, sensitive, girlish-looking man! His boyish face was beautiful, dreamy, and childish. It was sometimes half-hidden in a cloud of yellow hair that fell down about it, and was always being pushed back by a small white hand, that looked helpless enough in the battle of life among these bearded and brawny men on the edge of the new world. . . .

Once a saloon-keeper, the cinnamon-haired man of the Howling Wilderness, as the one whiskey shop of this new Eden was called, met him on the trail as he was

going out with a pick and shovel on his shoulder, to prospect for gold.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Billie Piper."

The timid brown eyes looked up through the cluster of yellow cruls, as the boy stepped aside to let the big man pass; and the two, without other words, went on their ways.

Oddly enough they allowed this boy to keep his name. They called him Little Billie Piper. He was an enigma to the miners. Sometimes he looked to be only fifteen. Then again he was very thoughtful. The fair brow was wrinkled sometimes; there were lines, sabre cuts of time, on the fair delicate face, and then he looked to be at least double that age. He worked, or at least he went out to work, every day with his pick and pan and shovel; but almost always they saw him standing by the running stream, looking into the water, dreaming, seeing in Nature's mirror the snowy clouds that blew in moving mosaic overhead and through and over the tops of the tossing firs. He rarely spoke to the men more than in monosyllables. Yet when he did speak to them his language was so refined, so far above their common speech, and his voice was so soft, and his manner so gentle, that they saw in him, in some sort, a superior. Yet Limber Tim, the boy-man, came pretty near to this boy's life. At least he stood nearer to his heart than anyone. Their lives were nearer the same level. One Sunday they stood together on the hill by the grave-yard above the Forks.

"Tell me," said the boy, laying his hand on the arm of his companion, and looking earnestly and sadly in his face, "tell me, Tim, why it is that they always have the grave-yard on a hill. Is it because it is a little nearer to Heaven?"

His companion did not understand. And yet he did understand, and was silent. They sat down together by and by and looked up out of the great cañon at the drifting white clouds, and the boy said, looking into heaven, as if to himself.

"O! fleets of clouds that flee before
The burly winds of upper seas."

Then, as the sudden twilight fell and they went down the hill together, the white, crooked moon, as if it had just been broken on the snow-peak that it had been hiding behind, came out with a star.

"How the red star hangs to the moon's white horn." There was no answer, for his companion was awed to utter silence.

One day, Bunker Hill, a hump-backed and unhappy woman of uncertain ways, passed through the crowd in the Forks. Some of the rough men laughed and made remarks. This boy was there, also. Lifting his eyes to one of these men at his side, he said:

"God has made some women a little plain, in order that He might have some women that are wholly good."

These things began to be noised about. All things have their culmination. Even the epizootic has one worst day. Things only go so far. Rockets only rise so high, then they explode, and all is dark and still.

The Judge stood straddled out before the roaring fire of the Howling Wilderness one night, tilting up the tails of his coat with his two hands, which he had turned in behind him as he stood there warming the upper ends of his short legs, and listening to these questions and the comments of the men. At last, he seemed to have an inspiration, and, tilting forward on his toes, and bringing his head very low down, and his coat-tails very high up, he said solemnly:

"Fellow-citizens, it's a poet." Then bringing out his right hand, and reaching it high in the air, as he poised on his right leg: "In this glorious climate of Californy—"

"Be gad, it is!" cried an Irishman jumping up, "a Bryan! A poet, a rale, live, Lord O'Bryan!" And so the status of the strange boy was fixed at the Forks. He was declared to be a poet, and was no more a wonder. Curiosity was satisfied.

"It is something to know that it is no worse," growled a very practical old man, as he held a pipe in his teeth

and rubbed his tobacco between his palms. He spoke of it as if it had been a case of small-pox, and as if he were thinking how to best prevent the spread of the infection.— *The First Families of the Sierras.*

MILLER, Emily Huntington, an American educator and juvenile writer; born at Brooklyn, Conn., in 1833. Her father was Dr. Thomas Huntington; her grandfather, General Jedediah Huntington, one of Washington's staff-officers. She was educated at Oberlin College. In 1860 she was married to John E. Miller, also a graduate of Oberlin. They removed to Evanston, Ill., and later to St. Paul, Minn., where Mr. Miller died in 1882. Mrs. Miller's literary work began when she was yet a school-girl, and she was early a contributor to the *Independent,* the *Congregationalist,* the *Christian Union,* and other journals, and to all the principal periodicals for children. She was first assistant editor, and afterward editor-in-chief of the *Little Corporal,* one of the earliest and best of these publications, her connection with it ceasing only with its absorption by *St. Nicholas.* To it many of her stories, now published in separate volumes, were contributed. Mrs. Miller wrote the *Home Talks* for the *Christian Union* for many years. In 1874 she was one of the organizers of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and later became the head of the woman's work at Chautauqua. Her works include *Highways and Hedges; Kathie's Experience; Summer Days in Kirkwood; Captain Fritz; Little Neighbors; The Little*

Maid, an Easter poem; *The Royal Road to Fortune* (1875); *The Parish of Fair Haven* and *What Tommy Did* (1876); *The House That Johnny Rented; Fighting the Enemy; The Bear's Den; A Year at Riverside Farm* (1877); *Uncle Dick's Legacy; Thorn Apples; What Happened On a Christmas Eve; The King's Messenger* (1891); *Helps and Hindrances* (1892). *Twelve Songs of the Seasons,* written by Mrs. Miller for *Our Young Folks,* were set to music by Theodore Thomas.

A NEW SORROW.

No one seemed to care that the grandfather was dead. Some men came to see him, and they sat upon the table and talked and laughed. A woman came, too — a very old woman, with a cap like the one I used to wear when I nursed the monkey. One of the men told her that her turn would come next, but she did not say anything. He did not know that she was deaf, and I have heard the grandfather say that was worse than to be blind. She looked at the grandfather, and said to herself, "Aye, he sees well enough now; and there are things worth seeing, too."

I could not tell what she meant, for his eyes were shut, and the room was just the same as ever. By and by another man came, and he talked to the girl a long time.

I think he was angry, for he spoke loud and thumped upon the floor with his cane, but the girl was not afraid of him. She stood up very straight, and looked in his face and said always the same thing. "He wanted to be buried at St. Angelo, and he gave me the money to pay for everything. Here is the paper, and it shall be as he said. Some day, he said, Carl would come and plant a flower over his grave."

One of the men who lived in the house said: "Yes, it shall be as he said. You need not grudge him a decent place to rest in, now he is dead."

So the men went away, and the next day they put the grandfather in a box and carried him down the stairs.

I kept close to them, and when they put the box in a carriage, I thought perhaps they were going to take him to the place where he would be made new again.

I had not begun to be sorry then, because I did not know what would happen, and I thought if I kept close by the grandfather it would be all right. It was a very long way that we went, and after awhile I began to know that I was hungry. When the grandfather would not wake up to take his soup, the girl set the basin down for me.

"Here," she said, "it is a pity to waste it, and you are his best friend." But I would not eat it. The grandfather always ate first, and left a portion for me, and I could not eat until he did. After that no one thought to feed me.

When we came to St. Angelo I knew it must be the place where the grandfather wanted to go. It was so warm and sunshiny, with green grass and fountains and flowers.

I knew the grandfather would like it, and I waited for them to take him out of the box. They did not take him out at all; they set the box by the side of a deep hole, and then, all at once, I remembered what became of Jack.

I jumped on the box and cried and howled, but they drove me away, and they buried the grandfather deep down in the ground. I could not see him; I had lost him, and it broke my heart. That was trouble. It was not like being lost, or being cold or hungry.

It was not like being beaten, or anything else that ever happened to me. I did not feel anything or know anything but sorrow, but I lay down with my head close upon the ground, and waited and listened.

I thought he might move or speak. They would not let me stay by him. The keeper dragged me away and shut the gate. That was no worse — nothing could be any worse; but I stood up and looked through the gate and watched the place as long as I could see. When it was dark I lay down by the gate.

I was no more hungry; and when I shut my eyes I saw great, shining things sailing along in the dark, like lanterns, only some of them had faces — the face of the man who beat me, and of my old master, and of the big boy who made me turn the wheel. . . .

I cannot quite understand about dreams, though the magpie says it is very plain to him and that it is only the shadow-people having our good times and our bad times over again. I can understand about the good times, but what do they want of the bad ones? How do they know where to find us, and when we die are they dead, too? The magpie cannot tell this part, and he says it is not necessary to know everything. He is watching for another sermon, and yesterday he came very near getting one which blew out at a window, but the rector himself came to get it. He thinks if he could get that it would tell all the things we do not know.

I hope he will find one, for there are a great many things that I do not know. When I had to find my own breakfast and supper, and when I worked for the grandfather, I never used to think about these things; but now I have nothing to do but sit in the door of my house and wonder. I wonder about the people who come here, and about the white doors all over the cemetery, that nobody ever opens, because they do not belong to houses, but little green heaps with grass growing over them. Sometimes, when the moon shines very bright, and I cannot sleep, I walk all about among them, and they are always the same. There is no door where they put the grandfather, but the grass grows there, too, and it is a very sunny corner.— *Captain Fritz.*

MILLER, Hugh, a Scottish geologist and scientist; born at Cromarty, October 10, 1802; died at Portobello, near Edinburgh, December 2, 1856. His father having died when he was a child, he came mainly into the charge of two maternal uncles, whom he affectionately styles his "schoolmasters," and who wished him to study for the ministry of the Scottish kirk. This he declined to do, having, as he said, "no call" to the sacred office. He was therefore, in his seventeenth year, apprenticed to a stone-mason and quarryman. He worked at this occupation, partly as a journeyman and partly on his own account, until his thirty-fourth year. During these years he read largely in every department of English and Scottish literature, and wrote for periodicals; and as early as 1829 published a volume of *Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason.* In 1840 the newly organized "Free Church" of Scotland established at Edinburgh a newspaper called *The Witness*, and invited Hugh Miller to become its editor, a position which he filled with unusual brilliancy.

The principal works of Hugh Miller are *Poems of a Journeyman Mason* (1829); *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland* (1835); *The Old Red Sandstone* (1841); *The Geology of the Bass Rock* (1848); *The Footprints of the Creator,* a reply to Robert Chambers's *Vestiges of Creation* (1849); *My Schools and Schoolmasters* (1854); *The Testimony of the Rocks* (1857).

FIRST STUDIES IN GEOLOGY.

It was twenty years last February since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labor and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was now going to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods; a reader of curious books, when I could get them; a gleaner of old traditionary stories. And now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they be enabled to toil.

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay — or frith, rather — with a little, clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir-wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel blistered my hands; but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder.

The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one. It had the merit, too, of being attended

with some degree of danger, as a boat or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots. The fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay down their tools. I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick firwood beside us, and the long, dark shadows of the trees stretching downward toward the shore.

This was no formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought, and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. . . .

All the workmen rested at mid-day, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighboring wood which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced upon canvas. From a wooded promontory that stretched half-way across the frith there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards; and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side, like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white and all below was purple. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap

one, and the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labors, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before. I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross-hollow and counter-ridge of the corresponding phenomena; for the resemblance was no half-resemblance. It was the thing itself; and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock; or of what element had they been composed? I felt as completely at a loss as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot on the sand.

The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool, recently dried up, which had shrunken and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea, or the bed of a river for hundreds of years. There could not surely be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half-worn! And, if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labor.

The immense masses of diluvium which we had to clear

away rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and all the party quitted it in a few days to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay — the Bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed had been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Firth.

I soon found that I was to be no loser by the change. Not the united labors of a thousand men for more than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. It may be regarded as a sort of chance dissection on the earth's crust. We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz, its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblende; we find the secondary rock in another, with its beds of sandstone and shale, its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones. We discovered the still little-known, but highly interesting, fossils of the old red sandstone in one deposition; we find the beautifully preserved shells and lignites of the lias in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rocks — basalts, ironstones, hyperstenes, porphyries, bituminous shales, and micaceous schists.

In short, the young geologist — had he all Europe before him — could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet traveled so far north; and so, without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself.

In the course of the first day's employment I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture — one of the volutes, apparently, of an Ionic capital; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within it, could have surprised me more. Was there such another curiosity in the whole world? I broke open a few other

nodules of similar appearance — for they lay pretty thickly on the shore — and found that there might be. In one of these there were what seemed to be the scales of fishes, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves, prettily striated; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all of nature's riddles these seemed to me at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound. I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them that there was a part of the shore, about two miles farther to the west, where curiously shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes, were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's days the country people called them thunder-bolts, and deemed them of sovereign efficacy in curing bewitched cattle. Our employer, on quitting the quarry on which we were to be engaged, gave all the workmen a half-holiday. I employed it in visiting the place where the thunder-bolts had fallen so thickly, and found a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied in even my dreams.

What first attracted my notice was a detached group of low-lying skerries, wholly different in form and color from the sandstone cliffs above, or the primary rocks a little farther to the west. I found them composed of thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black, slaty substance, which, as I ascertained in the course of the evening, burns with a powerful flame, and emits a strong bituminous odor. The layers into which the beds readily separate are hardly an eighth part of an inch in thickness, and yet on every layer there are the impressions of thousands and tens of thousands of the various fossils peculiar to the lias. We may turn over these wonderful leaves one after one, like the leaves of an herbarium, and find the pictorial records of a former creation in every page. Scallops, and gryphites, and ammonites, of almost every variety peculiar to the formation, and at least some eight or ten varieties of belemnite; twigs of wood, leaves of plants, cones of an extinct species of pine, bits of charcoal, and the scales of fishes. And, as if to render their pictorial appearance more striking, though the leaves of this interesting volume are

of deep black, most of the impressions are of a chalky whiteness. I was lost in admiration and astonishment, and found my very imagination paralyyzed by an assemblage of wonders that seemed to outrival, in the fantastic and the extravagant, even its wildest conceptions. I passed on from ledge to ledge, like the traveller of the tale through the city of statues, and at length found one of the supposed aërolites I had come in quest of firmly embedded in a mass of shale. But I had skill enough to determine that it was other than what it had been deemed. A very near relative, who had been a sailor in his time, on almost every ocean, and had visited almost every quarter of the globe, had brought home one of these meteoric stones with him from the coast of Java. It was of a cylindrical shape and vitreous texture; and it seemed to have parted in the middle, when in a half-molten state, and to have united again, somewhat awry, ere it had cooled enough to have lost the adhesive quality. But there was nothing organic in its structure, whereas the stone I had now found was organized very curiously indeed.

It was of a conical form and filamentary texture, the filaments radiating in straight lines from the centre to the circumference. Finely marked veins, like white threads, ran transversely through these in its upper half to the point, while the space below was occupied by an internal cone, formed of plates that lay parallel to the base, and which, like watch-glasses, were concave on the under side, and convex on the upper. I learned in time to call this stone a belemnite, and became acquainted with enough of its history to know that it once formed part of a variety of cuttle-fish, long since extinct.

My first year of labor came to a close, and I found that the amount of my happiness had not been less than in the last of my boyhood. My knowledge, too, had increased in more than the ratio of former seasons; and as I had acquired the skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence. The additional experience of twenty years has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness; and when I have found good men anticipating a better and a happier time than either

the present or the past, the conviction that in every period of the world's history the great bulk of mankind must pass their days in labor has not in the least inclined me to scepticism.— *The Old Red Sandstone.*

MILLER, Harriet Mann ("Olive Thorne Miller"), an American ornithologist and juvenile writer; born at Auburn, N. Y., June 25, 1831. She was married to Dr. T. M. Miller in 1854. Her first articles appeared under the pen-name of "Olive Thorne," but afterward under the signature of "Olive Thorne Miller." Her books include *Little Folks in Feathers and Fur* (1879); *Queer Pets at Marcy's* (1880); *Little People of Asia* (1882); *Bird-Ways* (1885); *In Nesting-Time* (1888); *The Woman's Club* (1891); *Little Brothers of the Air,* studies of birds (1892); *A Bird Lover in the West* (1894); *Our Home Pets* (1894); *Four-Handed Folk* (1896); *Under the Hill Tops* (1897); *The First Book of Birds* (1900), and *Kristy's Surprise Party* (1905), and also a serial story, *Nimpo's Troubles,* published in the *St. Nicholas.*

ON THE TRAIL.

I had just returned from a walk down the meadow, put on wrapper and slippers, and established myself by the window to write some letters. Pen, ink, paper, and all the accessories were spread out before me. I dipped my pen in the ink and wrote "My Dear —" when a sound fell upon my ears; it was the cry of a young bird! it was near to me! it had a veery ring! . . .

I snatched my glass, seized my hat as I passed, and was

out-doors. In the open air the call sounded louder, and plainly came from the borders of the brook that, with its fringe of trees, divides the yard from the pasture beyond. It was a two-syllabled utterance like "queewee," but it had the intermitted or tremolo sound that distinguishes the song of the tawny thrush from others. I could locate the bird almost to a twig, but nobody cared if I could. It was on the other side of the brook and the deep gully through which it ran, and they who had that youngster in charge could laugh at me.

But I knew the way up the brookside. I went down the road to the bars, crossed the water on the stepping-stones, and in a few minutes entered a cow-path that wandered up beside the stream. All was quiet; the young thrush, no doubt, had been hushed. They were waiting for me to pass by, as they often did, for that was a common walk of mine.

At length I reached the path that ran up the bank where I usually turned and went to the pasture, for beyond this the cow-path descended, and looked damp and wild, as if it might once have been the way of the cows, but now was abandoned. Still all was quiet, and I thought of my letter unanswered, of my slippers, and — and I turned to go back.

Just at that moment that unlucky young thrush opened his mouth for a cry; the birds had been too sure. I forgot my letters again, and looked at the path beyond. I thought I could see a dry way, so I took a step or two forward. This was too much! this I had never before done, and I believe those birds were well used to my habits, for the moment I passed my usual bounds a cry rang out, loud, and a bird flew past my head. She alighted near me. It was a tawny thrush; and when one of those shy birds, who fly if I turn my head behind the blinds, gets bold, there is a good reason for it. I thanked madam for giving me my cue; I knew now it was her baby, and I walked slowly on. . . .

As I proceeded, the thrush grew more and more uneasy. She came so near me that I saw she had a gauzy-winged fly in her mouth — another proof that she had

young ones near. She called, without opening her beak, her usual low "quee."

Finding a dry spot, and the baby-cry being ceased, I sat down to consider and to wait. Then the bird seemed suddenly to remember how compromising her mouthful was, and she planted herself on a branch before my eyes, deliberately ate that fly and wiped her beak, as one who should say, "You thought I was carrying that morsel to somebody, but you see I have eaten it myself; there's nothing up that path." But much as I respected the dear mother, I did not believe her eloquent demonstration. I selected another point where I could stop a minute, and picked my way to it. Then all my poor little bird's philosophy deserted her; she came close to me, she uttered the greatest variety of cries; she almost begged me to believe that she was the only living creature up that gully. And so much did she move me, so intolerably brutal did she make me feel, that for the second time I was very near to turning back.

But the cry began again. How could I miss so good a chance to see that tawny youngster, when I knew I should not lay finger on it? I hardened my heart, and struggled a few feet farther.

Then some of the neighbors came to see what was the trouble, and if they could do anything about it. A black-and-white creeper rose from a low bush with a surprised "chit-it-it-it," alighted on a tree, and ran glibly up the upright branch as though it were a ladder. But a glance at the "cause of all this woe" was more than his courage could endure; one cry escaped him, and then a streak of black and white passed over the road out of sight.

Next came a redstart, himself the head of a family, for he, too, had his beak full of provisions. He was not in the least dismayed; he perched on a twig and looked over at me with interest, as if trying to see what the veery found so terrifying, and then continued on his way home. A snow-bird was the last visitor, and he came nearer and nearer, not at all frightened, merely curious, but madam evidently distrusted him, for she flew at him, intimating in a way that he plainly understood that "his room was better than his company."

Still I floundered on, and now the disturbed mother added a new cry, like the bleating of a lamb. I never should have suspected a bird of making that sound; it was a perfect "ba-ha-ha." Yet on listening closely, I saw that it was the very tremolo that gives the song of the male its peculiar thrill. Her "ba-ha-ha" pitched to his tone, and with his intervals, would be a perfect reproduction of it. No doubt she could sing, and perhaps she does — who knows?

Now the mother threw in occasionally a louder sort of a call-note like "pee-ro," which was quickly followed by the appearance of another thrush, her mate, I presume. He called, too, the usual "quee-o," but he kept himself well out of sight — no reckless mother-love made him lose his reason. Still, steadily though slowly, and with many pauses to study out the next step, I progressed. The cry, often suppressed for minutes at a time, was perceptibly nearer. The bank was rougher than ever, but with one scramble I was sure I could reach my prize. I started carefully, when a cry rang out sudden and sharp and close at hand. At that instant the stone I had put faith in failed me basely and rolled, one foot *went in*, a dead twig caught my hair, part of my dress remained with the sharp end of a broken branch, I came to one knee (but not in a devotional spirit), I struck the ground with one hand and a brier-bush with the other, but I did not drop my glass, and I reached my goal in a fashion.

I paused to recover my breath and give that youngster — who I was persuaded was laughing at me all that time — a chance to life up his voice again. But he had subsided, while the mother was earnest as ever. Perhaps I was too near, or had scared him out of his wits by my sensational entry. While I was patiently studying every twig on the tree from which the last cry had come, a slight flutter of a leaf caught my eye, and there stood the long-sought infant himself.

He was a few feet below me. I could have laid my hands upon him, but he did not appear to see me, and stood like a statue while I studied his points. Mamma, too, was suddenly quiet; either she saw at last that my intentions were friendly, or she thought the supreme

moment had come, and was paralyzed. I had no leisure to look after her; I wanted to make acquaintance with her bairn — and I did. He was the exact image of his parents; I should have known him anywhere — the same soft, tawny back and light under-parts, but no tail to be seen, and only a dumpy pair of wings, which would not bear him very far. The feathers of his side looked rough, and not fully out, but his head was lovely and his eye was the wild, free eye of a veery. I saw the youngster utter his cry. I saw him fly four or five feet, and then I climbed the bank, hopeless of returning the way I had come, pushed my way between detaining spruces, and emerged once more on dry ground. I had been two hours on the trail.

I slipped into the house the back way, and hastened to my room, where I counted the cost: Slippers ruined, dress torn, hand scratched, toilet a general wreck. But I had seen the tawny-thrush baby, and I was happy. And it's no common thing to do, either; does not Emerson count it among Thoreau's remarkable feats that

> "All her shows did Nature yield
> To please and win this pilgrim wise.
> He found the tawny thrush's brood.
> And the shy hawk did wait for him."

MILLIKEN, Richard Alfred, an Irish poet; born in County Cork in 1767; died in 1855. He may be regarded as the precursor of Moore, Mahony, and others, in a peculiar form of Irish humorous poetry.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The groves of Blarney, they look so charming,
Down by the purling of sweet, silent brooks;

Being banked with posies that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
'Tis there's the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink and the rose so fair,
The daffadowndilly, likewise the lily —
All flowers that scent the sweet, open air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation;
Like Alexander or like Helen fair,
There's no commander in all the nation
For emulation can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell, he did pummel,
Besides the leeches and groves of beeches,

There's gravel-walks there for speculation
And conversation in sweet solitude;
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove,
Or the gentle plover in the afternoon.
And if a lady should be so engaging
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
'Tis there her courtier he may transport her
Into some fort or all underground.

For 'tis there's a cave where no daylight enters,
But bats and badges are forever bred;
Being mossed by natur', that makes it swater,
Than a coach-and-six or a feather-bed.
'Tis there the lake is well-stored with perches,
And comely eels in the verdant mud;
Beside the leeches and groves of beeches,
Standing in order to guard the flood.

'Tis there the kitchen hangs many a flitch'en,
With the maids a stitching upon the stair;
The bread and biske', the beer and the whiskey,
Would make you frisky if you were there.
'Tis there you would see Peg Murphy's daughter
A-washing praties fornent the door,

With Roger Cleary and Father Healy,
All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

There's statues gracing this noble place in —
All heathen gods and nymphs so fair:
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.
There's a boat on the lake to float on,
And lots of beauties which I can't entwine;
But were I a preacher, or a classic teacher,
In every feature I'd make 'em shine.

There's a stone there that whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of Parliament,
A clever sporter he'll turn out, or
An outer-and-outer to be let alone.
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone!

So now to finish this brave narration
Which my poor genius could not entwine.
But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature I would make it shine.

MILMAN, Henry Hart, an English historian and poet; born at London February 10, 1791; died near Ascot, September 24, 1868. He won distinction at Oxford as a classical scholar, took the Newdigate poetical prize, and in 1815 was made a Fellow of Brasenose College. He entered the Anglican ministry in 1816, and soon obtained a vicarage at Reading. He published *Fazio* (1817), a highly successful drama; *Samos, the Lord of the Bright Islet,*

an epic poem (1818); *The Fall of Jerusalem* (1820); *Belshazzar* and *The Martyr of Antioch* (1822), and *Anne Boleyn* (1826). In 1821 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford; in 1835 was made rector of St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster, and in 1849 Dean of St. Paul's. His permanent literary fame rests on his historical works, of which he published *A History of the Jews* (1830); *A History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire* (1840), and *A History of Latin Christianity, including That of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.* (1855). The first of these works provoked much adverse criticism by the "liberality" or the "unorthodoxy" of its views; but the histories of Christianity were received, and deservedly, as great works, worthy of the highest praise.

Dean Milman also published a translation of the *Agamemnon* and *Bacchæ;* edited *Horace* and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE.

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former Temple by the King of Babylon; that day was almost past.

Titus withdrew again into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof.

Titus had retired to rest; when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters.

The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a small gilded door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed: he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not or would not hear; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or, stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage.

The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands; they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar; the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about. Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendor filled them with wonder; and, as the flames had not yet penetrated to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and, springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The Centurion Liberalis endeavored to force obedience with his staff of office; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw everything around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat, and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Romans — what was it to the Jews? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss.

The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame: the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighboring hills were lighted up; and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights; all along the walls resounded screams and wailings! men who were expiring with famine rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, afterward into the upper city.

Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below.

Afterward they fled to a part of the wall about fourteen feet wide; they were summoned to surrender, but two of them, Mair, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasuries, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly

robes — the plunder which the Zealots had laid up — were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge.

These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where He would display His almighty power to save His people. The soldiers set fire to the building: every soul perished. The whole Roman army entered the sacred precincts, and pitched their standards among the smoking ruins; they offered sacrifices for the victory, and with loud acclamations saluted Titus as Emperor. Their joy was not a little enhanced by the value of the plunder they obtained, which was so great that gold fell in Syria to half its former value.— *History of the Jews.*

THE MEETING OF LEO AND ATTILA.

The terror of Europe at the invasion of the Huns naturally and justifiably surpassed that of all former barbaric invasions. The Goths and other German tribes were familiar to the sight of the Romans; some of them had long been settled within the frontier of the empire; they were already, for the most part, Christian, and, to a certain extent, Romanized in their manners and habits. The Mongol race, with their hideous, misshapen, and, as they are described, scarcely human figures, their wild habits, their strange language, their unknown origin, their numbers, exaggerated no doubt by fear, and swollen by the aggregation of all the savage tribes who were compelled or eagerly crowded to join the predatory warfare, but which seemed absolutely inexhaustible; their almost unassisted career of victory, devastation, and carnage, from the remotest east till they were met by Aëtius on the field of Châlons; at the present time the vast monarchy founded by Attila, which overshadowed the whole northern frontier of the empire, and to which the Gothic and other Teutonic kings rendered a compul-

sory allegiance; their successful inroads on the Eastern Empire, even to the gates of Constantinople; the haughty and contemptuous tone in which they conducted their negotiations, had almost appalled the Roman mind into the apathy of despair. Religion, instead of rousing to a noble resistance against this heathen race, which threatened to overrun the whole of Christendom, by acquiescing in Attila's proud appellation, the Scourge of God, seemed to justify a dastardly prostration before the acknowledged emissary of the divine wrath. The spell, it is true, of Attila's irresistible power had been broken; he had suffered a great defeat, and Gaul was, for a time at least, wrested from his dominion by the valor and generalship of Aëtius. But when, infuriated, as it might seem, more than discouraged, by his discomfiture, the yet formidable Hun suddenly descended upon Italy, the whole peninsula lay defenceless before him. Aëtius, as is most probable, was unable — as his enemies afterward declared, was traitorously unwilling — to throw himself between the barbarians and Rome. . . . Valentinian, the emperor, fled from Ravenna to Rome. To some he might appear to seek succor at the feet of the Roman Pontiff; but the abandonment of Italy was rumored to be his last desperate determination.

At this fearful crisis, the insatiable and victorious Hun seemed suddenly and unaccountably to pause in his career of triumph. He stood rebuked and subdued before a peaceful embassy, headed by the Bishop of Rome, who, as he held the most conspicuous station, received almost all the honor. The names of the rich Consular Avienus, of the Prefect of Italy, Trigetius, who ventured with Leo to confront the barbarian conqueror, were speedily forgotten; and Leo stands forth the sole preserver of Italy. On the shores of the Benacus the ambassadors encountered the fearful Attila. Over-awed (as the belief was eagerly propagated, and as eagerly accepted) by the personal dignity, the venerable character, and by the religious majesty of Leo, Attila consented to receive the large dowry of the Princess Honoria, and to retire from Italy. The death of Attila in the following year, by the bursting of a blood-vessel, on the night during which he

had wedded a new wife, may have been brooding, as it were, in his constitution, and somewhat subdued his fiercer energy of ambition. His army, in all probability, was weakened by its conquests, and by the uncongenial climate and unaccustomed luxuries of Italy. But religious awe may still have been the dominant feeling which enthralled the mind of Attila. The Hun, with the usual superstitiousness of the polytheist, may have trembled before the God of the stranger, whom nevertheless he did not worship. The best historian (Priscus) of the period relates that the fate of Alaric, who had survived so short a time the conquest of Rome, was known to Attila, and seemed to have made a profound impression upon him. The dauntless confidence and the venerable aspect of Leo would confirm this apprehension of encountering, as it were, in his sanctuary the God now adored by the Romans. Legend, indeed, has attributed the submission of Attila to a visible apparition of the apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, who menaced the trembling heathen with a speedy Divine judgment if he repelled the proposals of their successor. But this materializing view, though it may have heightened the beauty of Raffaelle's painting of Leo's meeting with Attila, by the introduction of preterhuman forms, lowers the moral grandeur of the whole transaction. The simple faith in his God which gave the Roman Pontiff courage to confront Attila, and threw that commanding majesty over his words and actions which wrought upon the mind of the barbarian, is far more Christianly sublime than this unnecessarily imagined miracle.—*History of Latin Christianity.*

The Martyr of Antioch is founded on the story of Margarita, daughter of a heathen priest, and beloved by Olybius, the Prefect of the East, who would have saved her from martyrdom. In the drama he promises her father, Callias, that she shall be kept until the other martyrs have suffered, and then

rescued, but she unconsciously frustrates his design. The scene given is the last in the drama.

THE DEATH OF MARGARITA.

Callias, Olybius.

Enter Officer.

Olybius.— What means thy hurried look? Speak — speak!
Though thy words blast like lightning.
Officer.— Mighty Prefect,
The apostate priestess Margarita ——
Olybius.— How?
Where's Macer?
Officer.— By the dead.
Olybius.— What dead?
Officer.— Remove
Thy sword, which thou dost brandish at my throat,
And I shall answer
Olybius.— Speak, and instantly,
Or I will dash thee down, and trample from thee
Thy hideous secret.
Officer.— It is nothing hideous —
'Tis but the enemy of our faith. She died
Nobly in truth — but ——
Callias.— Dead! she is not dead!
Thou liest! I have his oath, the Prefect's oath;
I had forgot it in my fears, but now
I well remember that she should not die
Faugh! who will trust in gods and men like these?
Olybius.— Slave! slave! dost mock me? Better 'twere for thee
That this be false than if thou'dst found a treasure
To purchase kingdoms.
Officer.— Hear me but awhile:
She had beheld each sad and cruel death,
And, if she shuddered, 'twas as one that strives
With nature's soft infirmity of pity,
One look to heaven restoring all her calmness;

Save when that dastard did renounce his faith,
And she did shed tears for him. Then led they forth
Old Fabius. When a quick and sudden cry
Of Callias, and a parting in the throng
Proclaim'd her father's coming, forth she sprang,
And clasp'd the frowning headsman's knees, and said —
"Thou know'st me; when thou lay'st on thy sick bed
Christ sent me there to wipe thy burning brow.
There was an infant play'd about thy chamber,
And thy pale cheek would smile and weep at once,
Gazing upon that almost orphan'd child.
Oh by its dear and precious memory,
I do beseech thee, slay me first, and quickly;
'Tis that my father may not see my death."
Callias.— Oh, cruel kindness! and I would have closed
Thine eyes with such a fond and gentle pressure;
I would have smooth'd thy beauteous limbs and laid
My head upon thy breast, and died with thee.
Olybius.— Good father! Once I thought to call thee so,
How do I envy thee this her last fondness;
She had no dying thought of me. Go on.
Officer.— With that the headsman wiped from his swarth cheeks
A moisture like to tears. But she, meanwhile,
On the cold block composed her head, and cross'd
Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce heaved.
She was so tranquil; cautious, lest her garments
Should play the traitors to her modest care.
And as the cold wind touch'd her naked neck,
And fann'd away the few unbraided hairs,
Blushes o'erspread her face, and she look'd up
As softly to reproach his tardiness;
And some fell down upon their knees, some clasp'd
Their hands, enamor'd even to admiration
Of that half-smiling face and bending form.
Callias.— But he — but he — the savage executioner?
Officer.— He trembled.
Callias.— Ha! God's blessing on his head!
And the axe slid from out his palsied hand?
Officer.— He gave it to another,

Callias.— And ——
Officer.— It fell.
Callias.— I see it —
I see it like the lightning flash — I see it,
And the blood bursts — my blood! — my daughter's blood!
Off — let me loose!
Officer.— Where goest thou?
Callias.— To the Christian,
To learn the faith in which my daughter died,
And follow her as quickly as I may.
— *The Martyr of Antioch.*

GOOD-FRIDAY.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints that burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knee we bow,
Son of God 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By that last and bitter cry
The ghost given up in agony;

JOHN MILTON.

By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquests He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

MILTON, JOHN, an English poet; born at London, December 9, 1608; died there, November 8, 1674. His father acquired a competence as a scrivener, or, conveyancer. Of his parents and early life, Milton thus wrote in after years:

I was born in London of an honest family. My father was distinguished by the undeviating integrity of his life; my mother by the esteem in which she was held, and by the alms which she bestowed. My father destined me from a child to the pursuits of humane letters. He had me daily instructed in the grammar-school and by other masters at home. After I had acquired a proficiency in various languages, and had made considerable progress in philosophy, he sent me to the University of Cambridge, where I passed seven years

in the usual course of studies, with the approbation of the good, and without any stain upon my character, till I took the degree of Master of Arts.

Milton left the university at the age of twenty-four. His father had retired from active business to an estate which he had purchased at Horton, about seventeen miles from London. This was Milton's home for the ensuing five years. He thus describes his way of life there:

On my father's estate I enjoyed an interval of uninterrupted leisure, which I entirely devoted to the perusal of the Greek and Latin classics, though I occasionally visited the metropolis either for the sake of purchasing books or learning something new in mathematics or in music. In this manner I spent five years until my mother's death. I then became anxious to visit foreign parts, and particularly Italy. My father gave his consent, and I left home with one servant.

Milton had written up to this time several college exercises, mostly in Latin; the Odes on the *Nativity,* the *Circumcision,* and the *Passion;* the companion poems *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso,* and a few other short pieces. In the sonnet *On Being Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three* he takes himself somewhat to task for having as yet done so little. The fruits of his five years at Horton were the masque of *Comus,* and the elegy of *Lycidas.*

The history of *Comus* runs thus: In 1634 John Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, had been made "President of Wales." It was resolved that this event should be appropriately celebrated at his seat, Ludlow Castle, not far from Horton. Among the attractions was to be a "masque," or what we should style an "amateur

musical entertainment," for which Milton's friend, tuneful Harry Lawes, was to compose the music, and he induced Milton to write the words. It so happened that not long before two young sons of the Earl, and their sister, the Lady Alice Egerton, had lost their way at night in the neighboring forest. This incident furnished the theme for the masque. The human characters were represented by the Lady Alice and her two brothers. The super-human characters were the Attendant Spirit, represented by Harry Lawes, who did much of the singing; Comus, a magician, leader of a crew of half-human, half-bestial revellers, who were wont to hold nightly orgies in the forest, and Sabrina, the pure "Water Nymph of the Severn," whose aid had to be invoked to free the lady from the spell which had been thrown over her by Comus. The masque opens with a prologue, said or sung by the Attendant Spirit.

THE PROLOGUE TO COMUS.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth; and, with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on the golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
To such my errand is, and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure, ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn world.

And so on, for nearly a hundred lines. Then, hearing the approach of Comus and his crew, the spirit vanishes. The crew have hardly begun their orgies, when their leader hears the sound of footsteps. He assumes the disguise of a homely shepherd. Presently the lady appears, and breaks out into song, in the hope that she may be heard by her brothers. Comus draws near, speaking first to himself and then to the lady.

COMUS AND THE LADY.

Comus.— Can any earthly mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that heart,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Dwell'st thou with Pan or Silvanus, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak, unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood?
Lady.— Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addressed to unattending ears.
Not any boist of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Comus.— What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?
Lady.— Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.
Comus.— Could that divide you from near ushering guides?
Lady.— They left me weary on a grassy turf.
Comus.— By falsehood or discourtesy, or why?

Lady.— To seek i' th' valley some cool, friendly, spring.
Comus.— And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?
Lady.— They were but twain, and promised quick return.
Comus.— Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
Lady.— How easy my misfortune is to hit.
Comus.— Imports their loss besides the present's need?
Lady.— No less than if I should my brothers lose.
Comus.— Were they of manly prime or youthful bloom?
Lady.— As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

Comus tells the lady that he has not long before seen such a pair of youths, and can guide her to the place. If they are not there or thereabouts, he will take her to "a poor but loyal cottage," where she can rest in safety until morning, when the search can be resumed.

The scene now shifts to another part of the forest; the two brothers are in search of their sister. To them enters the Attendant Spirit, who has assumed the form of Thyrsis, a trusted servitor of their father. He tells them that he has by chance learned that their sister has been entrapped by the vile wizard Comus; but he has come into possession of "a small, unsightly root," which is a sure protection against all enchantments; and gives them instructions what to do.

The scene again changes into an enchanted palace, whither the lady has been beguiled by Comus, where a magnificent banquet is set out. The lady has unwittingly seated herself in an enchanted chair, from which she cannot rise. Comus plies her with seductive blandishments, which she indignantly repels. The brothers rush in, sword in hand, and put Comus

and his crew to flight. But they have forgotten one part of their instruction: the spell which held the lady fast bound in the chair is unbroken. The spirit, still wearing the guise of Thyrsis, now enters, and bethinks himself that there is yet one resource. This is to invoke the aid of Sabrina, the chaste Water Nymph of the Severn. She is invoked in song, and answers the summons. The last two scenes of the masque are mainly musical; and for them we may be sure that "tuneful Harry" composed his best music, and sang his part in his best manner.

THE SPIRIT OF SABRINA.

Spirit.— Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.
Sabrina.— Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity.
Brightest lady, look on me:
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon my finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy ruby lip.
Next this marble venomed seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms, moist and cold.
Now the spell has lost its hold,
And I must haste, ere morning's hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

The Nymph vanishes, amidst a burst of music. Thyrsis conducts the lady and her brothers to their father's castle, where great rejoicings are going on.

No one has dreamed of the perils through which the lady and her brothers have passed, for the whole action of the drama has taken place within the few hours after late nightfall and before early dawn. The Spirit now puts off the human shape of Thyrsis, and sings the Epilogue, which closes the masque.

EPILOGUE, BY THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT.

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
  There I suck the liquid air
  All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree.
  Along the crispèd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
  The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring;
  There eternal Summer dwells,
And the west winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
  Nard and cassia's balmy smells;
Iris there, with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
  Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can show,
  And drenches with celestial dew
  (List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft; and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian Queen;
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced
After her wandering labors long,

Till free consent the gods among
  Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born —
Youth and Joy — so Joy hath sworn.
  But now my task is sweetly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corner of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue — she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Comus was written in Milton's twenty-sixth year. *Lycidas,* written three years later, is an elegy upon Edward King, a promising young man, who had been a college friend of Milton, and was drowned while voyaging across the Irish Sea. Several of his college friends united to get up a little memorial volume to him, to which Milton contributed the monody of *Lycidas.* Milton idealizes himself and his studious friend as shepherd youths, tending their flocks, and playing upon oaten flutes to dancing Satyrs and goat-heeled Fauns, and even the stolid college tutor is transformed into the old shepherd Damœtas. "In this monody," says Milton, "the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in 1637; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height."

A LAMENT FOR LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And with forced fingers rude,
Scatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead — dead ere his prime —
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas! He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear. . . .
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
And never must return!

— *Lycidas.*

TRUE FAME.

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds),
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.
"But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies:
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."
— *Lycidas.*

Early in 1638, Milton, at the age of thirty, set out upon his visit to Italy. In his *Second Defence* he gives a minute account of his doings there, and of the favorable reception which he met at Florence, Rome, Naples, and elsewhere.

Soon after his return he hired a house in London, where, as he writes, "I again with rapture renewed my literary pursuits, and where I calmly awaited the issue of the contest, which I trusted to the wise conduct of Providence and the courage of the people." Mr. Phillips, the husband of Milton's only sister, had died, leaving two young sons. He undertook the charge of their education; and in time several sons of his friends were received into his house to share in his instructions.

Of all Milton's prose writings the one most interesting to after-times is *The Reason of Church Govern-*

ment Urged against Prelacy, written in 1641; not, indeed, on account of its polemics, but for the Introduction, in which he excuses himself for having — temporarily as he thought — abandoned poetry for polemics; and in which he foreshadows the nature of the poem which was yet to be. These two things he sets forth with a magnificence of diction altogether unequalled.

A COVENANT WITH THE READER.

The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse that urgent reason hath plucked from me by an abortive and o'erdated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that no man hath by more studious ways endeavored, and with more unwearied spirit none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend; and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of Prelaty, under whose inquisitorious and tyrranical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish.

Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher-fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases.

To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs. Till which in some measure be compassed at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sus-

tain this expectation from as many as are not loath to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them.— *Against the Prelacy.*

THE MISSION OF THE POET.

These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but to some in every age (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power beside the office of a pulpit to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly, through faith, against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship.

Lastly, whatever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave; whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of what men call fortune from without or the wily subleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within — all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe; teaching over the whole book of sancity and virtue through all the instances of example, and with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult — though they be indeed easy and pleasant — they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed.— *Against the Prelacy.*

Late in the spring of 1643, when Milton was in his thirty-fifth year, he left London, without telling anyone where he was going, or for what purpose. He

came back in a month, bringing with him a young wife, just half his age. She was Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a Royalist gentleman whose seat was near Oxford. In a few weeks she asked to pay a short visit to her parents. A few days after Milton received a message saying that she would never return to his house. The only plausible reason assigned for this desertion is that the "Cavaliers" seemed to be getting the upper hand, and Sir Richard wished to cut loose from his Puritan son-in-law. This separation lasted a couple of years, when a turn took place in the aspect of public affairs. The "Roundheads" got the upper hand, and the crushing defeat of the Royalists at Naseby in 1645 established the Parliamentary supremacy. The foolish young wife sought to be reconciled with her husband, and came back to his house, and with her came her father's whole family. This renewed married life of Milton, which seemed not to have been an unhappy one, lasted for seven years, until it was ended, in 1653, by the death of his wife, who left him three daughters, the oldest being only seven years old. Milton was afterward twice married, in 1655 to Elizabeth Woodcock, who died fifteen months later, and to whose memory he addressed a touching sonnet; and in 1664, when he was fifty-six years old, to Elizabeth Minshull, who was thirty years his junior, and who survived him more than half a century.

One early tractate by Milton, the *Areopagitica, a Plea for Unlicensed Printing,* published in 1644, deserves special mention for the sake of one of the noblest passages in his prose writings:

A BOOK NOT A DEAD THING.

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concealment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do not contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature — God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself — kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed — sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to a whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal essence, the breath of reason itself — slays an immortality rather than a life.— *Areopagitica.*

Milton's *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio* was written a few years later, in reply to Salmasius. But this once famous work was written in Latin, and lacks

something of the magnificent sweep of diction which characterizes Milton's style when writing in his native English.

By the deposition and execution of Charles I. England for a while ceased to be a kingdom, and came to be a commonwealth. The new Government saw that John Milton was a man not to be dispensed with. A new office was created for him — that of Latin Secretary to the "Council of State," which assumed the administrative functions of the commonwealth. The salary affixed to this office was £288 a year. He had also an official residence assigned to him; and as he had, moreover, a good private income derived from his father, he may fairly be considered to have been wealthy man.

Milton's eyesight began to fail perceptibly as early as 1641, and in 1652, shortly after the completion of his *Defence of the English People,* he became totally blind. Two of his most touching sonnets relate to his blindness, which is also several times spoken of in *Paradise Lost.*

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide
  Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
  Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?
  I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
  Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
  Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
  They also serve who only stand and wait.

The composition of *Paradise Lost* was begun as early as 1658, but the work at first proceeded slowly, and was not finished until seven years later. It was written from his dictation by one person and another. It is possible, though by no means certain, that one of his daughters acted occasionally as his amanuensis.

The original draft of *Paradise Lost* was probably copied by Edward Phillips, a nephew of Milton, who had some literary pretensions; and to his care is doubtless owing the remarkably correct manner in which the first edition was printed in 1667. Of this great poem we need not speak at length. Its finest passages are known wherever the English language is spoken. The weakest part is the Sixth Book, wherein the "affable angel" Gabriel narrates to Adam the celestial colloquies between the Father and the Son, and the conflicts between Michael and his angel and Satan and his angels. But herein also is the magnificent passage describing the triumph of the Messiah.

THE TRIUMPH OF MESSIAH.

Forth rushed with whirlwind sound
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, both convoyed
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with stars, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the showery arch.

He, in celestial panoply all armed
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory

Sate, eagle-winged; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored,
And from about him fierce effusion rolled
Of smoke and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints
He onward came; far off his coming shone.
So spake the Son, and into terror changed
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night. Under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infixed
Plagues. They, astonished, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropped.
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
That wished the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows from the fourfold-visaged Four,
Distinct with eyes; and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitudes of eyes.
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accursed, that withered all their strength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drained,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.
The overthrown he raised, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,
Drove them before him, thunder-struck, pursued

With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven, which opening wide
Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urged them behind; headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath
Burned after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard the unsufferable noise; hell saw
Heaven ruining Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell. Confounded chaos roared,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout
Incumbered him with ruin. Hell at last
Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed;
Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburdened Heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired
Her mural breach, returning whence it rolled.
Sole victor from the expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turned:
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign. He, celebrated, rode,
Triumphant through mid-Heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father throned.
On high; who into glory him received.
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

— *Paradise Lost, Book VI.*

Another noble passage is the closing one of the poem, where our first parents, after sad but yet hopeful discourse — for promise had been given them that

the Paradise now lost shall yet be regained — take their last look at Eden.

THE DEPARTURE FROM EDEN.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard,
Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as the evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime. Whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

— *Paradise Lost, Book XII.*

Paradise Regained, composed shortly after the completion of *Paradise Lost,* at the suggestion of Milton's young Quaker friend, Thomas Elwood (so he tells us), though not to be compared as a whole with *Paradise Lost,* is yet a noble poem, and contains a few passages worthy to stand side by side with all but the best passages in *Paradise Lost.* It is to be noted that

in Milton's view the work of redemption was accomplished not by the death of Jesus — which was in a manner involuntary — but by his voluntary obedience to the divine law in resisting the temptations of the Arch-Enemy of God and man; that as Paradise was lost through the disobedience of one man, so it was regained by the obedience of "one greater Man."

Samson Agonistes, the last considerable poetical work of Milton, is a drama constructed upon the Greek model, with only four or five speaking characters and a chorus. In perhaps the finest passage of the drama he puts into the mouth of the blinded Samson words which he must now and then have murmured of his own blindness.

SAMSON'S LAMENT OVER HIS BLINDNESS.

But chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased;
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me.
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seemed to live, dead more than half,
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark; total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great Word
"Let there be light, and light was over all,"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
— *Samson Agonistes.*

Milton died suddenly in his sixty-sixth year. He was buried beside his father in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. Vaughn says of his later years:

MILTON IN HIS LATER YEARS.

An aged clergyman who had seen him in his later years describes him as seated in a small chamber hung with rusty green, in an elbow-chair, dressed in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and feet gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used also to sit in a gray, warm cloth coat at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields in warm, sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air. And so, as well as in his room, he received the visits of distinguished poets as well as quality. He took little wine, and was very simple in his diet. In early life he injured his sight and his general health by night study, subsequently he learned to get a fair night's rest, going to bed at nine, and rising in the summer at four, in the winter at five. Should he not be disposed to rise at that hour, someone commonly read to him. After rising he listened to the reading of a chapter from the Hebrew Bible. He then followed his studies till midday. After a brief out-door exercise he dined, then played on the organ or sang, or requested his wife, who had a good voice to sing to him. He then resumed his mental occupations until six. From six to eight he received visitors. Between eight and nine he took a supper of olives and some light food, smoked his pipe of tobacco, drank his glass of water, and retired to rest.

MINNESINGERS, a name given to the early German lyric poets or minstrels who sang the sentiments or traditions of the feudal barons of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

After the fall of the Roman empire, literature, as well as the arts and sciences, languished in Continental Europe. From Constantinople to Britain the country was devastated by savage hordes—Lombards, who drank wine from their victims' skulls; Huns, more cruel than the beasts they roamed among; Franks and Goths, devoid of human feeling — whose chief aim in life seemed to be to destroy all vestiges of the civilization of preceding ages — to sack cities, demolish aqueducts and bridges, lay waste the highly tilled countries, destroy the harbors, and harass trade and the arts of peace. The robber baron's tenderest sentiment was his delight in pillage, his commoner feelings were those of hatred, cruelty, and revenge. Civilization, assailed on all sides, fell into seemingly hopeless decay. Famine desolated the west, the fine fabrics of Tyre and Tarentum gave place to the unfashioned skin of boar and mountain-goat. The barbarians lived in caves and hollow trees, and only congregated for greater strength to fight a common foe, then fell to fighting over the spoils. The defenceless and the weak sought safety beneath the rude standard of the strong, and the feudal system grew into being. The savage Gaul, safe in his rocky Rhine cliff, told off his fighting men and kept the aged, simple, and infirm to sing his praise and while away his leisure hours. In Southern France, in castle halls, the troubadour sang of bravery

and love, and the proud knight called in retainer, friend, and wayfarer to hear his praises sung, and sent mayhap the minstrel forth to cry his fame in foeman's ear.

A deep vein of poetry runs through the Teutonic nature, and it appears to have revealed itself in the earliest times. The historical instinct, however, seems to have been entirely wanting in early German rhymes. The *Nibelungenlied,* not yet written, but carried in the memory of numerous bards, brings together mythical heroes and real personages separated by centuries of time. The treasures of Old High and Low German literature are nearly all lost, but from the fragments that have been preserved we can at least make out the themes with which many of them dealt. Ermanrick, the famous Gothic King, of the fourth century, was the subject of a large number of poetic legends. Siegfried was a great epic hero, and from about the seventh century he appears no longer to have been treated as superhuman. The story of the overthrow by Attila of the Burgundian King Gunther assumed many forms and was later interwoven with the story of Siegfried. Around the name of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, as Dietrich, several legends soon grouped themselves. The old ballads, which were intended to be recited as well as sung, were handed down from generation to generation and necessarily underwent many changes. They were preserved by professional minstrels as well as in the folklore. Many of these minstrels were blind men, and in their solitary wanderings from place to place the ancient legends must often have assumed in their minds new shapes. During the Hohenstaufen dynasty German literature took a long stride. The knights of the Crusades, animated

by the noblest aims and surrounded by circumstances favorable to poetic inspiration, became singers of songs of valor and chivalry, and, forming friendships in the Holy Land with French nobles who did not forget in Palestine the romantic songs of their own troubadours, the better German minds caught the inspiration and longed to distinguish themselves by similar achievements. The rude recital of heroic deeds, modified by the tenderer sentiments of love and duty, became a song of love or the real minne song. The poets of the age of Chivalry did not confine themselves to imitation of the French troubadours, but under the influence of the clergy and the early alliterative poets of their own land they collected and remoulded the legends of Siegfried, Gunther, Dietrich, and Attila. Of these poets the greatest was he who collected and arranged the stories which compose the *Nibelungenlied*. He needed to curtail, arrange, and clothe in later garb rather than to invent, and this he did with the true genius of a poet, and bound the poesy with the story of the love and revenge of Kriemhild, the sister of Gunther and Siegfried's wife. *Gudrun* is another epic which gave form to several old legends which had for centuries been current in Scandinavia and Friesland, and the society they represent is essentially the same as that of the *Nibelungenlied* — men rude, warlike, and loyal, women independent and faithful. The chivalric spirit of the age, however, was not content with legend and fancy. Every poet and nearly every knight had his own love song or minne-song. They began by imitating the troubadours, but later it became a point of honor for each knight or singer to invent a stanza and metre of his own.

Of all the Minnesingers the first place belongs to Walther von der Vogelweide, born in Tyrol, who lived for some time in the Wartburg and was a friend of King Philip and Frederick II.; he died on a little estate which the latter had given him in fief. He was a manly character, and, besides the usual themes of his contemporaries he wrote with enthusiasm of his native land. He also alludes to the strife between the secular and spiritual powers. He wrote with more ease and delights us more than any of his fellow-singers. The structure of his verse, instead of hampering his feelings, seems to provide conditions of the most perfect freedom. His *Unter der Linden an der Heide,* with its musical refrain *Tandaradei,* is a masterpiece of art, exquisite in its simplicity, with the apparent spontaneity of a bird's song and the grace of a flower.

Walther was only a wandering gleeman, yet his voice was heard far and wide through Germany. He was considered a powerful enemy and a desirable friend. During his time poetry was a great influence among the people, and his songs flew through the world as a popular ditty in the present day makes the rounds of the music-halls and is soon on every tongue. Walther tried his fortune as a political singer, and though he changed his politics with his patrons, his principles remained always the same. He was an earnest patriot, a devout Christian, and an ardent lover. The height of his ambition was to own a little home, but circumstances compelled the greatest poet of his time to live a wandering vagabond until finally the Emperor Frederick II. gave him a small estate, probably in Wurzburg. The poor man cannot restrain his joy at this, and exclaims in one of his poems: "I have

a fief; hearken, all the world! I have a fief!" We reproduce *Unter der Linden* (the original) and a translation by A. E. Kroeger:

UNTER DER LINDEN.

Unter der linden
An der heide,
Dâ unser zweier bette was,
Dâ mûget ir vinden
Schône beide
Gebrochen bluomen unde grass,
Vor dem walde in einem tal,

Tandaradei!
Schône sanc din nahtegal.

Ich Kam gegangen
Zuo der ouwe;
Dô was nûn friedel komen ê,
Dâ wart ich enpfangen,
Hêre frouwe!
Daz ich bin sælic iemer mê,

Kuste er mich? wol tûsent stunt;
Tandaradei!
Sehet, wie rôt mir ist der munt.

Dô het er gemachet
Alsô riche
Von bluomen eine bettestat.

Des wirt noch gelachet
Innecliche,
Kumt eimen an daz selbe pfat.

Bî den rôsen er wol mac,
Tandaradei!
Merken wâ mir'z houbet lac.

Daz er bi mir læge,
Wesse ez iemen
(Nu enwelle got!) sô schamte ich mich
Wes er mit mir pflæge,
Niemer niemen

UNDER THE LINDEN.

Under the linden,
On the meadow,
Where our bed arrangèd was.
There now you may find e'en
In the shadow
Broken flowers and crushèd grass,
Near the woods, down in the vale,
Tandaradi!
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

I poor begrieved me
Came to the prairie;
Look, my lover'd gone before.
There he received me—
Gracious Mary!—
That now with bliss I'm brimming o'er,
Kissed he me? Ah, thousand hours!
Tandaradi!
See my mouth how red it flowers.

There 'gan he making
Oh, so cheery!
From flowers a bed-place rich outspread.
At which outbreaking
In laughter merry
You'll find whoe'er the path does tread.
By the roses he can see,
Tandaradi!
Where my head lay cosily.

How he caressed me—
Knew't one ever—
God defend! ashamed I should be
Whereto he pressed me,
No, no, never

Beirude daz wan er und ich
Unde ein Kleinez vogellîn;
Tandaradei!
Daz mac wol getriuwe sîn.

Shall any know't but him and me
And a birdlet in the tree;
Tandaradi!
Sure we can trust it, cannot we?

SPRING AND WOMEN.

When from the sod the flowerets spring,
And smile to meet the sun's bright ray,
When birds their sweetest carols sing,
In all the morning pride of May,
What lovelier than the prospect there?
Can earth boast anything so fair?
To me it seems an almost heaven,
So bounteous to my eyes that vision bright is given.

But when a lady chaste and fair,
Noble, and clad in rich attire,
Walks through the throng with gracious air,
As sun that bids the stars retire —
Then where are all thy boastings, May?
What hast thou beautiful and gay?
Compared with that supreme delight?
We leave thy loveliest flowers and watch that lady bright.

Wouldst thou believe me, come and place
Before thee all this pride of May·
Then look but on my lady's face,
And which is best and brightest say,
For me, how soon (if choice were mine)
This would I take and that resign,
And say, "Though sweet thy beauties, May,
I'd rather forfeit all than lose my lady gay!"

— *Translation of* E. TAYLOR.

Though Walther was perhaps the greatest Minnesinger of whom we have any authentic account, he was preceded by and doubtless influenced by others,

among whom was the Austrian, Dietmar von Aist, who was continually singing of lovely ladies, and his wooing seems to have been amply rewarded, for we read that the women all longed for him, each grudging his favors shown to another. He seems to have gone about like a veritable Don Juan, hurrying along from one conquest to another.

THE FALCON.

By the heath stood a lady
All lonely and fair;
As she watched for her lover,
A falcon flew near.
"Happy falcon!" she cried,
"Who can fly where he list
And can choose in the forest
The tree he loves best!

"Thus, too, I had chosen
One knight for my own,
Him my eye had selected,
Him prized I alone;
But other fair ladies
Have envied my joy;
And why, for I sought not
Their bliss to destroy.

"As to thee, lovely Summer,
Returns the bird's strain,
As on yonder green linden
The leaves spring again,
So constant doth grief
At my eyes overflow,
And wilt not thou, dearest,
Return to me now?

"Yes, come, my own hero,
All others desert;
When first my eye saw thee

How graceful thou wert,
How fair was thy presence,
How graceful, how bright!
Think then of me only,
My own chosen knight!"

— *Translation of* E. TAYLOR.

RECOLLECTIONS.

There sat upon the linden-tree
A bird, and sang its strain;
So sweet it sang, that, as I heard,
My heart went back again:
It went to one remembered spot,
I saw the rose-trees grow,
And thought again the thoughts of love
There cherished long ago.

A thousand years to me it seems
Since by my fair I sate,
Yet thus to have been a stranger long
Was not my choice, but fate.
Since then I have not seen the flowers,
Nor heard the birds' sweet song;
My joys have all too briefly passed,
My griefs been all too long.

— *Translation of* E. TAYLOR.

Conrad Kirchberg was another Minnesinger, of whom we only know that he flourished during the latter half of the eleventh century. Several of his poems have come down to us.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

May, sweet May, again is come,
May that frees the land from gloom.
Children, children, up, and see
All her stores of jollity.
On the laughing hedgerow's side

She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody
Hill and dale, are May's own treasures
Youths, rejoice in sportive measures;
  Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
  Hail this merry, merry May!
Up then, children! We will go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company,
We the bursting flowers will see.
Up! your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May has pleasures more inviting.
Heart and sight and ear delighting.
Listen to the birds' sweet song;
Hark, how soft it floats along!
Country dames, our pleasures share;
Never saw I sky so fair;
Therefore dancing forth we go.
Youths, rejoice! the flowerets blow!
  Sing we! join the chorus gay,
  Hail this merry, merry May!

—*Translation of* E. TAYLOR.

MINTO, WILLIAM, a Scottish critic and journalist; born in Alford Parish, Aberdeenshire, October 10, 1845; died at Aberdeen, March 1, 1893. He won high honors at Aberdeen University in the classics, philosophy, and mathematics. He then studied for a year at Oxford, after which he was for several years the assistant of Professor Bain at Aberdeen. In 1872 he published a *Manual of English*

Prose Literature; and in 1874 *Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley.* In the latter year he became editor of the *Examiner,* and held the position for four years, afterward being on the editorial staff of the London *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette.* In 1880 he was appointed Professor of Logic in Aberdeen University. Besides his previously mentioned works he published *Daniel Defoe,* in the series of *English Men of Letters* (1879); *The Crack of Doom,* a novel (1885); *Logic, Inductive and Deductive* (1893); *Literature of the Georgian Era,* posthumously (1895), and contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* biographical sketches of *Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Dickens,* and other literary men.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the vitality of *Robinson Crusoe* is a happy accident, and that others of Defoe's tales have as much claim in point of merit to permanence. *Robinson Crusoe* has lived longest because it lives most, because it was detached, as it were, from its own time and organized for separate existence. It is the only one of Defoe's tales that shows what he could do as an artist.

We might have seen from the others that he had the genius of a great artist; here we have the possibility realized, the convincing proof of accomplished work. *Moll Flanders* is in some respects superior as a novel. Moll is a much more complicated character than the simple, open-minded, manly mariner of York; a strangely mixed compound of craft and impulse, selfishness and generosity; in short, a thoroughly bad woman, made bad by circumstances. In tracing the vigilant resolution with which she plays upon human weakness, the spasms of compunction which shoot across her wily designs, the selfish after-thoughts which paralyze her generous impulses, her fits of dare-devil courage and uncontrollable

panic, and the steady current of good-humored satisfaction with herself which makes her chuckle equally over mishaps and successes, Defoe has gone much more deeply into the springs of action, and sketched a much richer page in the natural history of his species than in *Robinson Crusoe*. True, it is a more repulsive page, but that is not the only reason why it has fallen into comparative oblivion, and exists as a parasite upon the more popular work.

It is not equally well constructed for the struggle of existence among books. No book can live forever which is not firmly organized round some central principle of life; and that principle in itself imperishable. It must have a heart and members; the members must be soundly compacted and the heart superior to decay. In *Robinson Crusoe* we have real growth from a vigorous germ. The central idea round which the tale is organized, the position of a man cast ashore on a desert island, abandoned to his own resources, suddenly shot beyond help or counsel from his fellow-creatures, is one that must live as long as the uncertainty of human life.

The germ of *Robinson Crusoe*, the actual experience of Alexander Selkirk, went floating about for several years, and more than one artist dallied with it, till it finally settled and took root in the mind of the one man of his generation most capable of giving it a home and working out its artistic possibilities. Defoe was the only man of letters in his time who might have been thrown on a desert island without finding himself at a loss what to do. The art required for developing the position in imagination was not of a complicated kind, and yet it was one of the rarest of gifts. Something more was wanted than simply conceiving what a man in such a situation would probably feel and probably do. Above all, it was necessary that his perplexities should be unexpected; and his expedients for meeting them unexpected, yet both perplexities and expedients so real and life-like that, when we were told them, we should wonder we had not thought of them before. One gift was indispensable for this, however many might be accessory, the genius of circumstantial invention — not a very exalted order

of genius, perhaps, but quite as rare as any other intellectual prodigy. . . .

Looking at Defoe's private life, it is not difficult to understand the peculiar fascination which such a problem as he solved in *Robinson Crusoe* must have had for him. It was not merely that he had passed a life of uncertainty, often on the verge of precipices, and often saved from ruin by a buoyant energy which seems almost miraculous; not merely that, as he said of himself in one of his diplomatic appeals for commiseration,

> "No man hath tasted differing fortunes more,
> For thirteen times have I been rich and poor."

But when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe,* it was one of the actual chances of his life, and by no means a remote one, that he might be cast all alone on an uninhabited island. We see from his letters to De la Faye how fearful he was of having "mistakes" laid to his charge by the Government in the course of his secret services. His former changes of party had exposed him, as he well knew, to suspicion. A false step, a misunderstood paragraph, might have had ruinous consequences for him. If the Government had prosecuted him for writing anything offensive to them, refusing to believe that it was put in to amuse the Tories, transportation might very easily have been the penalty. He had made so many enemies in the press that he might have been transported without a voice being raised in his favor, and the mob would not have interfered to save a Government spy from the plantations. . . . But whatever it was that made the germ idea of *Robinson Crusoe* take root in Defoe's mind, he worked it out as an artist.

Artists of a more emotional type might have drawn much more elaborate and affecting word-pictures of the mariner's feelings in various trying situations, gone much deeper into his changing moods, and shaken our souls with pity and terror over the solitary castaway's alarms and fits of despair. Defoe's aims lay another way. This Crusoe is not a man given to the luxury of

grieving. If he had begun to pity himself, he would have been undone. Perhaps Defoe's imaginative force was not of a kind that could have done justice to the agonies of a shipwrecked sentimentalist; he has left no proof that it was; but if he had represented Crusoe bemoaning his misfortunes, brooding over his fears, or sighing with Ossianic sorrow over his lost companions and friends, he would have spoiled the consistency of the character. The lonely man had his moments of panic and his days of dejection, but they did not dwell in his memory. Defoe no doubt followed his own natural bent, but he also showed true art in confining Crusoe's recollections as closely as he does to his efforts to extricate himself from difficulties that would have overwhelmed a man of softer temperament. The subject had fascinated him, and he found enough in it to engross his powers without traveling beyond its limits for diverting episodes, as he does more or less in all the rest of his tales. The diverting episodes in *Robinson Crusoe* all help the verisimilitude of the story.— *Daniel Defoe.*

MISTRAL, FRÉDÉRICK, a French poet; born at Maillane, near Saint Rémy, September 8, 1830. His father, a wealthy farmer, sent him to college at Avignon and Montpelier. He then studied law at Aix, and, having taken his diploma, returned home, and soon became a member of a small society of young men styling themselves *félibres*, all of whom, as pupils in early life of Joseph Roumanille, a Provençal school-master, had become imbued with an enthusiastic admiration for the southern speech. Their object was the revival and popularization in literature of the Provençal dialect. Mistral conceived the

idea of employing it in sustained poetic narrative, and in 1859 produced *Miréio,* a tale of love and sorrow, filled with charming pictures of nature and of unsophisticated life. It was published with a parallel French version, and was enthusiastically received. In 1867 he published another poem, *Calendau;* in 1875 another entitled *Lis Isclo d'Or* (The Golden Shoes); *Tresor dóu Félibrige* (2 vols., 1878–86), a dictionary of the dialects of Provence; *Nerto* (1884), a Provençal romance; *La Rèmo Jano* (1890), a tragedy. *Miréio* has been translated into English prose by H. C. Grant, and into English verse by H. Crichton and Harriet Waters Preston, the last of whom has given in her volume *Troubadours and Trouvères* several beautiful passages from *Calendau.*

THE FLIGHT OF MIRÉIO.

Miréio lay upon her little bed,
Clasping in both her hands her burning head.
Dim was the chamber; for the stars alone
Saw the maid weep, and her piteous moan,
"Help, Mother Mary, in my sore distress
Oh, cruel Fate! Oh, Father pitiless, . . .

"I would the wealthy lands that make me weep
Were hid forevermore in the great deep!
Ah, had I in a serpent's hole been born,
Of some poor vagrant, I were less forlorn!
For then if any lad, my Vincen even,
Had asked my hand, mayhap it had been given."

So on her pallet the sweet maid lay sobbing,
Fire in her heart and every vein a-throbbing,
And all the happy time remembering —
Oh, calm and happy! — of her love's fair spring,
Until a word in Vincen's very tone
Comes to her memory. "'Twas you, my own,—

"'Twas you," she cried, "Came one day to the farm,
And said, 'If ever thou dost come to harm,—
If any lizard, wolf, or poisonous snake
Even should wound thee with its fang — betake
Thyself forthwith to the most holy Saints,
Who cure all ills, and hearken all complaints.'

"And sure I am in trouble now," she said:
"Therefore will go, and come back comforted."
Then lightly from her white cot glided she,
And straightway opened, with a shining key,
The wardrobe, where her own possessions lay:
It was of walnut good, and carven gay.

Here were her childhood's little treasures all,
Here sacredly she kept the coronal
Worn at her first communion, and anear
There lay a withered sprig of lavender;
And a wax taper almost burned, as well,
Once blessed, the distant thunder to dispel.

A smart red petticoat she first prepares,
Which she herself had quilted into squares,—
Of needle-work a very masterpiece;
And round her slender waist she fastens this;
And over it another, finer one
She draws; and next doth a black bodice don,

And fastens firmly with a pin of gold.
On her white shoulders, her long hair unrolled,
Curling, and loose like a dark garment, lay,
Which, gathering up, she swiftly coils away
Under a cap of fine, transparent lace;
Then decks the veiled tresses with all grace,

Thrice with a ribbon blue encircling them —
The fair young brow's Arlesian diadem.
Lastly, she adds an apron to the rest,
And folds a muslin kerchief o'er her breast.
In her dire haste, alone, the child forgat
The shallow-crowned, broad-rimmed Provençal hat,

That might have screened her from the mortal heat.
But so arrayed, crept forth on soundless feet
Adown the wooden staircase, in her hand
Her shoes, undid the heavy door-bar, and
Her soul unto the watchful saints commended,
As away like a wind of night she wended.

It was the hour when constellations keep
Their friendly watch o'er followers of the deep.
The eye of St. John's eagle flashed afar
As it alighted on a burning star
One of the three where the evangelist
Hath his alternate dwelling. Cloud nor mist

Defaced the dark serene of starlit sky;
But the great chariot of souls went by
On winged wheels along the heavenly road,
Bearing away from earth its blessed load.
Far up the shining steeps of Paradise,
The circling hills behold it as it flies.

—*Miréio; translation of* HARRIET W. PRESTON.

A PROVENÇAL BALLAD.

At Aries, in the Carlovingian days,
By the swift Rhône water,
A hundred thousand on either side,
Christian and Saracen fought till the tide
Ran red with the slaughter.

May God forfend such another flood
Of direful war!
The Count of Orange, on that black morn,
By seven great kings was overborne,
And fled afar

When as he would avenge the death
Of his nephew slain.
Now are the kings upon his trail:
He slays as he flies; like fiery hail
His sword-strokes rain.

He hies him into the Aliscamp,
No shelter there!
A Moorish hive in the house of the dead;
And hard he spurs his goodly steed
In his despair.

Over the mountain and over the wood
Flies Count Guillaume;
By sun and by moon he ever sees
The coming cloud of his enemies;
Thus gains his home,

Halts, and lifts at the castle gate
A mighty cry,
Calling his haughty wife by name:
"Guibour, Guibour, my gentle dame,
Open! 'Tis I!

"Open the gate to thy Guillaume,
Ta'en is the city
By thirty thousand Saracen,
Lo! they are hunting me to my den,
Guibour, have pity!"

But the countess from the rampart cried:
"Nay, chevalier,
I will not open my gates to thee;
For, save the women and babes," said she,
"Whom I shelter here,

"And the priest who keeps the lamps alight,
Alone am I.
My brave Guillaume and his barons all
Are fighting the Moor by the Aliscamp wall,
And scorn to fly!"

"Guibour, Guibour, it is I myself!
And those men of mine
(God rest their souls!) they are dead," he cried,
"Or rowing with slaves on the salt sea-tide.
I have seen the shine

"Of Arles on fire in the dying day
I have heard one shriek
Go up from all the arenas where
The nuns disfigure their bodies fair
Lest the Marron wreak

"His brutal will. Avignon's self
Will fall to-day!
Sweetheart, I faint; oh, let me in
Before the savage Mograbin
Fall on his prey!"

"I swear thou liest," cried Guibour.
"Thou base deceiver!
Thou art perchance thyself a Moor
Who whinest thus outside my door—
My Guillaume, never!

"Guillaume to look on burning towns,
And fired by—*thee!*
Guillaume to see his comrades die,
Or borne to sore captivity,
And then to *flee!*

"He knows not flight! He is a tower
Where others fly!
The heathen spoiler's doom is sure,
The Virgin's honor aye secure,
When he is by!"

Guillaume leapt up, his bridle set
Between his teeth,
While tears of love, and tears of shame,
Under his burning eyelids came,
And hard drew breath,

And seized his sword, and plunged his spurs
Right deep, and so
A storm, a demon, did descend
To roar and smite, to rout and rend
The Moorish foe.

As when one shakes an almond-tree,
The heathen slain
Upon the tender grass fall thick,
Until the flying remnant seek
Their ships again.

Four kings with his own hand he slew,
And when once more
He turned him homeward from the fight,
Upon the drawbridge long in sight
Stood brave Guibour.

"By the great gateway enter in,
My lord!" she cried,
And might no further welcome speak,
But loosed his helm, and kissed his cheek
With tears of pride.

— *Calendau; translation of* HARRIET W. PRESTON.

THE FISHER-FOLK.

I would you once had seen the goodly sight,
The Cassis men under the evening light!
And in the cool, when they put out to sea,
Hundreds of fishing craft go silently
And lightly forth, like a great flock of plover,
And spread abroad the heaving billows over.

And the wives linger in the lone door-ways,
Watching, with what a long and serious gaze!
For the last glimmer of the swelling sail.
And if the sea but freshen they turn pale;
For well they know how treacherous he is,
That cruel deep — for all his flatteries. . . .

But when the salt sea thunders with the shocks
Of rude assault from the great equinox,
And bits of foundered craft bestrew the shores,
Then can we naught but close our cottage doors,
And young and old about the warm fireside
Wait the returning of the summer-tide.

Ah! those were evenings — when the autumn gales
Blew loud, and mother mended the rent sails
With homespun thread; ay, and we youngsters, too,
Were set to drive the needle through and through
The gaping nets, and tie the meshes all
There where they hung suspended on the wall.

And in his tall chair by the ingle nook
My father sat, with aye some antique book
Laid reverently open on his knee.
And "Listen, and forget the rain," quoth he,
Blew back his mark, and read some tale divine
Of old Provençal days, by the fire-shine.
— *Calendau; translation of* HARRIET W. PRESTON.

MITCHEL, ORMSBY MCKNIGHT, an American astronomer; born at Morganfield, Ky., July 10, 1810; died at Beaufort, S. C., October 30, 1862. He was graduated from the Military Academy at West Point in 1829, was Assistant Professor of Mathematics there for two years. He resigned his commission in September, 1832, and opened a law office at Cincinnati. In 1836 he was chosen Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering in Cincinnati College. Among the subjects on which he lectured was astronomy, in which he soon became especially interested. He was invited to lecture upon astronomy outside the college. These lectures excited so much attention that he resolved to establish an observatory at Cincinnati. By his exertions funds were raised sufficient for the purchase of a fine telescope, and in 1842 he went to Europe in order to make the purchase, and to study the manner of working in the great Eng-

lish observatories. Upon his return, after six months, the erection of an observatory building was begun under his supervision, the corner-stone being laid by John Quincy Adams, November 9, 1843. Mitchel agreed to conduct the observatory for ten years without salary, he depending for support upon his salary as professor in the college. The observatory building was not quite finished when the college was destroyed by fire, and Mitchel's professorship came to an end. He resolved to lecture upon astronomy in order to raise funds. His lectures met with marked success throughout the country, and the purpose for which they were undertaken was accomplished. These lectures, ten in number, were published in a volume in 1848, under the title, *The Planetary and Stellar Worlds.*

In 1858 Professor Mitchel accepted the office of superintendent of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, N. Y., although he retained the nominal superintendency of the Cincinnati Observatory, the duties being performed by an assistant. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War Mitchel offered his services to the Government. Besides *The Planetary and Stellar Worlds*, he wrote *Popular Astronomy* (1860), and a fragment on *The Astronomy of the Bible*, published after his death (1863).

THE THEOSOPHY OF ASTRONOMY.

If there be anything which can lead the mind upward to the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe, and give to it an approximate knowledge of His incomprehensible attributes, it is to be found in the grandeur and beauty of His works.

If you would know His glory, examine the interminable range of suns and systems which crowd the Milky Way. Multiply the hundred millions of stars which

belong to our own "island universe" by the thousands of those astral systems that exist in space, within the range of human vision, and then you may form some idea of the infinitude of His kingdom: for, lo! these are but a part of His ways. Examine the scale on which the universe is built; comprehend, if you can, the vast dimensions of our sun. Stretch outward through his system, from planet to planet, and circumscribe the whole within the immense circumference of Neptune's orbit. This is but a single unit out of the myriads of similar systems. Take the wings of light, and flash with impetuous speed, day and night, and month and year, till youth shall wear away, and middle age is gone, and the extremest limit of human life has been attained. Count every pulse, and at each speed on your way one hundred thousand miles, and when a hundred years have rolled by, look out and behold! The thronging millions of blazing suns are still around you, each separated from the other by such a distance that in this journey of a century you have only left half a score behind you.

Would you gather some idea of the Eternity past of God's existence, go to the astronomer, and bid him lead you with him in one of his walks through space; and as he sweeps outward from object to object, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those filmy stains on the deep, pure blue of heaven, now falling on your eye, has been traversing space for a million years.

Would you gather some knowledge of the Omnipotence of God, weigh the earth on which we dwell; then count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone for the last six thousand years. Unite their strength into one arm, and test its power to move the earth. It could not stir it a single foot in a thousand years. And yet under the omnipotent hand of God not a minute passes that it does not fly for more than a thousand miles. But this is a mere atom — the most insignificant point among His innumerable worlds. At His bidding every planet and satellite and comet, and the sun himself, fly onward in their appointed courses. His single arm guides the millions of sweeping suns, and around His throne circles the great constellation of unnumbered universes.

Would you comprehend the idea of the omniscience of God, remember that the highest pinnacle of knowledge reached by the whole human race, by the combined efforts of its brightest intellects, has enabled the astronomer to compute approximately the perturbations of the planetary worlds. He has predicted roughly the returns of half a score of comets. But God has computed the mutual perturbations of millions of suns and planets and comets and worlds without number, through the ages that are passed and throughout the ages that are yet to come — not approximately, but with perfect and absolute precision. The universe is in motion — system rising above system, cluster above cluster, nebula above nebula — all majestically sweeping around under the providence of God, Who alone knows the end from the beginning, and before Whose glory and power all intelligent beings, whether in heaven or on earth, should bow with humility and awe.

Would you gain some idea of the wisdom of God, look to the admirable adjustments of the magnificent retinue of planets which sweep around the sun. Every globe has been weighed and poised, every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form. All is changing; but the laws fixed by the wisdom of God, though they permit the rocking to and fro of the system, never introduce disorder or lead to destruction. All is perfect and harmonious; and the music of the spheres that buzz and roll round our sun is echoed by that of ten millions of moving worlds that sing and shine around the bright suns that reign above.

If overwhelmed with the grandeur and majesty of the universe of God we are led to exclaim with the Hebrew poet-king, "when I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" If fearful that the eye of God may overlook us in the immensity of His kingdom, we have only to call to mind that other passage "Yet Thou hast made him but a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

dominion over all the works of Thy hand; Thou hast put all things under his feet." Such are the teachings of the Word, and such are the lessons of the works of God.— *The Planetary and Stellar Worlds.*

MITCHELL, Donald Grant ("Ik Marvel"), an American essayist and satirist; born at Norwich, Conn., April 12, 1822. He was graduated from Yale in 1841. In 1844 he went to Europe, where he spent two years, and collected materials for his first book, *Fresh Gleanings; or, A New Sheaf from the Old Field of Continental Europe* (1847). This and several of his later works appeared under the pseudonym of "Ik Marvel." In 1848 he again went to Europe, and was at Paris at the time of the outbreak in June of that year; scenes of which are narrated in his *Battle Summer* (1849). In 1853 he was appointed United States Consul at Venice; but soon resigned his position. In 1855 he purchased a farm of two hundred acres near New Haven, Conn., which he named Edgewood. Besides the books already mentioned, he published *The Lorgnette; or, Studies of the Town,* which first appeared in weekly numbers (1849); *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850); *Dream-Life* (1851); *My Farm of Edgewood* (1863); *Seven Stories, with a Basement and an Attic* (1864); *Wet Days at Edgewood* (1865); *Dr. Johns,* a novel (1866); *Pictures of Edgewood* (1869); *About Old Story-Tellers* (1877); *Daniel Tyler; a Memorial Volume* (1883); *English Lands and Letters* (1889–90); *English Lands, Letters, and Kings* (1889), and *American Lands and Letters* (1897).

REVERIES AND REALITIES.

This book is neither more nor less than it pretends to be. It is a collection of those floating reveries which have from time to time drifted across my brain. I never yet met with a bachelor who had not had his share of just such floating visions; and the only difference between us lies in the fact that I have tossed them from me in the shape of a rock. If they had been worked over with more unity of design, I dare say I might have made a respectable novel. As it is, I have chosen the honester way of setting them down as they came seething from my thought, with all their crudities and contrasts uncovered. As for the truth that lies in them, the world may believe what it likes; for, having written them to humor the world, it would be hard if I should curtail any of its privileges of judgment. I should think there was as much truth in them as in most reveries. . . .

As for the style of the book, I have nothing to say for it, except to refer to my title — *Reveries of a Bachelor: or, a Book of the Heart.* These are not Sermons, or Essays, or Criticisms; they are only reveries; and if the reader should stumble upon occasional magniloquence, or be worried with a little too much sentiment, pray let him remember that I am dreaming. But while I say this is in the hope of nicking off the wiry edge of my reader's judgment, I shall yet stand up boldly for the general tone and character of the book. If there is bad feeling in it, or insincerity, or shallow sentiment, or any foolish depth of affection displayed, I am responsible, and the critics may expose it to their heart's content.— *Reveries of a Bachelor.*

Dream-Life was dedicated to Washington Irving. To a new edition, shortly after the death of Irving, a chapter was prefixed relating to him.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the summer of 1852 Mr. Irving made a stay of a few weeks at Saratoga; and, by good fortune, I chanced to occupy a room upon the same corridor of the hotel, within a few doors of his, and shared many of his early morning walks to the "Spring." What at once struck me very forcibly in the course of these walks was the rare alertness and minuteness of his observation. Not a fair young face could dash past us in its drapery of muslin, but the eye of the old gentleman — he was then almost seventy — drank in all its freshness and beauty, with the keen appetite and the graceful admiration of a boy; not a dowager brushed past us, bedizened with finery, but he fastened the apparition of his memory with some piquant remark, as the pin of an entomologist fastens a gaudy fly. No rheumatic old hero-invalid, battered in long wars with the doctors, no droll marplot of a boy, could appear within range, but I could see in the changeful expression of my companion, the admeasurements and quiet adjustment of the appeal which either made upon his sympathy or his humor. A flower, a tree, a burst of music, a country market-man hoist upon his wagon of cabbage — all these by turns caught and engaged his attention, however little they might interrupt the flow of his talk.

He was utterly incapable of being "lionized." Time and again, under the trees in the court of the hotel, did I hear him enter upon some pleasant story, lighted up with that rare turn of his eye and by his deft expressions; when, as chance acquaintances grouped around him, as is the way of watering places, and eager listeners multiplied, his hilarity and spirit took a chill from the increasing auditory, and drawing abruptly to a close, he would sidle away with a friend, and be gone. . . .

I saw Mr. Irving afterward repeatedly in New York, and passed two delightful days at Sunnyside. I can never forget a drive with him on a crisp autumn morning through Sleepy Hollow and all the notable localities of his neighborhood, in the course of which he called my

attention, in the most unaffected and incidental way, to those which had been specially illustrated by his pen, and with a rare humor recounted to me some of his boyish adventures among the old Dutch farmers of that region.

Most of all it is impossible for me to forget the rare kindliness of his manner, his friendly suggestions, and the beaming expression of his eye. I met it last at the little stile from which I strolled away to the railway station. When I saw the kind face again it was in the coffin at the little church where he attended services. But the eyes were closed and the wonderful radiance of expression gone. It seemed to me that death never took away more from a living face. It was but a cold shadow lying there of the man who had taught a nation to love him.— *Dream-Life.*

THE INVENTION OF EDGEWOOD.

I have a recollection of making my way through the hedging lilacs, and ringing with nervous haste at the door-bell; and as I turned, the view from the slope seemed to me even wider and more enchanting than from the carriage. I have a fancy that a middle-aged man, with iron-gray whiskers, answered my summons in his shirt-sleeves, and proposed joining me directly under some trees which stood a little way to the north. I recollect dimly a little country coquetry of his about unwillingness to sell, or to name a price; and yet how he kindly pointed out to me the farm-lands which lay below upon the flat, and the valley where his cows were feeding just southward, and how the hills rolled up grandly westward, and were hemmed into the north by a heavy belt of timber. I think we are all hypocrites at a bargain. I suspect that I threw out casual objections to the house, and the distance, and the roughness; and yet have an uneasy recollection of thanking a certain friend of mine for having brought to my notice the most charming spot for a home which I had yet seen in my searches, and one which met my wishes in nearly every particular.

It seems to me that my ride back to town must have been very short, and my dinner a hasty one. I know I have a clear recollection of wandering afoot over those hills and that plateau of farm-land that very afternoon. I can recall distinctly the aspect of house and hills, as they came into view on my second drive from town; how a great stretch of forest, which lay in common, flanked the whole, so that the farm could be best and most intelligibly described as lying on the edge of the wood; and it seemed to me that, if it should be mine, it should wear the name of "Edgewood." It is the name it bears now. I will not detail the means by which the coyness of my iron-gray-haired friend was won over to a sale. It is enough to tell, that within six weeks from the day on which I had first sighted the view — and brushed through the lilac-hedge at the door — the place, from having been the home of another, had become a home of mine, and a new stock of *Lares* was blooming in the *atrium.— My Farm of Edgewood.*

A PICTURE OF RAIN.

Will any of our artists ever give us on canvas a good, rattling, saucy shower? There is room in it for a rare handling of the brush: — the vague, indescribable line of hills — as I see them to-day — the wild scud of gray, with fine gray lines, slanted by the wind and trending eagerly downward; the swift, petulant dash into the little pools of the highway, making fairy bubbles that break as soon as they form; the land smoking with an excess of moisture; and the pelted leaves all wincing and shining and adrip?

I know no painter who has so well succeeded in putting a wet sky into his pictures as Turner; and in this I judge him by the literal *chiaroscuro* of engraving. In proof of it, I take down from my shelf his *Rivers of France* — a book over which I have spent a great many pleasant hours; and idle ones, too, if it be idle to travel leagues at the turning of a page, and to see hill-sides spotty with vineyards, and great bridges wallowing through the Loire, and to watch the fishermen of Hon-

fleur putting to sea. There are skies in some of these pictures which make a man instinctively think of his umbrella, or of his distance from home. No actual rain-drifts stretching from them, but such unmistakable promise of a rainy afternoon in their little, parallel wisps of dark-bottomed clouds as would make a provident farmer order every scythe out of the field.

In *The Chair of Gargantau,* on which my eye falls, as I turn over the pages, an actual thunder-storm is breaking. The scene is somewhere upon the Lower Seine. From the middle of the left of the picture the lofty river-bank stretches far across, forming all the background; its extreme distance hidden by a bold thrust of the right bank, which juts into the picture just far enough to shelter a white village which lies gleaming upon the edge of the water. On all the foreground lies the river, broad as a bay. The storm is coming down the stream. Over the left spur of the bank, and over the meeting of the banks, it broods black as night. Through a little rift there is a glimpse of serene sky, from which a mellowed light streams down upon the edges and angles of a few cliffs upon the farther shore. All the rest is heavily shadowed. The edges of the coming tempest are tortuous and convulsed, and you know that a fierce wind is driving the black billows on: yet all the water under the lee of the shore is as tranquil as a dream. A white sail, near the white village, hangs slouchingly to the mast; but in the foreground the tempest has already caught the water. A tall lugger is scudding and careening under it as if mad. The crews of three fishermen's boats that toss on the vexed water are making a confused rush to shorten sail, and you may almost fancy that you hear their outcries sweeping down the wind. In the middle scene a little steamer is floating tranquilly on water which is yet calm, and a column of smoke piling up from its tall chimney rises for a space placidly enough, until the wind catches and whirls it before the storm. I would wager ten to one, upon the mere proof in the picture, that the fishermen and the washerwomen in the foreground will be drenched within an hour.— *Wet Days at Edgewood.*

CLOSE OF A CONSULSHIP.

Keeping the office in business trim, and sitting upon the office-stool, I received one day a very large packet, under seal of the Department. I had not heard from Washington in a long time, and it was a pleasant surprise to me. Possibly it might be some new and valuable commission; possibly it might bring the details of the proposed change in the consular system. Who knew? In such an event I wondered what the probable salary would be at my post: — something handsome, no doubt. I glanced at the "arms" of my country with pride, and — there being no American ship in port — broke open the packet.

It contained two circulars embracing a series of questions, ninety in number, in regard to ship-building, ship-timber, rigging, hemp, steamships, fuel, provisioning of vessels, light-house dues, expenses of harbor, depth of ditto, good anchorages, currents, winds, cutting of channels, buoys, rates of wages, apprentices, stowage facilities, leakages, wear and tear, languages, pilots, book-publication, etc., etc., on all which the circulars requested full information, as soon as practicable, in a tabular form, with a list of such works as were published on kindred subjects, together with all government orders in regard to any or all of the suggested subjects which were in pamphlet form; and if in a foreign language, the same to be accurately translated into American. The accompanying letters stated that it was proposed to allow no remuneration for the work, but added: "Faithful acquittal of the proposed task will be favorably viewed."

I reflected: — A respectable reply even to the questions suggested would, supposing every facility were thrown in my way by port-officers and others, involve the labor of at least six weeks, and the writing over of at least ninety large pages of foolscap paper — upon which it was requested that the report should be made.

I reflected further: — that the port-officer would, upon presentation of even the first inquiries as to the depth of the harbor, send me to the guard-house as a suspi-

cious person; or, recognizing my capacity, would report the question, as a diplomatic one, to the governor; who would report it back to the Central Cabinet; who would report it back to the Maritime Commander in an adjoining city; who would communicate on the subject with the Police of the Port; who would communicate back with the Marine Intendant; who would report accordingly to the Central Government, who would in due time acquaint the Chargé at the capital with their conclusions.

I reflected: — That I had hardly expended on the behalf of the Government more of time and of money than I should probably (there being no American ship in port) ever receive again at their hands: that life was, so to speak, limited; and in case I should determine to give it up to gratuitous work for my country — or, indeed, for any party whatever — I should prefer that the object of my charity should be a needy object: — that I had given bonds in the sum of two thousand dollars (with sound bondsmen) for the stool, the blank passports, the pewter and brass seals, the small-sized flag, and the "arms" — and I examined them with attention: — that while these things were in a capital state of preservation, and my health still unimpaired, I had better withdraw from office. I therefore sent in my resignation.— *Seven Stories.*

MITCHELL, Silas Weir, an American physician, poet, and novelist; born at Philadelphia, February 15, 1829. He was graduated from Jefferson Medical College in 1850, and first gained distinction by his investigations of the venom of serpents, the result of which were contributions on this subject to the Smithsonian papers and to the memoirs of the American Philosophical Society. He

is a member of the National Academy of Sciences and numerous other scientific institutions. He has published several valuable professional works, among them *Wear and Tear; Rest in the Treatment of Nervous Disease,* and *Doctor and Patient,* the last of which appeared in 1888. A volume containing three stories, *Hephzibah Guinness, Thee and You,* and *A Draft on the Bank of Spain,* was published in 1883. Dr. Mitchell has since published three novels, *In War Time* (1884); *Roland Blake* (1886), and *Far in the Forest* (1889); a volume of charming fairy-tales, entitled *Prince Little Boy* (1887), and the volumes of Poems, *The Hill of Stones* (1882); *The Masque, and Other Poems* (1888), and *The Cup of Youth, and Other Poems* (1889). His most recent works include *A Psalm of Deaths, and Other Poems* (1890); *Francis Drake, a Tragedy of the Sea* (1892); *The Mother, and Other Poems* (1892); *Characteristics* (1893); *When All the Woods Are Green* (1894); *Philip Vernon* (1895); *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker* (1897); *The Adventures of François* (1899); *The Autobiography of a Quack* (1900); *Circumstance* (1901); *Little Stories* (1902); *A Comedy of Conscience* (1903); *The Youth of Washington* (1904), and *New Samaria* (1904).

LONG AGO IN A QUIET CITY.

On the fifteenth day of October, in the year 1807, a young man about the age of twenty walked slowly down Front Street in the quiet city of Philadelphia. The place was strange to him, and with the careless curiosity of youth he glanced about and enjoyed alike the freshness of the evening hour and the novelty of the scene.

To the lad — for he was hardly more — the air was delicious, because only the day before he had first set foot

on shore after a wearisome ocean voyage. All the afternoon a torrent of rain had fallen, but as he paused and looked westward at the corner of Cedar Street, the lessening rain, of which he had taken little heed, ceased of a sudden, and below the dun masses of swiftly changing clouds the western sky became all aglow with yellow light, which set a rainbow over the broad Delaware and touched with gold the large drops of the ceasing shower.

The young man stood a moment gazing at the changeful sky, and then, with a pleasant sense of sober contrast, let his eyes wander over the broken roof-lines and broad gables of Front Street, noting how sombre the wetted brick houses became, and how black the shingled roofs, with their patches of tufted green moss and smoother lichen. Then, as he looked, he saw, a few paces down the street, two superb buttonwoods, from which the leaves were flitting fast, and his quick eye caught the mottled loveliness of their white and gray and green boles. Drawn by the unusual tints of these stately trunks, he turned southward and, walking toward them, stopped abruptly before the quaint house above which they spread their broad and gnarled branches.

The dwelling, of red and black glazed bricks, set corner to corner, was what we still call a double-house, having two windows on either side of a door, over which projected a peaked pent-house nearly hidden by scarlet masses of Virginia creeper, which also clung about the windows and the roof, and almost hid the chimneys. The house stood back from the street, and in front of it were two square grass-plots set round with low box borders. A paling fence, freshly whitewashed, bounded the little garden, and all about the house and its surroundings was an air of tranquil, easy comfort and well-bred dignity.

Along the whole line of Front Street — which was then the fashionable place of residence — the house-fronts were broken by the white door-ways with Doric pillars of wood, such as you may see to-day in certain city streets as you turn aside from the busy Strand in London. There were also many low Dutch stoops or porches,

some roofed over and some uncovered, but few mansions as large and important as the house we have described.

As the rain ceased old men with long pipes came out on the porches, and women's heads peeped from open windows to exchange bits of gossip, while up and down the pavements, as if this evening chat were an every-day thing, men of all classes wandered, to take the air, so soon as the fierce afternoon storm had spent its force.

As the young stranger moved along among sparse groups of gentlemen and others he was struck with the variety of costume. The middle-aged and old adhered to the knee-breeches and buckles, the younger wore pantaloons of tight-fitting stocking-net, with shoes and silk stockings, or sometimes high boots with polished tops, adorned with silk tassels. It was a pretty, picturesque street scene, with its variety of puce-colored or dark velvet coats and ample cravats, under scroll-brimmed hats.— *Hephzibah Guinness.*

HERNDON.

Ay, shout and rave, thou cruel sea,
  In triumph o'er that fated deck,
Grown holy by another grave —
  Thou hast the captain of the wreck.

No prayer was said, no lesson read,
  O'er him, the soldier of the sea;
And yet for him, through all the land,
  A thousand thoughts to-night shall be.

And many an eye shall dim with tears,
  And many a cheek be flushed with pride;
And men shall say, There died a man,
  And boys shall learn how well he died.

Ay, weep for him, whose noble soul
  Is with God Who made it great;
But weep not for so proud a death —
  We could not spare so grand a fate.

Nor could humanity resign
That hour which bade her heart beat high,
And blazoned Duty's stainless shield,
And set a star in Honor's sky.

O dreary night! O grave of hope!
O sea, and dark, unpitying sky!
Full many a wreck these waves shall claim
Ere such another heart shall die.

Alas, how can we help but mourn
When hero bosoms yield their breath!
A century itself may bear
But once the flower of such a death;

So full of manliness, so sweet
With utmost duty nobly done;
So thronged with deeds, so filled with life,
As though with death that life begun.

It has begun, true gentleman!
No better life we ask for thee:
Thy Viking soul and woman heart
Forever shall a beacon be —

A starry thought to veering souls,
To teach it is not best to live;
To show that life has naught to match
Such knighthood as the grave can give.

— *The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems.*

EVENING STORM — NIPIGON.

Upon the beach, with low, quick, mournful sob
The weary waters shudder to our feet;
And far beyond the sunset's golden light,
Forever brighter in its lessening span,
Shares not the sadness of yon grim wood-wall,
Whose dark and noiseless deeps of shadow rest
In sullen gloom 'twixt golden lake and sky.
Shine out, fair light, in yellow glory shine!

Fast fades the lessening day, and far beneath
The tamarack shivers, and the cedar's cone
Uneasy sways, while fitful tremors stir
The tattered livery of the ragged birch;
And over all the arch of heaven is wild
With tumbling clouds, where fast the lightning's lance
Gleams ruby red, and thunder-echoes roll;
Whilst yet below — sweet as the dream of hope
What time despair is nearest — lies the lake.
Fast comes the storm; spiked black with pattering rain
The darkened water gleams with bells of foam.
Fast comes the storm, till over lake and sky,
Cruel and cold, the gray storm-twilights rest;
And so the day before its time is dead.

— *The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems.*

THE NORTH WIND.

The lusty north wind all night long
  His carols sang above my head,
And shook the roof, and roused the fire,
  And with the cold, red morning fled.

Yet, ere he left, upon my panes
  He drew, with bold and easy hand,
Pine and fir, and icy bergs,
  And frost ferns of his northern land;

And southward, like the Northmen old
  Whose ships he drove across the sea,
Has gone to fade where roses grow,
  And die among the orange-trees.

— *The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems.*

MITFORD, Mary Russell, an English poet, dramatist and miscellaneous writer; born at Alresford, Hampshire, December 16, 1786; died at Swallowfield, January 10, 1855. She was placed at a boarding-school, where she remained until she was fifteen. Her earliest published works were a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems* (1810); *Christine*, a narrative poem (1811), and *Blanche* (1812. Dr. Mitford, her father, had been outliving his means, and was obliged to retire to a small cottage near Reading, which his daughter describes as "a series of closets, the largest of which may be about eight feet square, which they call parlors and kitchens and pantries. Behind is a garden about the size of a good drawing-room." Miss Mitford, who had now reached the age of nearly forty, betook herself to authorship as a means of support for her parents, of whom she was the only stay. She first tried the drama, with very decided success, producing *Julian* (1823); *The Foscari* (1825); *Dramatic Scenes* (1827); *Rienzi* (1828), and *Charles the First* (1828). In the meanwhile she had begun that series of domestic sketches by which she is best remembered. These are *Our Village*, of which several series were issued (1824–32), and *Belford Regis* (1835). In 1838 she received a pension, sufficient to enable her to provide comfortably for herself and her father, who survived until 1842. Her later works are *Recollections of a Literary Life* (1853) and *Atherton and Other Sketches* (1854).

THE TALKING LADY.

Ben Jonson has a play called *The Silent Woman,* who turns out, as might be expected, to be no woman at all — nothing, as Master Slender said, but "a great, lubberly boy;" thereby, as I apprehend, discourteously presuming that a silent woman is a nonentity. If the learned dramatist, thus happily prepared and predisposed, had happened to fall in with such a specimen of female loquacity as I have just parted with, he might perhaps have given us a pendant to his picture in the *Talking Lady.* Pity but he had! He would have done her justice, which I could not at any time, least of all now: I am too much stunned; too much like one escaped from a belfry on a coronation day. I am just resting from the fatigue of four days' hard listening — four snowy, sleety, rainy days — days of every variety of falling weather, all of them too bad to admit the possibility that any petticoated thing, were she as hardy as a Scotch fir, should stir out; four days chained by "sad civility" to that fireside, once so quiet; and again — cheering thought! — again I trust to be so, when the echo of that visitor's incessant tongue shall have died away.

The visitor in question is a very excellent and respectable elderly lady, upright in mind and body, with a figure that does honor to her dancing-master, a face exceedingly well preserved, wrinkled and freckled, but still fair, and an air of gentility over her whole person, which is not the least affected by her out-of-fashion garb. She could never be taken for anything but a woman of family, and perhaps she could as little pass for any other than an old maid.

She took us in on her way from London to the West of England; and being, as she wrote, "not quite well, not equal to much company, prayed that no other guest might be admitted, so that she might have the pleasure of our conversation all to herself"— (*ours!* as if it were possible for any of us to slide in a word edgewise!) — "and especially enjoy the gratification of talking over old times with the master of the house, her countryman."

Such was the promise of her letter, and to the letter has it been kept. All the news and scandal of a large county forty years ago, and a hundred years before, and ever since, all the marriages, deaths, births, elopements, lawsuits, and casualties of her own times, her father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's, nephew's and grand-nephew's, has she detailed with a minuteness, an accuracy, a prodigality of learning, a profuseness of proper names, a pedantry of locality, which would excite the envy of a county historian, a king-at-arms, or even a Scotch novelist. Her knowledge is astonishing; but the most astonishing part of all is how she came by that knowledge. It should seem, to listen to her, as if, at some time of her life, she must have listened herself; and yet her countryman declares that, in the forty years he has known her, no such event has occurred; and she knows new news, too! It must be intuition.

The manner of her speech has little remarkable. It is rather old-fashioned and provincial, but perfectly lady-like, low, and gentle, and not seeming so fast as it is. Like the great pedestrians, she clears her ground easily, and never seems to use any exertion; yet, "I would my horse had the speed of her tongue, and so good a continuer." She will talk you sixteen hours a day for twenty days together, and not deduct one poor five minutes for halts and baiting-time.

Talking, sheer talking, is meat and drink and sleep to her. She likes nothing else. Eating is a sad interruption. For the tea-table she has some toleration; but dinner, with its clatter of plates and jingle of knives and forks, dinner is her abhorrence. Nor are the other common pursuits of life more in her favor. Walking exhausts the breath that might be better employed. Dancing is a noisy diversion, and singing is worse; she cannot endure any music, except the long, grand, dull concerts, which nobody thinks of listening to. Reading and chess she classes together as silent barbarism, unworthy of a social and civilized people. Cards, too, have their faults; there is a rivalry, a mute eloquence in those four aces, that leads away the attention; besides, partners will sometimes scold; so she never plays at cards; and upon

the strength of this abstinence had very nearly passed for "serious" till it was discovered she could not abide a long sermon. She always looks out for the shortest preacher, and never went to above one Bible meeting in her life. "Such speeches!" quoth she: "I thought the man never meant to have done. People have great need of patience." Plays, of course, she abhors, and operas, and mobs, and all things, that will be heard, especially children; though for babies, particularly when asleep, for dogs and pictures, and such silent intelligences as serve to talk of and to talk to, she has a considerable partiality; and an agreeable and gracious flattery to the mammas and other owners of these pretty dumb things is a very usual introduction to her miscellaneous harangues.

The matter of these orations is inconceivably various. Perhaps the local and genealogical anecdotes, the sort of supplement to the history of Blankshire, may be her strongest point; but she shines almost as much in medicine and housewifery. These are certainly her favorite topics: but anyone will do. Allude to some anecdote of the neighbor hood, and she forthwith treats you with as many parallel passages as are to be found in an air with variations. Take up a new publication, and she is equally at home there; for though she knows little of books, she has in the course of an up-and-down life met with a good many authors, and teases and provokes you by telling of them precisely what you do not care to hear: the maiden names of their wives, and the Christian names of their daughters, and into what families their sisters and cousins married, and in what towns they have lived, what streets, and what numbers. Boswell himself never drew up the table of Dr. Johnson's Fleet Street courts with greater care than she made out to me the successive residences of P. P., Esq., author of a tract on the French Revolution, and a pamphlet on the Poor Laws. The very weather is not a safe subject. Her memory is a perpetual register of hard frosts and long droughts, and high winds and terrible storms, with all the evils that followed in their train, and all the personal events connected with them, so that if you happen to remark that clouds are coming up, and you fear it may rain, she replies, "Ay,

it is just such a morning as three-and-thirty years ago, when my poor cousin Barbara — she married so and so, the son of so and so;" and then comes the whole pedigree of the bridegroom; the amount of the settlements, and the reading and signing them over-night; a description of the wedding-dresses, in the style of Sir Charles Grandison, and how much the bride's gown cost per yard; the names, residences, and a short subsequent history of the bridesmaids and bridesmen, the gentleman who gave the bride away, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony, with a learned antiquarian digression relative to the church; then the setting out in procession; the marriage; the kissing; the crying; the breakfasting; the drawing the cake through the ring; and, finally, the bridal excursion, which brings us back at an hour's end to the starting-post, the weather, and the whole story of the sopping, the drying, the clothes-spoiling, the cold-catching, and all the small evils of a summer shower. By this time it rains, and she sits down to a pathetic see-saw of conjectures on the chance of Mrs. Smith's having set out for her daily walk, or the possibility that Dr. Brown may have ventured to visit his patients in his gig, and the certainty that Lady Green's new housemaid would come from London on the outside of the coach. . . .

I am just returned from escorting her to the coach, which is to convey her two hundred miles westward, and I have still the murmur of her *adieux* resounding in my ears, like the indistinct hum of the air on a frosty night. It was curious to see how, almost simultaneously, these mournful *adieux* shaded into cheerful salutations of her new comrades, the passengers in the mail. Poor souls! Little does the civil young lad who made way for her, or the fat lady, his mamma, who, with pains and inconvenience, made room for her, or the grumpy gentleman in the opposite corner, who, after some dispute, was at length won to admit her dressing-box — little do they suspect what is to befall them. Two hundred miles! and she never sleeps in a carriage! Well, patience be with them, and comfort and peace! A pleasant journey to them! And to her all happiness! — *Our Village.*

MIVART, Saint George Jackson, an English naturalist; born at London, November 30, 1827; died there, April 1, 1900. He was educated at Harrow, at King's College, London, and at St. Mary's College, Oscott. He studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1851, appointed Lecturer of St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in 1862, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1867, Professor of Biology at University College, Kensington in 1874, and Professor of the Philosophy of Natural History at the University of Louvain, Belgium, in 1890. As a member of the Royal, Linnæan, and Zoölogical Societies, he contributed various papers to their publications. He also contributed to the *Popular Science,* the *Quarterly,* and other scientific and literary reviews. His first book, *The Genesis of Species,* appeared in 1871. Among his later works are *Man and Apes* (1873); *Lessons from Nature* (1876); *Contemporary Evolution* (1876); *The Cat* (1881); *Nature and Thought* (1883); *Origin of Human Reason* (1889); *The Canidæ* (1890); *Types of Animal Life* (1893); *Elements of Science* (1894); *The Helpful Science* (1895).

RESULTS OF INTROSPECTION.

The slightest consideration of our own mental activity soon shows us that, in addition to our various feelings, we also "think" and "will." Thus when a kindness has been done us, besides pleasurable feelings and emotions, we can think of and recognize the kindness of the kind act — possibly, also, the self-denying goodness apparent in the performer of it — and we can will to return such kindness by some corresponding act on our own part. On

the other hand, we may feel great annoyance at some hostile action; and as we think of the unpleasant consequences, one after another, which will probably result to us from it, and of the peculiar ingratitude and treachery of the doer, we may begin to determine upon some act of hostility in return. The idea may then occur to us that revenge is wrong, and we may wish to avoid our contemplated act of hostility, but the "malice" of the action may have been such, and our temperament may be so irascible, that the temptation to revenge is almost overpowering. We may then, with the deliberate intention of aiding the weakness of our good-will, deliberately consider all the claims on our forbearance we can think of. . . . and we may reinforce these considerations by others drawn from religion. Finally, we may force ourselves to relinquish all hostile intention, and perhaps even to perform some beneficial action instead. Here we have feelings and emotions; but in addition, we have "thought" reflecting on such feelings and emotions, and "will" dictating our responsive action. These phenomena of our mind are facts of observation and experience, as immediately perceptible as any concerning our body.

On turning our mind inward upon itself, we recognize our own enduring existence as a fact supremely certain. We *know* with absolute certainty that we are the same person we were an hour ago, a week ago, perhaps many years ago. If we are asked how we recognize our own existence, we reply we recognize it by our activity, by the actual exercise of our various powers — in this instance by the act of thinking, and thinking of ourselves. If we are further asked whether we can prove our own existence to ourselves, we reply that primary truths cannot be proved. Every process of truth, as we have already seen, must ultimately rest on truths directly known without proof, otherwise the process of reasoning must run back forever, and nothing could ever be proved. Our own existence, as a primary truth directly known to each of us, cannot be proved. Nevertheless, though we cannot *prove* our own existence, we can bring forward a truth to justify and reinforce our consciousness — namely, "Whatever thinks exists," and since we know that we can

and do think, it necessarily follows that we exist, and so reason reinforces the declaration of consciousness. Should any one object: "How do you know that such primary *dicta* are true? May not what you think is your existence be really the existence of somebody else, or your life the dream of some other being?" we reply that in self-consciousness and in the perception of such primary truths as that "What thinks exists," we reach the limit which nature has placed, and, that, should any man be so mad as to doubt the truth of such primary *dicta,* he must logically doubt every other affirmation whatever, even that of his own doubt, which thus destroys itself. Absolute scepticism, and consequently utter intellectual paralysis, are the inevitable logical results of any real doubt in this matter of our own existence.

There is another point of which we should make sure in examining the activity of our own minds. To have a knowledge of anything is one thing; to know that we have that knowledge is another, and a very different thing. We cognize an object — *e.g.,* a crow flying — by one act; we cognize that cognition by a very different act. To judge that one mountain is higher than another is one mental act; to recognize that mental act as a judgment is an act of a very different kind. Yet both these are judgments. To feel — to have a sensation, then, is indeed a different thing from recognizing such sensation as ours, or as being one of a particular class of sensations.

Our knowledge of ourselves as being the same person now as in the past, implies the trustworthiness of memory — one of the most wonderful of our many wonderful faculties. Now, by a little further introspection, we may easily see that memory is of two kinds — (1) Involuntary, passive, unconscious, sensitive memory — to our present possession of which we do not advert; and (2) Voluntary, active, conscious, intellectual memory, which we recognize ourselves as actually possessing, or as having possessed in the past, or as likely to possess in the future. Either of these may exist without the other. That the passive memory may so exist is obvious, but that the second may be alone present is proved by that most remarkable fact that we may search our minds for something which

we know we have fully remembered, and which we think we shall probably fully remember again; which at present we cannot imagine, but which we intellectually remember, and immediately recognize as the object of our intellectual pursuit as soon as its image presents itself in our imagination.

Bearing in mind the lessons as to self-consciousness, reason, memory, will, and language, gathered from the introspection and observation in the earlier chapters, it seems undeniable that we severally possess the following powers:

1. A power of directly perceiving and reflecting upon our continued personal activity and existence — sensations and perceptions being reflected on by thought and recognized as our own, and we ourselves being recognized as affected and perceiving — *self-consciousness.*

2. A power of actively recalling past thoughts or experiences — *intellectual memory.*

3. A power of reflecting upon our sensations and perceptions, and asking what they are and why they are; of apprehending abstract ideas; of perceiving truth directly or by ratiocination and also goodness —*reason.*

4. A power of, on certain occasions, deliberately electing to act either with, or in opposition to, the apparent resultant of involuntary attractions and repulsions — *will.*

5. A power of giving expression by signs to general conceptions and abstract ideas: a power of enunciating deliberate judgments by articulate sounds — *language.*

These powers result in actions which are deliberate operations implying the use of a self-conscious, reflective, representative faculty.— *Lessons from Nature.*

MOIR, David Macbeth, a Scottish physician and novelist; born at Musselburgh, January 5, 1798; died at Dumfries, July 6, 1851. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a physician. He then studied at Edinburgh, receiving his diploma in 1816. He began practice in his native town, devoting his leisure to literary study and composition, and contributing to *Blackwood's* and other magazines under the pseudonym "Delta." Before the completion of his college course he had published anonymously a volume entitled *The Bombardment of Algiers, and Other Poems.* In 1824 he published *The Legend of Genevieve, and Other Tales and Poems;* and in 1828 a novel, *The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch,* which had previously appeared in *Blackwood's.* His other publications are *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine* (1829); *Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera* and *Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera* (1832); *Domestic Verses* (1843), and *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Last Half Century* (1851).

"Dr. Moir," says Saintsbury, "wrote prose and verse, tales and essays, with considerable accomplishment of style and with a very agreeable mixture of serious and comic power." His *Poetical Works,* edited by Thomas Aird, were published in 1852. The subjoined poem has for a title the pet name of a dead child.

CASA WAPPY.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy —

The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss, we wete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee;
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony;
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven!
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline,
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled.
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills:
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All to the wallflower and wild pea —
Are changed; we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thy evening prayer;
All day we miss thee — everywhere —
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below —
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return, but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be — while flowers
Revive again —
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh, can it be, that o'er the grave
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for, were it so,
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, thought were woe,
And truth a lie;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain;

Religion frenzy, virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou are there,
With Him in joy;
There past are death and all its woes;
There beauty's stream forever flows;
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then — for a while, farewell —
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

O'Shaughnessy-Frey Library
University of St. Thomas
St. Paul, MN 55105-1096

DATE DUE

Demco, Inc. 38-293

WITHDRAWN
UST
Library